THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
THAT WEASEL HAS BEEN AROUND AGAIN.
THAT'S DANGEROUS, WE'VE GOT TO CHASE HIM AWAY. LET'S GO AND ASK SLIM THE ROOSTER IF HE WILL HELP US, WE CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT HELP.
SLIM, WE NEED THE HELP OF A BRAVE AND HUSKY FRIEND IN A MOST DANGEROUS PIECE OF WORK.
YOU HAVE CALLED ON THE RIGHT FELLOW. I'M AS STRONG AS A BRICK BAT AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING EXCEPT A SUNDAY DINNER.
WELL, WE WANT YOU TO HELP US CHASE AWAY A WEASEL.
WEASEL!! I'M AFRAID I CAN'T. HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING WELL LATELY.
LET'S ASK MIKE THE RABBIT.
MIKE, WE NEED YOUR HELP TO CHASE AWAY A WEASEL
EXCUSE ME. I PROMISED MY MOTHER I'D NEVER ASSOCIATE WITH WEASELS AND I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY WORD.
NICK THE RED SQUIRREL WILL HELP US.
A WEASEL HAS BEEN BOTHERING US LATELY, NICK, AND WE'D LIKE YOUR HELP IN CHASING HIM AWAY.
SAY!
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT I'D RATHER TAKE A CHANCE ON A HUNTER WITH A SHOT GUN THAN TACKLE A WEASEL - A HUNTER SOMETIMES MISSES YOU.
WITH ALL THEIR POWERFUL FRIENDS AFRAID TO HELP DRIVE OFF THE VICIOUS WEASEL, WHAT ARE THE TEENIE WEENIES GOING TO DO ?
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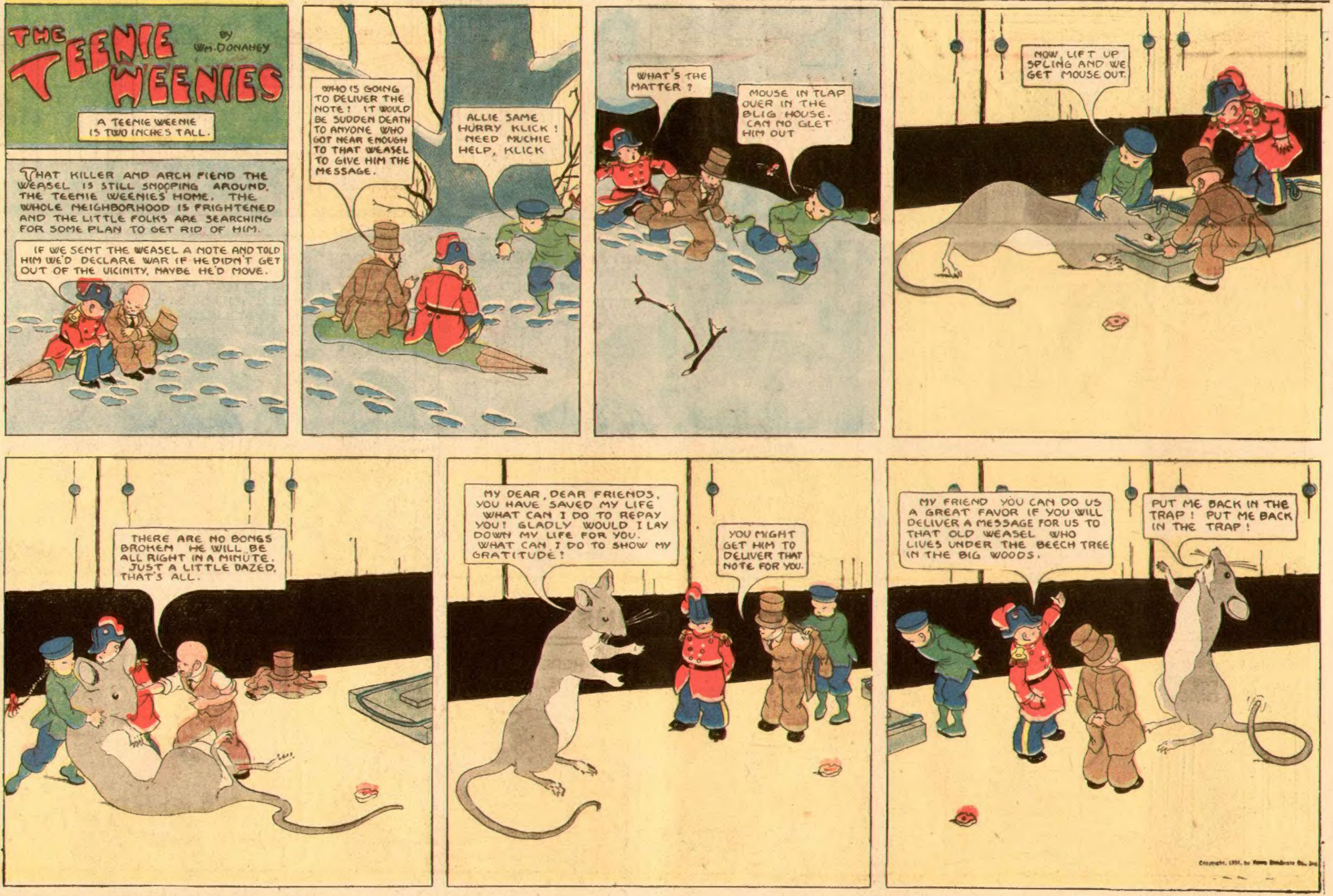
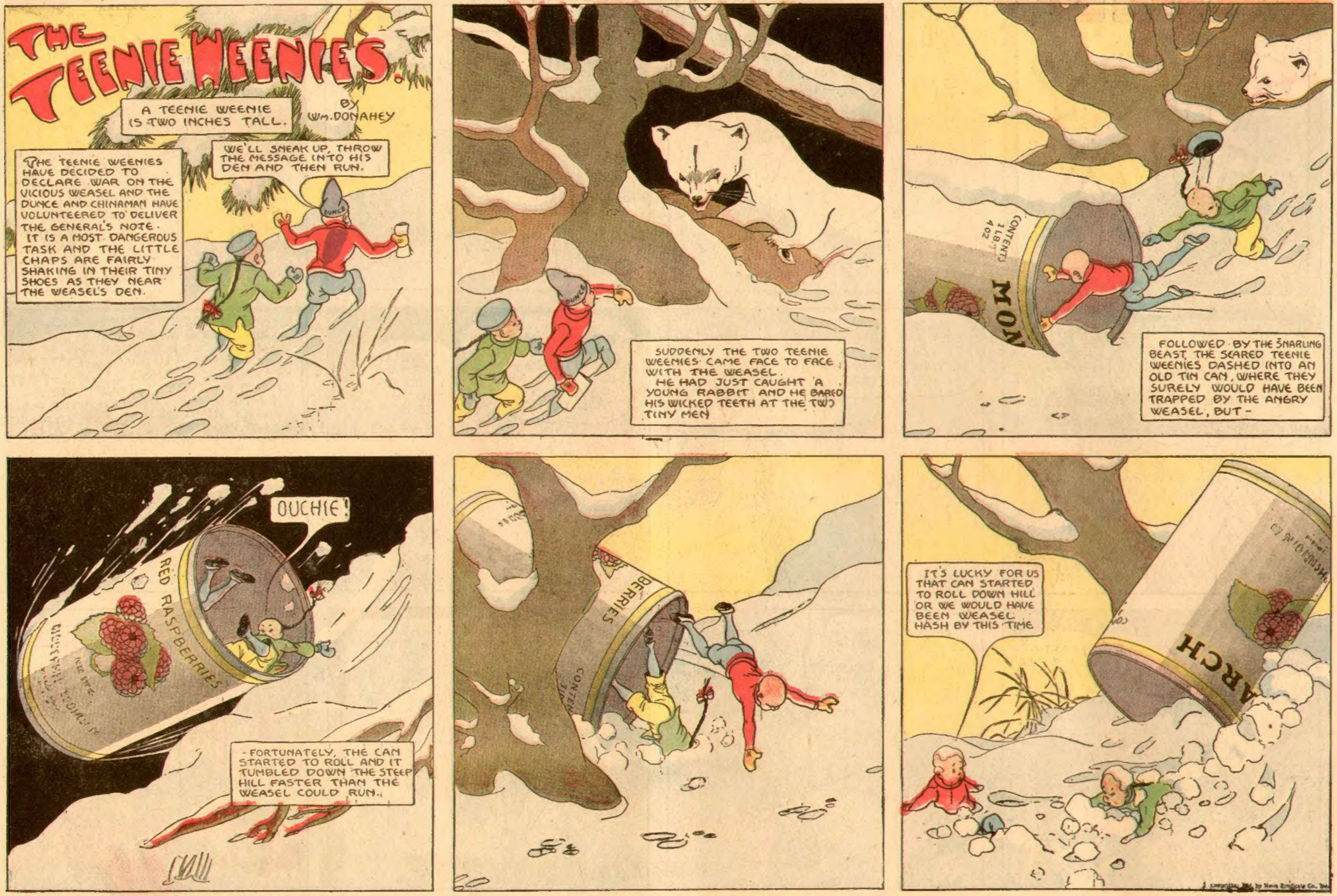
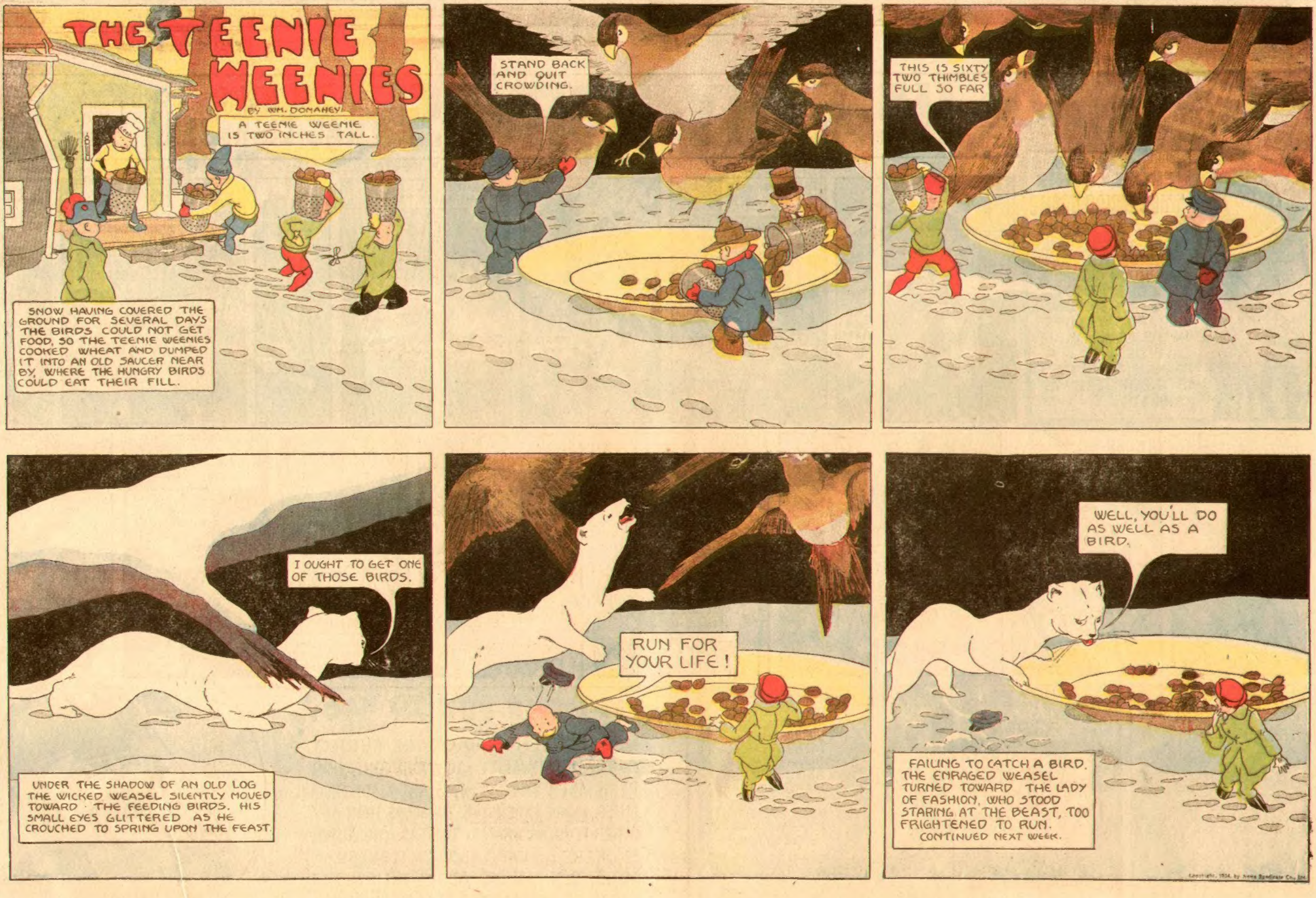
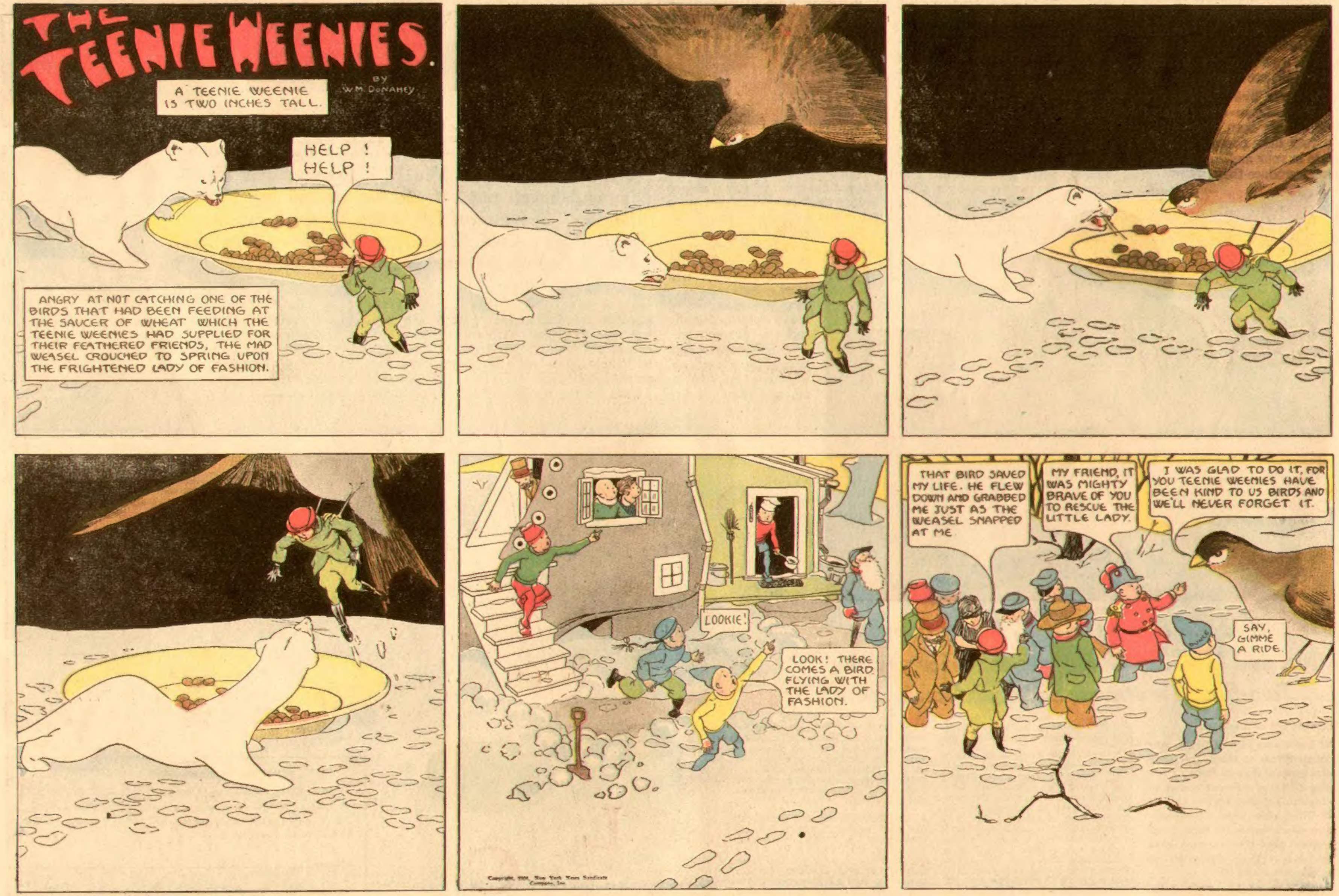

THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
THAT KILLER AND ARCH FIEND THE WEASEL IS STILL SNOOPING AROUND THE TEENIE WEENIES' HOME. THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IS FRIGHTENED AND THE LITTLE FOLKS ARE SEARCHING FOR SOME PLAN TO GET RID OF HIM.
IF WE SENT THE WEASEL A NOTE AND TOLD HIM WE'D DECLARE WAR IF HE DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE VICINITY, MAYBE HE'D MOVE.
WHO IS GOING TO DELIVER THE NOTE! IT WOULD BE SUDDEN DEATH TO ANYONE WHO GOT NEAR ENOUGH TO THAT WEASEL TO GIVE HIM THE MESSAGE.
ALLIE SAME HURRY KLICK! NEED MUCHIE HELP, KLICK
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
MOUSE IN TLAP OVER IN THE BLIG HOUSE. CAN NO GLET HIM OUT
NOW, LIFT UP SPLING AND WE GET MOUSE OUT.
THERE ARE NO BONGS BROKEN HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE. JUST A LITTLE DAZED, THAT'S ALL.
MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS, YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE WHAT CAN I DO TO REPAY YOU! GLADLY WOULD I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR YOU. WHAT CAN I DO TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE!
YOU MIGHT GET HIM TO DELIVER THAT NOTE FOR YOU.
MY FRIEND YOU CAN DO US A GREAT FAVOR IF YOU WILL DELIVER A MESSAGE FOR US TO THAT OLD WEASEL WHO LIVES UNDER THE BEECH TREE IN THE BIG WOODS.
PUT ME BACK IN THE TRAP! PUT ME BACK IN THE TRAP!


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
THE TEENIE WEENIES HAVE DECIDED TO DECLARE WAR ON THE VICIOUS WEASEL AND THE DUNCE AND CHINAMAN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO DELIVER THE GENERAL'S NOTE. IT IS A MOST DANGEROUS TASK AND THE LITTLE CHAPS ARE FAIRLY SHAKING IN THEIR TINY SHOES AS THEY NEAR THE WEASEL'S DEN.
WE'LL SNEAK UP, THROW THE MESSAGE INTO HIS DEN AND THEN RUN.
DUNCE
DUNCE
SUDDENLY THE TWO TEENIE WEENIES CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE WEASEL. HE HAD JUST CAUGHT A YOUNG RABBIT AND HE BARED HIS WICKED TEETH AT THE TWO TINY MEN
CONTENTS 1 LB. 4 OZ
MON
FOLLOWED BY THE SNARLING BEAST, THE SEARED TEENIE WEENIES DASHED INTO AN OLD TIN CAN, WHERE THEY SURELY WOULD HAVE BEEN TRAPPED BY THE ANGRY WEASEL, BUT -
OUCHIE!
RED RASPBERRIES
- FORTUNATELY, THE CAN STARTED TO ROLL AND IT TUMBLED DOWN THE STEEP HILL FASTER THAN THE WEASEL COULD RUN.
BERRIES
IT'S LUCKY FOR US THAT CAN STARTED TO ROLL DOWN HILL OR WE WOULD HAVE BEEN WEASEL HASH BY THIS TIME
ARCH


THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
SNOW HAVING COVERED THE GROUND FOR SEVERAL DAYS THE BIRDS COULD NOT GET FOOD, SO THE TEENIE WEENIES COOKED WHEAT AND DUMPED IT INTO AN OLD SAUCER NEAR BY, WHERE THE HUNGRY BIRDS COULD EAT THEIR FILL.
STAND BACK AND QUIT CROWDING.
THIS IS SIXTY TWO THIMBLES FULL SO FAR
I OUGHT TO GET ONE OF THOSE BIRDS.
UNDER THE SHADOW OF AN OLD LOG THE WICKED WEASEL SILENTLY MOVED TOWARD THE FEEDING BIRDS. HIS SMALL EYES GLITTERED AS HE CROUCHED TO SPRING UPON THE FEAST.
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
WELL, YOU'LL DO AS WELL AS A BIRD.
FAILING TO CATCH A BIRD, THE ENRAGED WEASEL TURNED TOWARD THE LADY OF FASHION, WHO STOOD STARING AT THE BEAST, TOO FRIGHTENED TO RUN.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY W.M. DONAHEY
HELP! HELP!
ANGRY AT NOT CATCHING ONE OF THE BIRDS THAT HAD BEEN FEEDING AT THE SAUCER OF WHEAT WHICH THE TEENIE WEENIES HAD SUPPLIED FOR THEIR FEATHERED FRIENDS, THE MAD WEASEL CROUCHED TO SPRING UPON THE FRIGHTENED LADY OF FASHION.
LOOKIE!
LOOK! THERE COMES A BIRD FLYING WITH THE LADY OF FASHION.
THAT BIRD SAVED MY LIFE. HE FLEW DOWN AND GRABBED ME JUST AS THE WEASEL SNAPPED AT ME.
MY FRIEND, IT WAS MIGHTY BRAVE OF YOU TO RESCUE THE LITTLE LADY.
I WAS GLAD TO DO IT, FOR YOU TEENIE WEENIES HAVE BEEN KIND TO US BIRDS AND WE'LL NEVER FORGET IT.
SAY, GIMME A RIDE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
WELL WHAT ARE YOU FOLKS DOIN'? HAVIN' A MID-NIGHT PICNIC!
A WEASEL HAS BEEN BOTHERING US LATELY, SO WE DECIDED TO KEEP UP A FIRE AND BE ON GUARD.
HELLO IGGIE
WELL, I ALWAYS SAYS AND I SAYS NOW, IF I EVER SAYS THE TRUTH, A WEASEL IS A TOUGH CUSTOMER.
YES, HE IS THE GANGSTER OF THE WOODS.
WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH THESE GRAINS OF POP-CORN. I'LL THROW THEM INTO THE FIRE AND WHEN THEY POP IT WILL SOUND LIKE A CANNON GOIN' OFF.
TALKIN' ABOUT THAT WEASEL HAS MADE ME BLUE.
THIS FROG HAM IS ALMOST COOKED
YOU'VE GOT ME ALL STIRRED UP. I FEEL AS THOUGH SOME THING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.
I'M SORRY.
I'M SHOT!
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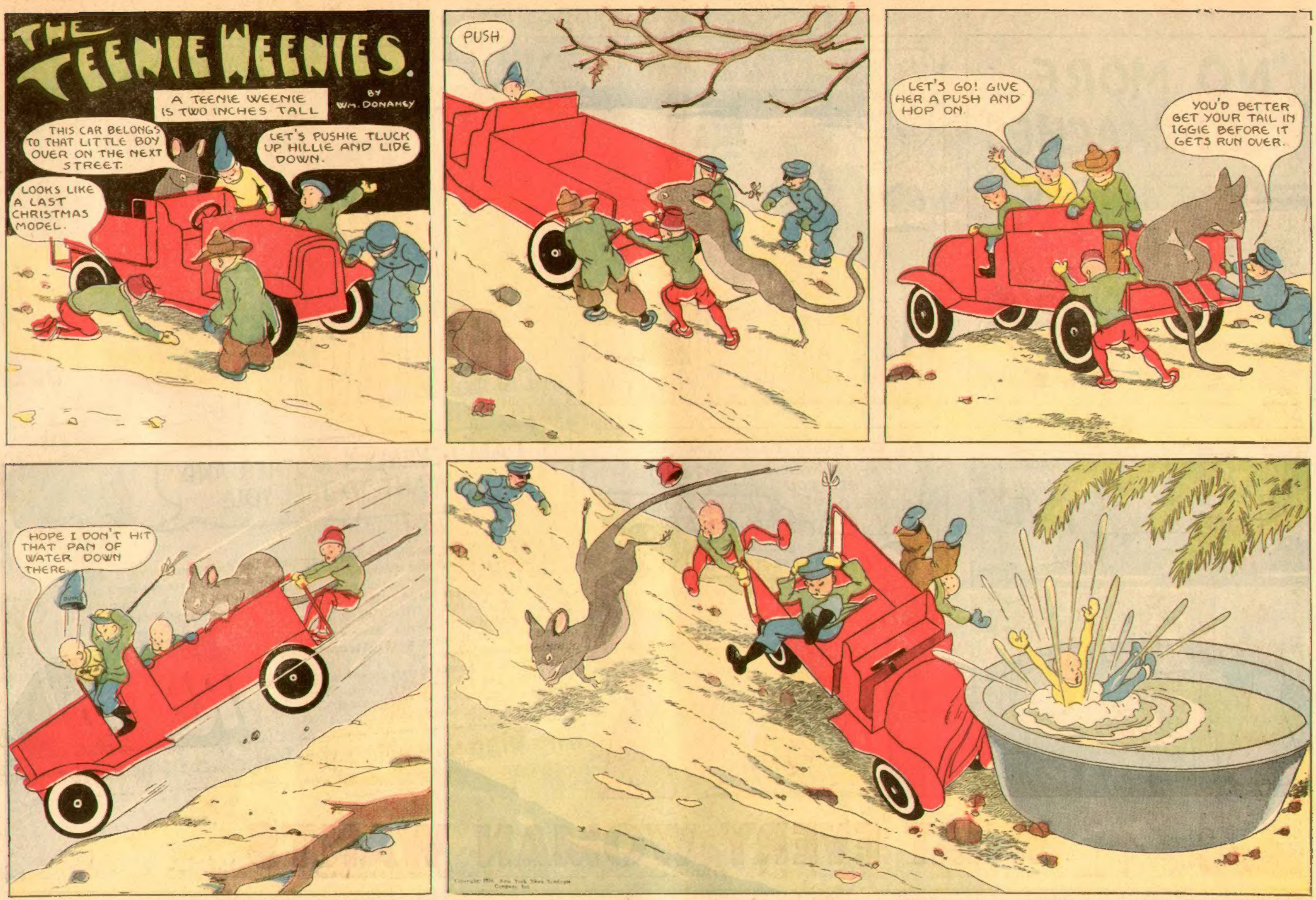
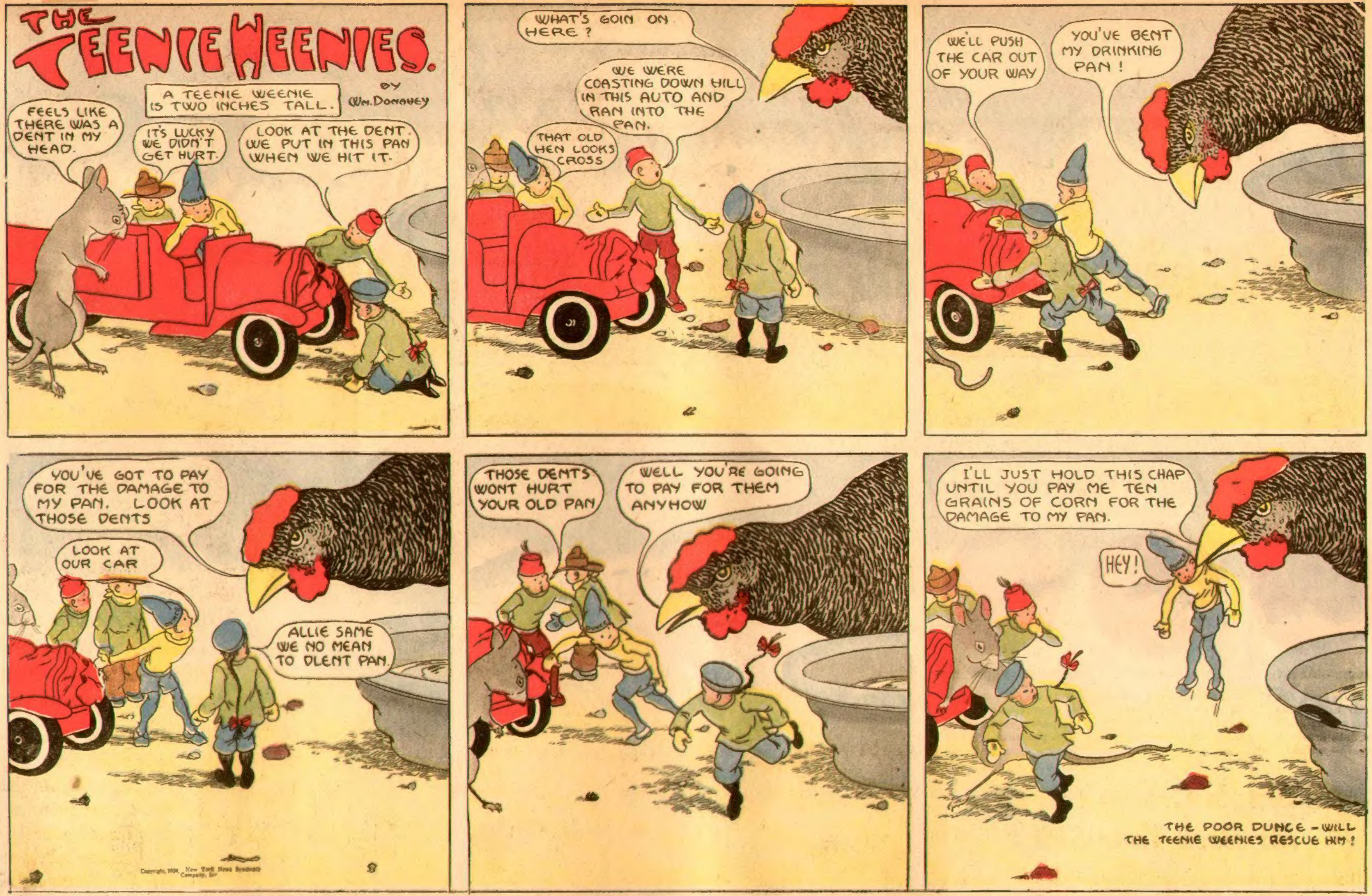

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
THIS CAR BELONGS TO THAT LITTLE BOY OVER ON THE NEXT STREET.
LET'S PUSHIE TLUCK UP HILLIE AND LIDE DOWN.
LOOKS LIKE A LAST CHRISTMAS MODEL.
PUSH
LET'S GO! GIVE HER A PUSH AND HOP ON.
YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR TAIL IN IGGIE BEFORE IT GETS RUN OVER.
HOPE I DON'T HIT THAT PAN OF WATER DOWN THERE.


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
FEELS LIKE THERE WAS A DENT IN MY HEAD.
IT'S LUCKY WE DIDN'T GET HURT.
LOOK AT THE DENT WE PUT IN THIS PAN WHEN WE HIT IT.
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?
WE WERE COASTING DOWN HILL IN THIS AUTO AND RAN INTO THE PAN.
THAT OLD HEN LOOKS CROSS
WE'LL PUSH THE CAR OUT OF YOUR WAY
YOU'VE BENT MY DRINKING PAN!
YOU'VE GOT TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE TO MY PAN. LOOK AT THOSE DENTS
LOOK AT OUR CAR
ALLIE SAME WE NO MEAN TO DLENT PAN.
THOSE DENTS WONT HURT YOUR OLD PAN
WELL YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THEM ANYHOW
I'LL JUST HOLD THIS CHAP UNTIL YOU PAY ME TEN GRAINS OF CORN FOR THE DAMAGE TO MY PAN.
HEY!
THE POOR DUNCE - WILL THE TEENIE WEENIES RESCUE HIM!

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
I'LL KEEP THIS FELLOW UNTIL YOU PAY ME TEN GRAINS OF CORN FOR THE DAMAGE YOU DID TO MY DRINKING PAN WITH YOUR AUTO.
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT CORN SOMEWHERE.
I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET THE CORN. IT'S IN A BARN, NOT FAR FROM HERE
ME GET ONE, TWO, BAGS TO CLARRY CLORN IN.
I THINK I'M GOING TO BRING MYSELF OVER HERE TO GET SOME OF THIS CORN FOR MYSELF.
THE MAN WHO OWNED THIS CORN THOUGHT THE MICE HAD BEEN EATING IT, BUT HAD HE LOOKED CLOSELY HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN TEENIE WEENIE FOOT PRINTS IN THE DUST.
HERE'S YOUR CORN. WHERE IS THE DUNCE?
I'VE GOT YOUR DUNCE IN SAFE KEEPING. JUST COUNT OUT THE TEN GRAINS OF CORN AND I'LL DELIVER HIM.
CONTENTS 1 LB. 4
WHERE'S THE DUNCE?
HERE'S YOUR DUNCE.
CONTENTS 1 LB. 4

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
THAT LITTLE BOY, WHO OWNS THE BIG BLACK RABBIT, HAS GONE TO VISIT HIS GRANDMA AND THE POOR BUNNY HASN'T HAD A THING TO EAT FOR TWO DAYS.
LET'S GO AND FEED IT. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET A CARROT, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DIG IT OUT OF THE GROUND
GO AND GET A THIMBLE FULL OF WATER. THESE MEN ARE WORKING HARD AND THEY'LL NEED DRINKING WATER.
WHO! ME?
THAT'S A DARLING HOLE
HERE'S YOUR DRINKING WATER.
BE CAREFUL! IF THAT CARROT SHOULD FALL ON ONE OF YOU, IT MIGHT BREAK A LEG.
WE COULD USE A COUPLE OF MORE MEN, CARRYING THIS CARROT
MY, BUT YOU BOYS ARE STRONG
THANKS TO THE TEENIE WEENIES THE RABBIT HAD HIS SUPPER.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
WE CAN'T KEEP ON FEEDING THAT RABBIT. IT TAKES A DAY TO DIG UP A CARROT AND CARRY IT TO HIM - WE'RE WAY BEHIND IN OUR OWN WORK
IT'S NOT THE RABBITS FAULT.
LET WABBIT CUT OF PEN AND HE
THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA THE CHINAMAN HAD.
IT SURE WAS - IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO CUT THE WIRE WITH THIS BIG FILE AND LET THE
MR. RABBIT, WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU OUT, SO YOU CAN GET YOUR OWN FOOD UNTIL YOUR MASTER COMES BACK
IT'S PRETTY NEARLY CUT THROUGH - GIVE IT A COUPLE OF MORE STROKES
JUST BEND THE WIRE A LITTLE MORE AND THE RABBIT CAN GET OUT
IF THE TEENIE WEENIES HADN'T DISCOVERED THE RABBIT, THE POOR THING WOULD HAVE STARVED TO DEATH WHILE HIS MASTER WAS AWAY, BUT THANKS TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE THE BUNNY WAS ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE HOLE AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT WHEN IT WAS HUNGRY.

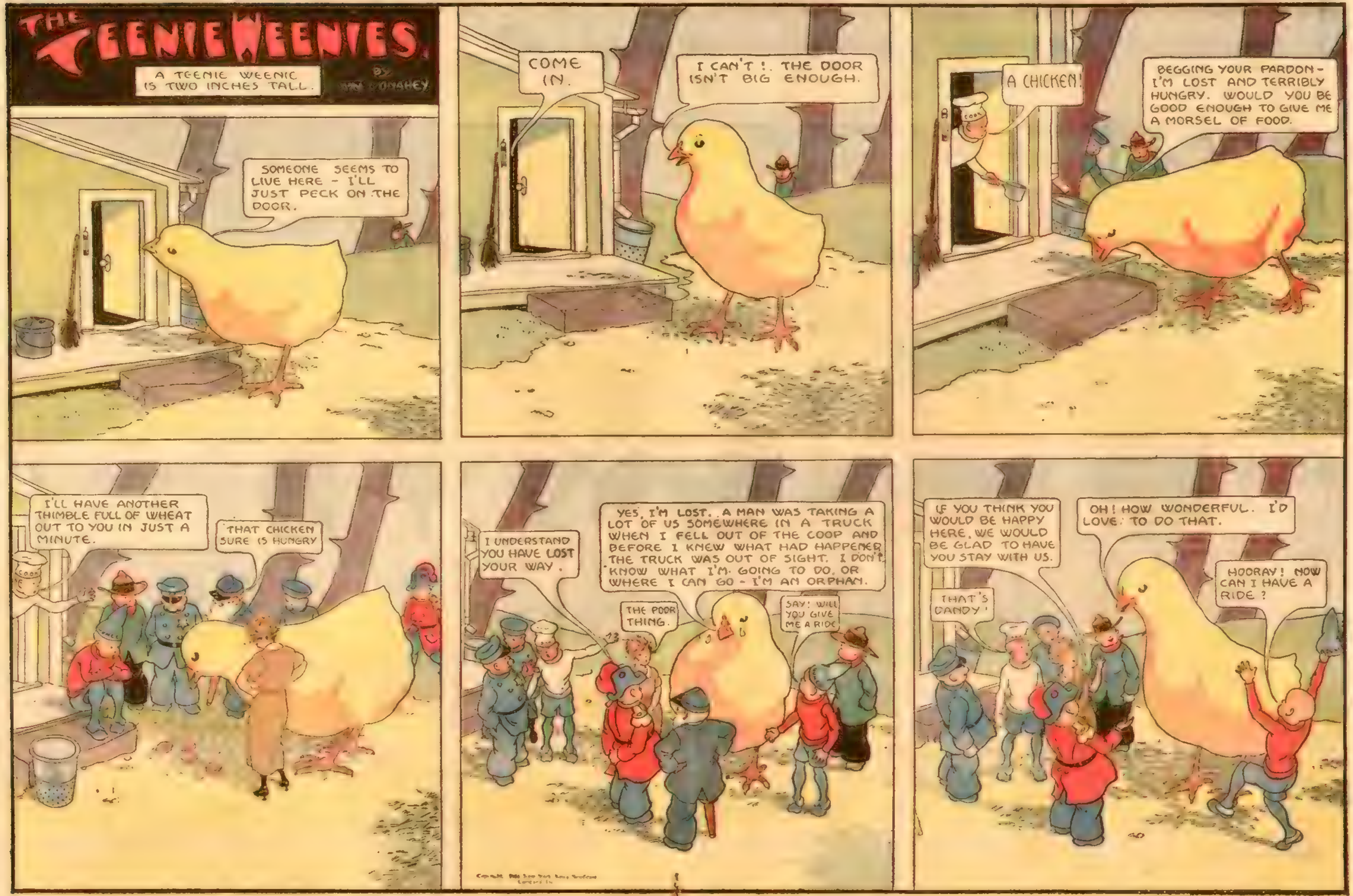
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
HURRY UP OR WE WONT GET THIS EGG ROLLED HOME IN TIME FOR EASTER DINNER. IT HAS TO BE PUT INTO A TOMATO CAN AND BOILED BEFORE WE EAT AND I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH, RIGHT NOW, TO EAT IT RAW.
ALLIE SAME BE CLAREFUL WE NO BLEAK EGGIE GOIN' DOWN HILL.
HOLD ON TIGHT - THIS EGG COST FIFTY GRAINS OF CORN.
LOOK OUT!
HOLD ONTO IT. DON'T LET IT GET AWAY.
HOLD EGGIE, IGGIE, ME HOLD YOU.
HOLD TIGHT
OH BOY!
GOOD NIGHT! WE'LL HAVE SCRAMBLED EGG FOR DINNER.
THE TEENIE WEENIES DID NOT HAVE A HARD BOILED EGG FOR THEIR EASTER DINNER, BUT THEY DID GATHER UP SEVERAL THIMBLES FULL OF THE BROKEN EGG, OUT OF WHICH THE T.W. COOK MADE A FINE OMELETTE AND THE LITTLE FOLKS WERE ABLE TO HAVE A REGULAR EASTER MEAL.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
NOW SNIP, BE A GOOD BOY AND DONT RUN AWAY
HORSEY!
HORSEY!
HORSEY GONE
PITTY
MAMMA
WITH NIGHT COMING ON THIS POOR LITTLE HUMAN SPECK, NO LARGER THAN A THIMBLE, IS HOPELESSLY LOST IN A JUNGLE OF WILD FLOWERS AND TOAD STOOLS.
WILL HE ESCAPE THE NEEDLE SHARP TEETH OF THE MASKED SHREW, THE KEEN NOSE OF THE WEASEL AND THE MANY OTHER FOREST KILLERS OF THE NIGHT?

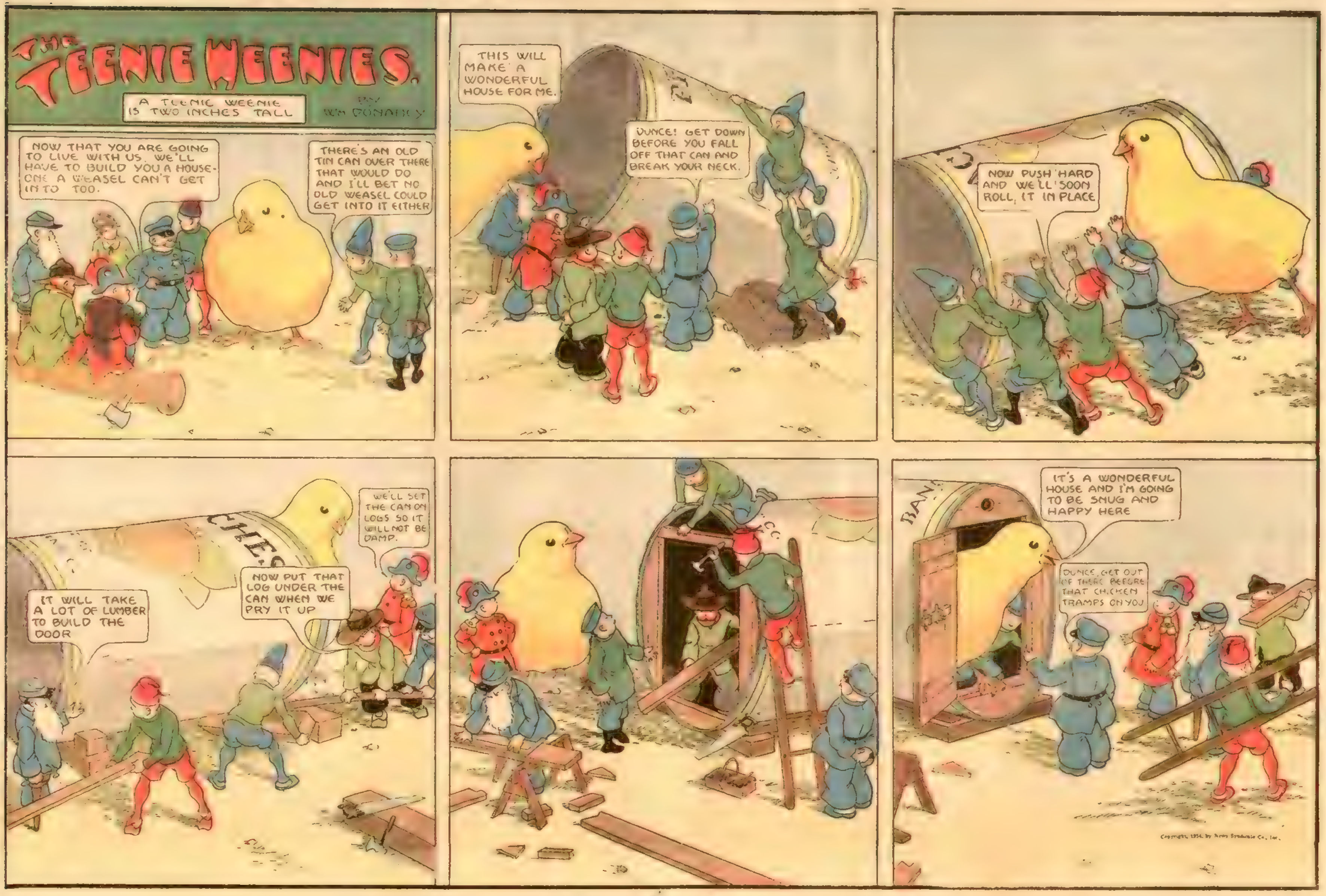
THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
SNIP, THE TEENIE WEENIE BABY HAVING BECOME LOST IN THE FOREST, THE LITTLE PEOPLE SET OUT IN SEARCH OF HIM. THE TINY BABY IS AT THE MERCY OF THE PROWLING NIGHT ANIMALS AND NOT A MOMENT IS TO BE LOST IF THE TEENIE WEENIES EXPECT TO SAVE THE LITTLE CHAP
NOW SOME OF US WILL SEARCH ONE WAY AND THE REST ANOTHER WAY
WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT FOR THAT OLD WEASEL
LOOK IN THAT BOTTLE
OH SNIPIE
OH SNIP
OH SNIP
LOOK! HERE ARE THE TRACKS OF HIS LITTLE SHOES
HERE ARE WEASEL TRACKS.
THERE'S HIS LITTLE RED HORSE
THE BABY'S TRACKS STOP HERE, BUT THE WEASELS TRAIL GOES ON. IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE BEAST HAD CAUGHT THE POOR LITTLE FELLOW.
LOOK OUT FOR THE WEASEL NOW
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

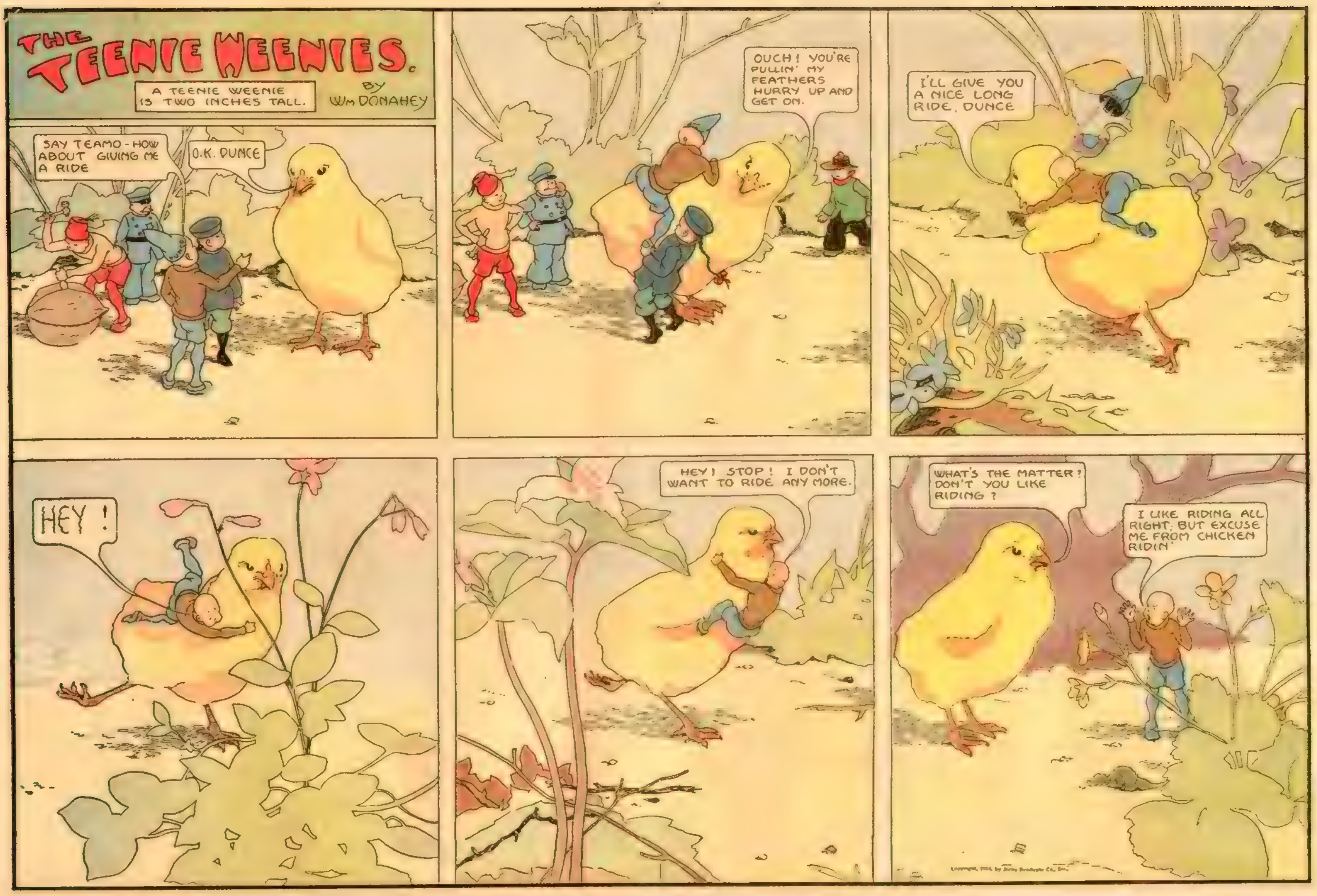
THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
PARDON ME, BUT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOME ONE?
WHY YES, WE'VE BEEN HUNTING ALL NIGHT FOR A TEENIE WEENIE BABY, WHO GOT LOST, BUT WE ARE AFRAID A WEASEL HAS CAUGHT HIM
WELL, IF YOU WILL GO ALONG WITH ME FOR A LITTLE WAY, I THINK I CAN BE OF SOME HELP TO YOU
OUCHIE!
WE'RE PRETTY NEARLY THERE - MY NEST IS IN THAT BUSH AHEAD
PLEASE WAIT A MINUTE UNTIL I GET SOMETHING OUT OF MY NEST.
GET OUT OF THERE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED INTO THAT BIRDS NEST.
HERE'S YOUR BABY
SNIP
WE ARE MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING OUR BABY. WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?
I HEARD HIM CRYING LAST NIGHT, SO I LOOKED AROUND UNTIL I FOUND HIM. I HAPPENED TO SEE A WEASEL NEAR BY, SO I FLEW DOWN AND PICKED THE BABY UP AND CARRIED HIM TO MY NEST WHERE I KEPT HIM ALL NIGHT.
NICE BIRDIE
YOU?

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY W'M. DONAHEY
WHERE ARE YOU GOINGS WITH SUCH BIG BUNDLINGS?
WE'RE GOING TO PUT A ROOF OVER A BIRD'S NEST. THAT BIRD THAT FOUND SHIP, WHEN HE GOT LOST.
HELLO IGGIE
OH! HOW NICE
WE'VE COME TO PUT THE ROOF ON YOUR NEST.
I'LL BET I COULD CLIMB A GREASED PENCIL
WATCH OUT YOU FELLOWS DON'T BUMP THOSE EGGS.
WATCH ME SAW THE CAT
TIE IT TO A LIMB AND PULL IT TIGHT.
THAT BIRD-PUGH!
THIS IS DANDY IT WILL KEEP ME NICE AND DRY WHILE I AM SITTING ON MY EGGS.
IGGIE, I BELIEVE YOU'RE JEALOUS

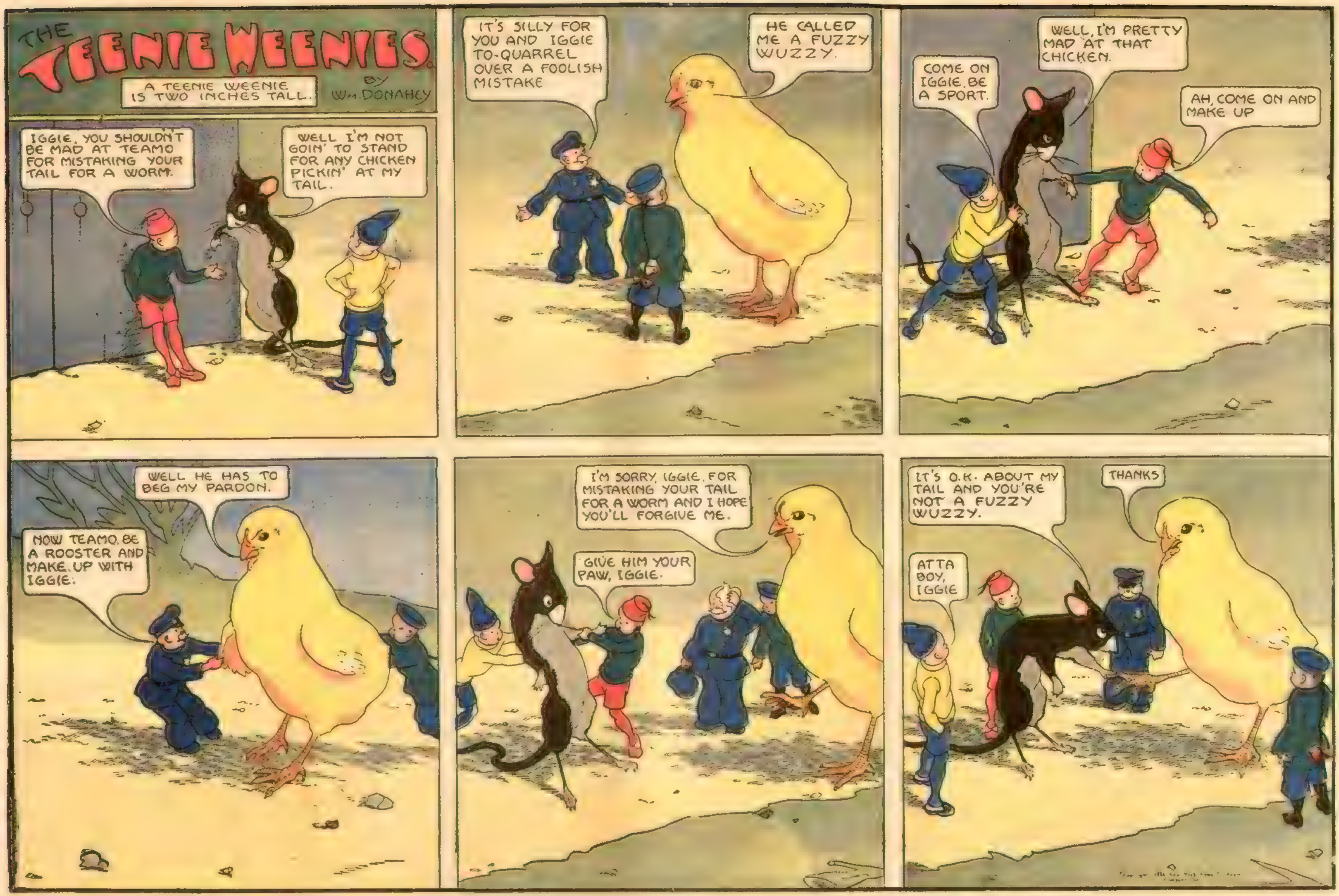


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY
DONAHEY
SOMEONE SEEMS TO LIVE HERE - I'LL JUST PECK ON THE DOOR.
COME IN.
I CAN'T !. THE DOOR ISN'T BIG ENOUGH.
A CHICKEN!
BEGGING YOUR PARDON - I'M LOST AND TERRIBLY HUNGRY. WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A MORSEL OF FOOD.
COOK
I'LL HAVE ANOTHER THIMBLE FULL OF WHEAT OUT TO YOU IN JUST A MINUTE.
THAT CHICKEN SURE IS HUNGRY
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WAY.
YES, I'M LOST. A MAN WAS TAKING A LOT OF US SOMEWHERE IN A TRUCK WHEN I FELL OUT OF THE COOP AND BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED THE TRUCK WAS OUT OF SIGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, OR WHERE I CAN GO - I'M AN ORPHAN.
THE POOR THING.
SAY! WILL YOU GIVE ME A RIDE
IF YOU THINK YOU WOULD BE HAPPY HERE, WE WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU STAY WITH US.
OH! HOW WONDERFUL. I'D LOVE TO DO THAT.
THAT'S DANDY!
HOORAY! NOW CAN I HAVE A RIDE ?


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY Wm DONAHEY
NOW THAT YOU ARE GOING TO LIVE WITH US, WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD YOU A HOUSE - ONE A WEASEL CAN'T GET INTO TOO.
THERE'S AN OLD TIN CAN OVER THERE THAT WOULD DO AND I'LL BET NO OLD WEASEL COULD GET INTO IT EITHER
THIS WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL HOUSE FOR ME.
DUNCE! GET DOWN BEFORE YOU FALL OFF THAT CAN AND BREAK YOUR NECK.
NOW PUSH HARD AND WE'LL SOON ROLL IT IN PLACE
WE'LL SET THE CAN ON LOGS SO IT WILL NOT BE DAMP.
NOW PUT THAT LOG UNDER THE CAN WHEN WE PRY IT UP
IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF LUMBER TO BUILD THE DOOR
IT'S A WONDERFUL HOUSE AND I'M GOING TO BE SNUG AND HAPPY HERE
DUNCE, GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE THAT CHICKEN TRAMPS ON YOU


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
SAY TEAMO - HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A RIDE
O.K. DUNCE
OUCH! YOU'RE PULLIN' MY FEATHERS HURRY UP AND GET ON.
I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE LONG RIDE, DUNCE
HEY!
HEY! STOP! I DON'T WANT TO RIDE ANY MORE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE RIDING?
I LIKE RIDING ALL RIGHT, BUT EXCUSE ME FROM CHICKEN RIDIN'

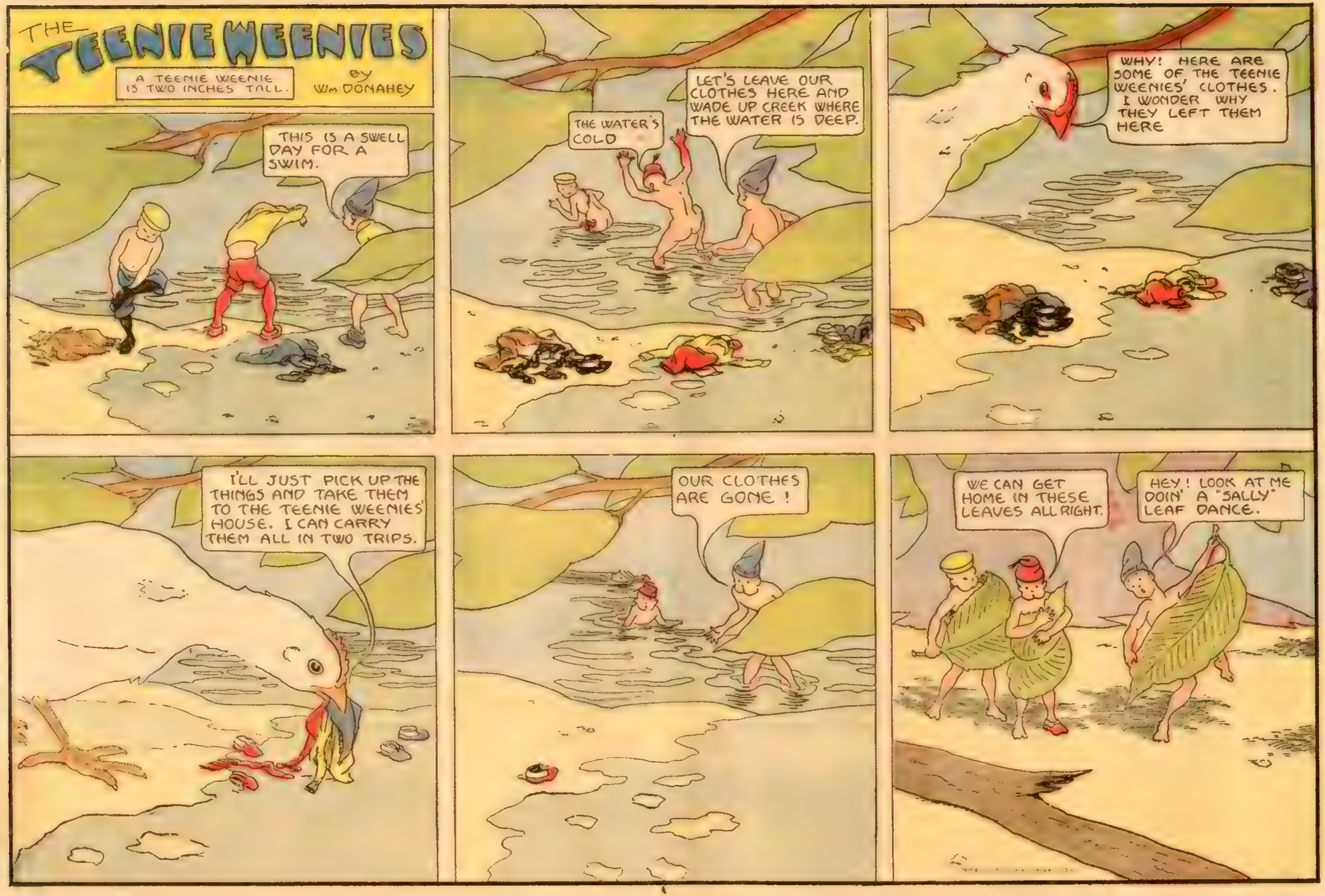
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm. DONAHEY
OH BOY! A NICE WORM.
YOW!
OH DEAR, I BEG YOUR PARDON - I THOUGHT IT WAS A WORM.
YOU CAN'T CALL ME A FUZZY WUZZY
I WON'T STAND FOR ANY FUZZY WUZZY CHICKEN PICKIN' AT MY TAIL.
LET ME AT HIM! LET ME AT HIM!
GET BACK, TEAMO. WE DON'T WANT ANY FIGHTING.
BEHAVE YOURSELF, IGGIE.


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
IGGIE, YOU SHOULDN'T BE MAD AT TEAMO FOR MISTAKING YOUR TAIL FOR A WORM.
WELL I'M NOT GOIN' TO STAND FOR ANY CHICKEN PICKIN' AT MY TAIL.
IT'S SILLY FOR YOU AND IGGIE TO QUARREL OVER A FOOLISH MISTAKE
HE CALLED ME A FUZZY WUZZY.
COME ON IGGIE, BE A SPORT.
WELL, I'M PRETTY MAD AT THAT CHICKEN.
AH, COME ON AND MAKE UP
WELL HE HAS TO BEG MY PARDON.
NOW TEAMO, BE A ROOSTER AND MAKE UP WITH IGGIE.
I'M SORRY, IGGIE, FOR MISTAKING YOUR TAIL FOR A WORM AND I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME.
GIVE HIM YOUR PAW, IGGIE.
IT'S O.K. ABOUT MY TAIL AND YOU'RE NOT A FUZZY WUZZY.
THANKS
ATTA BOY, IGGIE

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
WE CLATCH BLIG FLISH!
WE OUGHT TO GET A SWELL FISH WORM HERE.
I'LL PULL THE WORM OUT. WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WE DON'T BREAK IT.
SHOOIE OUT OF HERE, TEAMO - YOU CAN NO HAVE THIS WORMIE.
DROP IT - YOU DUMB-BELL
SHOOIE! SHOOIE!
YOU BLOKE WORMIE - WE NO CLATCH FLISH
YOU BOOB - WE WERE GOIN' FISHIN' WITH THAT WORM.
WE GLOT PLENTY WORMIE LEFT FOR FLISH.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm. DONAHEY
JUST LEAVE THE LUNCH HERE, WHILE WE GO FOR A WALK, THEN WE'LL COME BACK TO EAT.
IT'S A NICE DAY FOR A PICNIC.
OUR LUNCH IS GONE.
HE'S EATEN THOSE TWO BAKED LIMA BEANS.
YOU BAD CHICKENS
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR LUNCH IF YOU'LL WAIT A MINUTE I'LL BRING YOU ONE OF THE BEST LUNCHES YOU EVER TASTED.
TEAMO, YOU HAVE EATEN ALL OUR LUNCH
HE ATE THIS WHOLE THIMBLE FULL OF SANDWICHES.
WE DON'T EAT BUGS, TEAMO - WE ARE NOT CHICKENS.
UGH!

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
LOOK! THERE'S A BIG BULL FROG ASLEEP ON THAT STONE. LET'S GET HIM AND WE'LL HAVE FROG HAM FOR SUPPER.
THERE HE IS! NOW IF WE SNEAK UP QUIETLY WE CAN CATCH HIM. WHEN I COUNT THREE, YOU GRAB HIM BEHIND AND I'LL HOLD HIM IN FRONT.
BE QUIET. DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE.
YOU'LL HAVE TO GRAB AWFUL QUICK OR HE'LL GET AWAY ONE - TWO -
THREE!
I'VE GOT HIM!


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm DONAHEY
THIS IS A SWELL DAY FOR A SWIM.
THE WATER'S COLD
LET'S LEAVE OUR CLOTHES HERE AND WADE UP CREEK WHERE THE WATER IS DEEP.
WHY! HERE ARE SOME OF THE TEENIE WEENIES' CLOTHES. I WONDER WHY THEY LEFT THEM HERE
I'LL JUST PICK UP THE THINGS AND TAKE THEM TO THE TEENIE WEENIES' HOUSE. I CAN CARRY THEM ALL IN TWO TRIPS.
OUR CLOTHES ARE GONE!
WE CAN GET HOME IN THESE LEAVES ALL RIGHT.
HEY! LOOK AT ME DOIN' A "SALLY" LEAF DANCE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY DONAHEY
WHEN I LIGHT THIS FIRE CRACKER YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY QUICK OR THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF US LEFT TO FILL A THIMBLE.
ME LUN FAST, LIKE EVERY THINGS
THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKING THING. I WONDER WHAT IT IS ?
HEY, TEAMO DROP THAT BEFORE YOU GET YOUR FOOL HEAD BLOWN OFF
I'LL TAKE IT TO THE DUNCE AND ASK HIM WHAT IT IS.
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE - THAT DUMB CHICKEN IS FOLLOWING US WITH THE FIRE CRACKER.
DIVE INTO THIS SQUIRREL HOLE OR WE'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES.
BOY! IT'S LUCKY THAT FUSE WENT OUT AND THE FIRE CRACKER DIDN'T EXPLODE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
WE COULD MAKE A SWELL SWIMMIN' POOL OUTA THIS COFFEE CUP
IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF WATER TO FILL IT
I'LL BET IT WILL TAKE A MILLION THIMBLES FULL OF WATER TO FILL THAT CUP.
WE CAN CARRY THE WATER FROM THAT LEAKY FAUCET ACROSS THE STREET.
YOU FELLOWS GET BUSY AND START FILLING THIS CUP WITH WATER.
SAY! WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO ALL THE WORK - YOU'VE GOT TO HELP.
ALLIE SAME THIS TWENTY SLIX THIMBLES FULL.
I DIDN'T KNOW A COFFEE CUP COULD HOLD SO MUCH WATER.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TIE THAT TIGHT.
COME ON CHUCK. LET'S GET OUR BATHING SUITS ON

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
HELP !
WHAT MATTER ?
OH HELP - HELP !!
SWIMMING POOL
HURRY
IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE
HELP!
HELP HELP !
HELP!
I WAS WALKING ALONG WHEN THAT HORRID BUG TOOK AFTER ME. I JUMPED ONTO THIS MUSHROOM AND HE STARTED TO CLIMB AFTER ME, SO I SCREAMED UNTIL YOU CAME AND SAVED ME.
GET OUT OF HERE

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
SAY CHUCK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW WE COULD GO INTO BUSINESS AND MAKE SOME MONEY
ALLIE SAME CHINAMAN'S NO AGAINST MAKIE MONEYS.
THE MELON IS GOOD AND RIPE AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO DIG INTO IT.
I'LL CUT THE DOOR RIGHT IN HERE.
SHE PLENTY BLIG MUSK-MELON.
HURRY UP AND GET THOSE SEEDS AWAY
ME WORK PLENTY HARD. SEEDS ALL TIME SLIPPERY.
I'VE GOT TO PUT SOME BOARDS IN THE MELON SO CUSTOMERS WONT GET THEIR FEET WET.
COME ON FOLKS - STEP INSIDE, KEEP COOL AND EAT ALL THE MELON YOU CAN HOLD.
ONE TEENIE WEENIE PENNY
STEP IN AND EAT

THE TEENIE WEENIES
WE OUGHT TO CATCH SOME FISH, IGGIE.. THERE IS DEEP WATER UNDER THIS LIMB.
MAYBE WE MIGHT CATCH A TURTLE.
YOW!
A TURTLE!
I'M SLIPPIN'
HELP!
WITH HIS TAIL HELD IN THE VICE LIKE JAWS OF THE TURTLE, THE POOR MOUSE IS BEING SLOWLY DRAGGED FROM THE TREE.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
GET OUT OF THERE!
HELP
WHILE FISHING FROM THE LIMB OF A TREE, IGGIE HAD HIS LONG TAIL CAUGHT BY A HUNGRY TURTLE. LUSTY CRIES FOR HELP BY THE DUNCE AND THE PROMPT ACTION OF THE TURK PROBABLY SAVED THE MOUSE'S LIFE
TAKE IT EASY IGGIE - YOU'RE MIGHTY WEAK
IS MAH - IS MAH TAIL ALL THERE?
AS SOON AS WE GET TO SHORE THE DOCTOR WILL EXAMINE YOUR TAIL.
HIS TAIL IS BROKEN. ONE OF YOU BOYS BRING ME A MATCH FOR SPLINTS AND SOME STRIPS OF CLOTH.
ME GO GET.
WE'LL GET YOUR TAIL ALL BANDAGED UP IN A JIFFY.
TAKE IT EASY IGGIE, IT WON'T HURT MUCH
NOW IGGIE, WE'LL MAKE YOU A NICE SLING TO CARRY YOUR TAIL IN.
?
JUST BE CAREFUL AND YOUR TAIL WILL BE O. K. IN A FEW DAYS.
YOUR TAIL LOOKS SWELL IN A SLING, IGGIE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
DOCTOR THIS SLING, YOU FIXED TO CARRY MY BROKEN TAIL IN DOESN'T WORK SO WELL.
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, IGGIE ?
WHEN I WALK ON MY HIND FEET THE SLING WORKS FINE, BUT WHEN I WALK ON MY OTHER FEET, LIKE THIS, MY TAIL STICKS UP IN THE AIR AND IF I HAD TO GET INTO A KNOT HOLE IN A HURRY, WHY IT WOULD JUST BE TOO BAD.
I THINK WE CAN FIX THAT, IGGIE
I WISH YOU BOYS WOULD SAW FOUR LITTLE PIECES FROM THAT LEAD PENCIL, ABOUT THIS THICK. I WANT TO MAKE A TRAILER FOR IGGIE'S BROKEN TAIL
O.K. DOC.
TAKE THAT SLING OFF, IGGIE, AND I'LL FIX YOU UP SO YOU WON'T KNOW YOU'VE GOT A TAIL.
NOW I CAN WALK ON ANY OF MY FEET I WANT TO.
BOY! THAT'S A SWELL TAIL TRAILER

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY.
LOOK AT THIS! IT'S A REAL BOY SCOUT'S KNIFE. SOME BOY SCOUT HAS LOST IT.
IT BELONGS TO JOE GRIMM-HE'S A SCOUT AND I SAW HIM WITH THE KNIFE, RIGHT HERE, A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.
ALLIE SAME WE BETTER TAKE KNIFE TO BOY'S HOUSE BEFORE NO SCOUT BOY FINDS IT.
YOU BOOB, THIS KNIFE WEIGHS A TEENIE WEENIE TON. IT WOULD TAKE A LOT OF HARD WORK.
IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A HARD JOB. WE COULD TIE A ROPE TO THIS THING ON THE HANDLE AND DRAG IT TO JOE'S HOUSE.
JINKS! I WISH WE HADN'T FOUND THIS OL' KNIFE THEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE IT HOME.
SAY! IF YOU LOST SOMETHING YOU'D BE GLAD TO HAVE SOME ONE FIND IT FOR YOU-WOULDN'T YOU?
GETTING IT OVER THIS HILL IS THE HARDEST PART OF THE WORK.
HOW ABOUT THAT MUD PUDDLE WE'VE GOT TO CROSS?
WHEN WE GET THROUGH THIS PUDDLE, WE'LL SOON BE THERE.
JOE, HE ALL TIME WONDER HOW KNIFE GOT HERE ON HIS DOOR-STEP.
WELL WE WON'T GET ANY THANKS FOR IT- YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT
IF JOE FINDS HIS KNIFE-WILL HE SUSPECT WHO BROUGHT IT TO HIS DOOR-STEP? CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
To - The Teenie Weenies U.S.A.
Please Forward.
A LETTER FOR US!
I'LL SOON GET IT OPENED WITH THIS AX.
WELL HURRY UP. WE CAN'T HOLD THIS LETTER ALL DAY.
NOW, ALL PULL TOGETHER
LOOK OUT YOU DON'T TEAR IT.
aug 10, 1934.
Dear Teenie Weenies.
First, I want to thank you for finding my knife. I suppose you will wonder how I knew you Teenie Weenies did it. Well I saw your tracks all around on the door step where left the knife.
Your friend, Joe
THIS LETTER IS FROM JOE GRIMM - THE BOY WHO LOST HIS SCOUT KNIFE
THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE LETTER.
TLURK, DLUNCE AND ME FLIND KNIFE, LONG TIME AGO. WE TAKE KNIFE TO BOY'S HOUSE, WHO OWNS HIM - BOY WRITE LETTER SAY THANKS
THAT WAS NICE OF YOU BOYS AND IT WAS GOOD OF JOE TO WRITE SUCH A LOVELY LETTER.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY.
NICK THE RED SQUIRREL SLICK. NEED DOCTOR MUCHIE QUICK.
SICK IS HE ? ALL RIGHT, WE WILL GO AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG.
HE HAS BEEN SHOT BY HUNTERS - HE'S BADLY HURT AND WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM INTO HIS NEST SOME WAY. HE INSISTS ON IT.
HIS NEST IS WAY UP IN THIS BIG TREE OVERHEAD. I'LL SEND THE BOYS FOR SOME ROPE AND PULLEYS AND WE'LL TRY AND GET A LINE UP INTO THE TREE
POOR NICK
I CAN CLIMB THE TREE. THE BARK IS ROUGH AND STRONG.
NOW BE CAREFUL
THE PULLEY IS FIXED SO YOU HAD BETTER PULL UP A COUPLE OF FELLOWS TO HELP GET NICK INSIDE HIS HOLE WHEN YOU SEND HIM UP.
IT WAS A HARD TASK, BUT THE LITTLE PEOPLE MANAGED TO GET THE INJURED SQUIRREL SAFELY INTO HIS NEST WHERE A TEENIE WEENIE NURSE WAS PUT IN CHARGE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
THAT SQUIRREL WAS SO BADLY HURT HE WONT BE ABLE TO GET IN HIS STORE OF NUTS FOR THE WINTER.
WELL DOCTOR, WE CAN GET IN A SUPPLY OF NUTS FOR HIM. WE CAN'T LET HIM STARVE TO DEATH.
SURE WE CAN GET THEM IN FOR HIM
GOSH: I WISH THAT SQUIRREL HADN'T BUILT HIS NEST SO FAR AWAY FROM THE NUT TREE.
SAY! I'M NOT GOING TO CARRY THIS HEAVY HICKORY NUT DOWN THAT HILL WHEN I CAN LET IT ROLL DOWN.
YOU'D BETTER NOT - IT MIGHT HIT SOMEBODY AND HURT 'EM.
HEY! LOOK OUT
HONEST CHUCK - I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU WITH THE NUT. I WAS JUST ROLLIN' IT DOWN THE HILL.
ALLIE SAME ME PLENTY MAD YOU.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
SAY, COME ON AND HELP ME GET THIS MUSSEL OUT OF THE WATER.
MAYBE WE'LL FIND A PEARL IN THIS MUSSEL WHEN WE OPEN IT UP.
ALLIE SAME WHAT
OH, IT'S A KIND OF FRESH WATER OYSTER.
NOW! YOU FELLOWS HOLD IT STEADY AND I'LL PRY THE SHELL OPEN WITH THIS NAIL.
WE
23
HOLD PLENTY MUCHIE TIGHT IGGIE
THIS SHELL WILL MAKE A SWELL BATH TUB
OH BOY! LOOK AT THIS PEARL
THAT WILL BUY A LOT OF CHEESE.
THAT'S A VALUABLE PEARL, DUNCE - YOU'RE RICH.
SAY! I'M NOT A HOG - WE'RE ALL RICH.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY.
SAY GENERAL, I CAN'T EAT THAT PEARL I FOUND IN THE MUSSEL AND IT WON'T KEEP ME WARM THIS WINTER, SO I THINK IGGIE, AND CHUCK AND I WILL TAKE IT TO THAT LITTLE GIRL WHO SENT US THE BOX OF CANDY.
THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU DUNCE, BUT IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE LITTLE GIRLS HOUSE AND IT WILL TAKE SEVERAL WEEKS TO MAKE THE JOURNEY.
GOOD-BY, DUNCE AND DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH EVERY DAY.
I'LL CARRY THE PEARL IN THIS BAG.
NOW IGGIE YOU KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT FOOLISH DUNCE.
SAY! I'M HUNGRY. WE'VE TRAVELED FAR ENOUGH FOR TO DAY. LET'S STOP AND MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.
ALLIE SAME ME HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A PIECE OF IGGIE'S TAIL.
I'LL HAVE A FIRE GOING IN A MINUTE AND THEN WE'LL FRY SOME FROG HAM AND HAVE THAT HALF OF BAKED LIMA BEAN THE COOK GAVE US.
BOY! THAT WAS A GOOD SUPPER.
ALLIE SAME IT WILL BE NICE TO SLEEPIE ON THE GROUND.
OH HUM! I'M GOIN' TO ROLL UP IN MY BLANKET AND GO TO SLEEP.
YOU FELLOWS CAN SLEEP ON THE GROUND IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I'M GOIN' TO BUNK ON THIS MUSHROOM - I DON'T WANT ANY OLD TOAD SNOOPIN' AROUND ME WHILE I SLEEP.
?
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

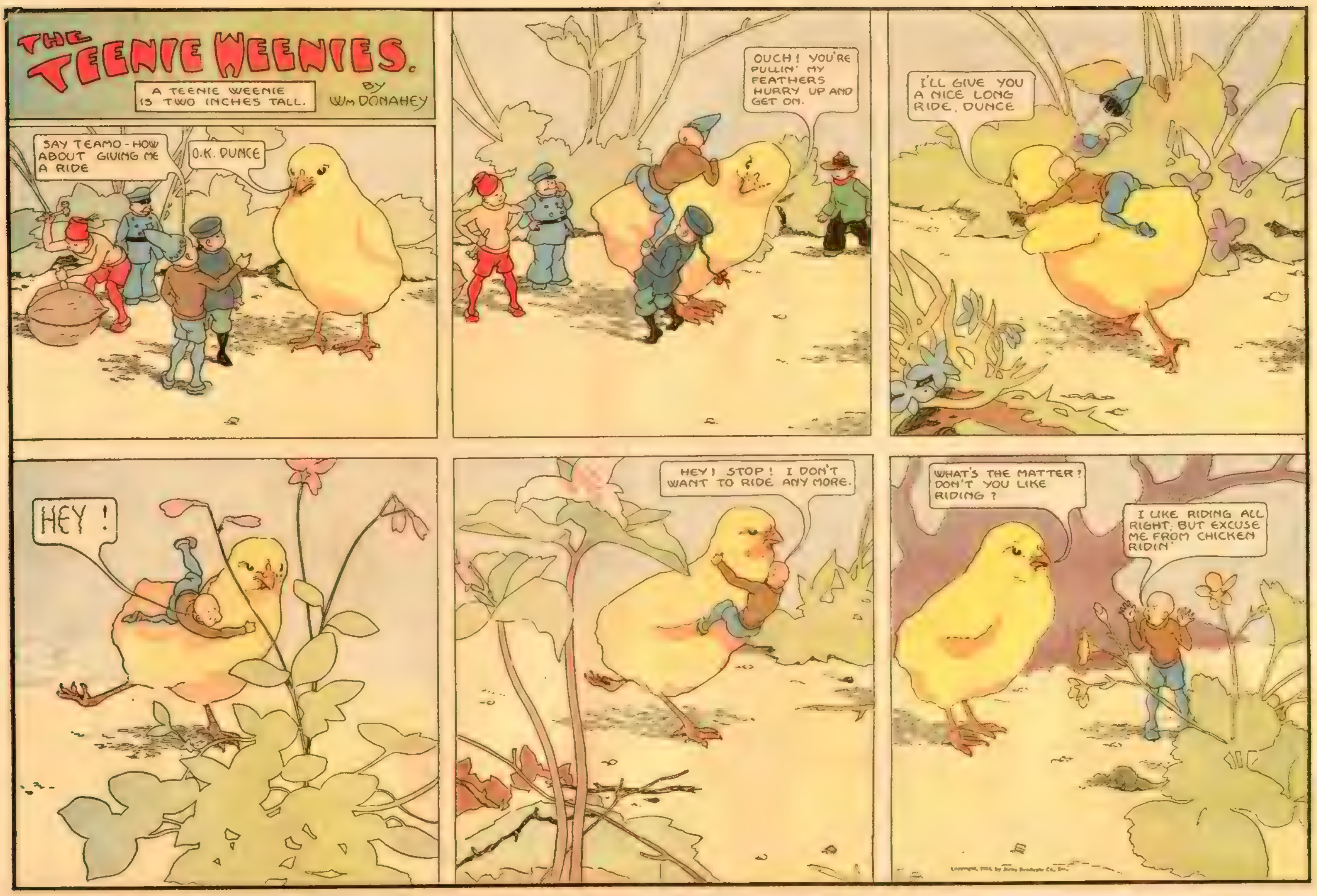
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY.
HAVING FOUND A PEARL IN A MUSSEL SHELL, THE DUNCE, THE CHINK AND IGGIE, THE MOUSE, SET OUT TO TAKE IT TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD SENT THE TEENIE WEENIES A BOX OF CANDY.
SAY! WE'RE LOST - I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO
LET'S ASK SQUIRREL OVER THERE
MR. SQUIRREL WE'VE LOST OUR WAY. COULD YOU HELP US OUT?
SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M A STRANGER AROUND HERE JUST VISITING IN THIS PLACE FOR A FEW DAYS
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON GOING UNTIL WE CAN GET DIRECTIONS FROM SOME ONE.
MR. DOG, WE HAVE LOST OUR WAY, COULD YOU TELL US THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO THE TOWN OF 'HESTER ?
SURE, I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU. JUST KEEP GOING RIGHT AHEAD UNTIL -
- YOU SMELL CAT, THEN TURN TO YOUR RIGHT AND FOLLOW CAT SCENT UNTIL YOU GET A SNIFF OF PIGS. AT STRONG PIG SCENT, TURN TO YOUR LEFT AND YOU'LL SOON SMELL SKUNK.
GO AROUND SKUNK SMELL AND YOU'LL PICK UP THE SCENT OF FISH. FOLLOW FISH SCENT TO THE CREEK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREEK SOME ONE ELSE WILL TELL YOU THE WAY
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
HAVING FOUND A PEARL IN A MUSSEL, THE DUNCE THE CHINAMAN AND IGGIE, THE MOUSE, ARE ON A JOURNEY TO PRESENT THE PEARL TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD SENT THE TEENIE WEENIES A BOX OF CANDY
ALLIE SAME ME NO LIKIE THIS BOX COVER FOR A BOAT. HIM GET WET AND SINKIE.
WELL THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO GET ACROSS THE CREEK. THIS BOX WILL CARRY US THAT FAR.
HEY!
GET OUT OF THERE FROGGIE. YOU MAYBE UPSET US BOAT.
JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE
ME GO
IT ISN'T FAR TO SHORE. WE CAN SWIM IT ALL RIGHT.
NOW LOOKIE! ALL US FOOD AND BLANKETS GONE TO FISHIES. AX GONE. EVELYTHING GONE.
NO! EVERYTHING IS NOT GONE. I HAVE THE PEARL.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY.
SAY GENERAL, I CAN'T EAT THAT PEARL I FOUND IN THE MUSSEL AND IT WON'T KEEP ME WARM THIS WINTER, SO I THINK IGGIE, AND CHUCK AND I WILL TAKE IT TO THAT LITTLE GIRL WHO SENT US THE BOX OF CANDY.
THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU DUNCE, BUT IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE LITTLE GIRLS HOUSE AND IT WILL TAKE SEVERAL WEEKS TO MAKE THE JOURNEY.
GOOD-BY, DUNCE AND DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH EVERY DAY.
I'LL CARRY THE PEARL IN THIS BAG.
NOW IGGIE YOU KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT FOOLISH DUNCE.
SAY! I'M HUNGRY. WE'VE TRAVELED FAR ENOUGH FOR TO DAY. LET'S STOP AND MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.
ALLIE SAME ME HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A PIECE OF IGGIE'S TAIL.
I'LL HAVE A FIRE GOING IN A MINUTE AND THEN WE'LL FRY SOME FROG HAM AND HAVE THAT HALF OF BAKED LIMA BEAN THE COOK GAVE US.
BOY! THAT WAS A GOOD SUPPER.
ALLIE SAME IT WILL BE NICE TO SLEEPIE ON THE GROUND.
OH HUM! I'M GOIN' TO ROLL UP IN MY BLANKET AND GO TO SLEEP.
YOU FELLOWS CAN SLEEP ON THE GROUND IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I'M GOIN' TO BUNK ON THIS MUSHROOM - I DON'T WANT ANY OLD TOAD SNOOPIN' AROUND ME WHILE I SLEEP.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
LOOK! THERE'S A BIG BULL FROG ASLEEP ON THAT STONE. LET'S GET HIM AND WE'LL HAVE FROG HAM FOR SUPPER.
THERE HE IS! NOW IF WE SNEAK UP QUIETLY WE CAN CATCH HIM. WHEN I COUNT THREE, YOU GRAB HIM BEHIND AND I'LL HOLD HIM IN FRONT.
BE QUIET. DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE.
YOU'LL HAVE TO GRAB AWFUL QUICK OR HE'LL GET AWAY
ONE - TWO -
THREE!
I'VE GOT HIM!

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY.
HAVING FOUND A PEARL IN A MUSSEL SHELL, THE DUNCE, THE CHINK AND IGGIE, THE MOUSE, SET OUT TO TAKE IT TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD SENT THE TEENIE WEENIES A BOX OF CANDY.
SAY! WE'RE LOST - I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO
LET'S ASK SQUIRREL OVER THERE
MR. SQUIRREL WE'VE LOST OUR WAY. COULD YOU HELP US OUT?
SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M A STRANGER AROUND HERE JUST VISITING IN THIS PLACE FOR A FEW DAYS
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON GOING UNTIL WE CAN GET DIRECTIONS FROM SOME ONE.
MR. DOG, WE HAVE LOST OUR WAY, COULD YOU TELL US THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO THE TOWN OF 'HESTER?
SURE, I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU. JUST KEEP GOING RIGHT AHEAD UNTIL -
- YOU SMELL CAT, THEN TURN TO YOUR RIGHT AND FOLLOW CAT SCENT UNTIL YOU GET A SNIFF OF PIGS. AT STRONG PIG SCENT, TURN TO YOUR LEFT AND YOU'LL SOON SMELL SKUNK.
GO AROUND SKUNK SMELL AND YOU'LL PICK UP THE SCENT OF FISH. FOLLOW FISH SCENT TO THE CREEK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREEK SOME ONE ELSE WILL TELL YOU THE WAY
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

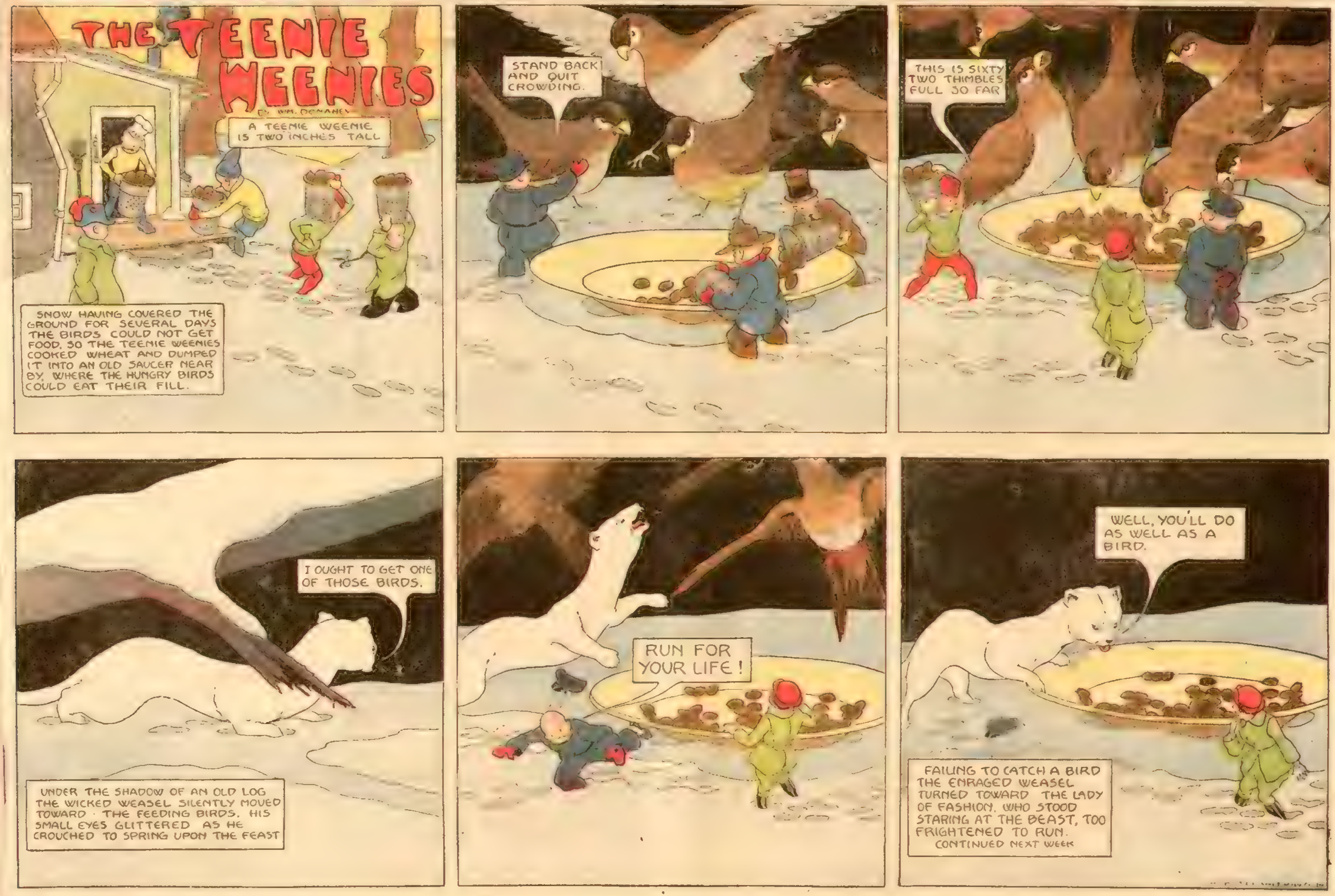

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm DONAHEY
SAY TEAMO - HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A RIDE
O.K. DUNCE
OUCH! YOU'RE PULLIN' MY FEATHERS HURRY UP AND GET ON.
I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE LONG RIDE, DUNCE
HEY !
HEY! STOP! I DON'T WANT TO RIDE ANY MORE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE RIDING ?
I LIKE RIDING ALL RIGHT, BUT EXCUSE ME FROM CHICKEN RIDIN'

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
NOW SNIP, BE A GOOD BOY AND DONT RUN AWAY
HORSEY!
HORSEY!
HORSEY GONE
PITTY
MAMMA
WITH NIGHT COMING ON THIS POOR LITTLE HUMAN SPECK, NO LARGER THAN A THIMBLE, IS HOPELESSLY LOST IN A JUNGLE OF WILD FLOWERS AND TOAD STOOLS.
WILL HE ESCAPE THE NEEDLE SHARP TEETH OF THE MASKED SHREW, THE KEEN NOSE OF THE WEASEL AND THE MANY OTHER FOREST KILLERS OF THE NIGHT?

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
HURRY UP OR WE WONT GET THIS EGG ROLLED HOME IN TIME FOR EASTER DINNER. IT HAS TO BE PUT INTO A TOMATO CAN AND BOILED BEFORE WE EAT AND I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH, RIGHT NOW, TO EAT IT RAW.
ALLIE SAME BE CLAREFUL WE NO BLEAK EGGIE GOIN' DOWN HILL.
HOLD ON TIGHT - THIS EGG COST FIFTY GRAINS OF CORN.
LOOK OUT!
HOLD ONTO IT. DON'T LET IT GET AWAY.
HOLD EGGIE, IGGIE, ME HOLD YOU.
HOLD TIGHT
OH BOY!
GOOD NIGHT! WE'LL HAVE SCRAMBLED EGG FOR DINNER.
THE TEENIE WEENIES DID NOT HAVE A HARD BOILED EGG FOR THEIR EASTER DINNER, BUT THEY DID GATHER UP SEVERAL THIMBLES FULL OF THE BROKEN EGG, OUT OF WHICH THE T.W. COOK MADE A FINE OMELETTE AND THE LITTLE FOLKS WERE ABLE TO HAVE A REGULAR EASTER MEAL.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
DOCTOR, THIS SLING, YOU FIXED TO CARRY MY BROKEN TAIL IN, DOESN'T WORK SO WELL.
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, IGGIE ?
WHEN I WALK ON MY HIND FEET THE SLING WORKS FINE, BUT WHEN I WALK ON MY OTHER FEET, LIKE THIS, MY TAIL STICKS UP IN THE AIR AND IF I HAD TO GET INTO A KNOT HOLE IN A HURRY, WHY IT WOULD JUST BE TOO BAD.
I THINK WE CAN FIX THAT, IGGIE
I WISH YOU BOYS WOULD SAW FOUR LITTLE PIECES FROM THAT LEAD PENCIL, ABOUT THIS THICK. I WANT TO MAKE A TRAILER FOR IGGIE'S BROKEN TAIL
O.K. DOC.
TAKE THAT SLING OFF, IGGIE, AND I'LL FIX YOU UP SO YOU WON'T KNOW YOU'VE GOT A TAIL.
NOW I CAN WALK ON ANY OF MY FEET I WANT TO.
BOY! THAT'S A SWELL TAIL TRAILER

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
SAY, COME ON AND HELP ME GET THIS MUSSEL OUT OF THE WATER.
MAYBE WE'LL FIND A PEARL IN THIS MUSSEL WHEN WE OPEN IT UP.
ALLIE SAME WHAT
OH, IT'S A KIND OF FRESH WATER OYSTER.
NOW YOU FELLOWS HOLD IT STEADY AND I'LL PRY THE SHELL OPEN WITH THIS NAIL.
HOLD PLENTY MUCHIE TIGHT IGGIE
THIS SHELL WILL MAKE A SWELL BATH TUB
OH BOY! LOOK AT THIS PEARL
THAT WILL BUY A LOT OF CHEESE.
THAT'S A VALUABLE PEARL, DUNCE - YOU'RE RICH.
SAY! I'M NOT A HOG - WE'RE ALL RICH.


THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
SNOW HAVING COVERED THE GROUND FOR SEVERAL DAYS THE BIRDS COULD NOT GET FOOD, SO THE TEENIE WEENIES COOKED WHEAT AND DUMPED IT INTO AN OLD SAUCER NEAR BY, WHERE THE HUNGRY BIRDS COULD EAT THEIR FILL.
STAND BACK! AND QUIT CROWDING.
THIS IS SIXTY TWO THIMBLES FULL SO FAR
UNDER THE SHADOW OF AN OLD LOG THE WICKED WEASEL SILENTLY MOVED TOWARD THE FEEDING BIRDS. HIS SMALL EYES GLITTERED AS HE CROUCHED TO SPRING UPON THE FEAST
I OUGHT TO GET ONE OF THOSE BIRDS.
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
WELL, YOU'LL DO AS WELL AS A BIRD.
FAILING TO CATCH A BIRD THE ENRAGED WEASEL TURNED TOWARD THE LADY OF FASHION, WHO STOOD STARING AT THE BEAST, TOO FRIGHTENED TO RUN.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
HAVING FOUND A PEARL IN A MUSSEL, THE DUNCE THE CHINAMAN AND IGGIE, THE MOUSE, ARE ON A JOURNEY TO PRESENT THE PEARL TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD SENT THE TEENIE WEENIES A BOX OF CANDY
ALLIE SAME ME NO LIKIE THIS BOX COVER FOR A BOAT. HIM GET WET AND SINKIE.
WELL THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO GET ACROSS THE CREEK. THIS BOX WILL CARRY US THAT FAR.
HEY!
GET OUT OF THERE FROGGIE. YOU MAYBE UPSET US BOAT.
JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE
ME GO
IT ISN'T FAR TO SHORE. WE CAN SWIM IT ALL RIGHT.
NOW LOOKIE! ALL US FOOD AND BLANKETS GONE TO FISHIES. AX GONE. EVELYTHING GONE.
NO! EVERYTHING IS NOT GONE. I HAVE THE PEARL.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm. DONAHEY
OH BOY! A NICE WORM.
YOW!
OH DEAR, I BEG YOUR PARDON - I THOUGHT IT WAS A WORM.
YOU CAN'T CALL ME A FUZZY WUZZY
I WON'T STAND FOR ANY FUZZY WUZZY CHICKEN PICKIN' AT MY TAIL.
LET ME AT HIM! LET ME AT HIM!
GET BACK, TEAMO. WE DON'T WANT ANY FIGHTING.
BEHAVE YOURSELF, IGGIE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
SAY CHUCK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW WE COULD GO INTO BUSINESS AND MAKE SOME MONEY
ALLIE SAME CHINAMAN'S NO AGAINST MAKIE MONEYS.
THE MELON IS GOOD AND RIPE AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO DIG INTO IT.
SHE PLENTY BLIG MUSK-MELON.
I'LL CUT THE DOOR RIGHT IN HERE.
HURRY UP AND GET THOSE SEEDS AWAY
ME WORK PLENTY HARD. SEEDS ALL TIME SLIPPERY.
I'VE GOT TO PUT SOME BOARDS IN THE MELON SO CUSTOMERS WON'T GET THEIR FEET WET.
COME ON FOLKS - STEP INSIDE, KEEP COOL AND EAT ALL THE MELON YOU CAN HOLD.
ONE TEENIE WEENIE PENNY
STEP IN AND EAT

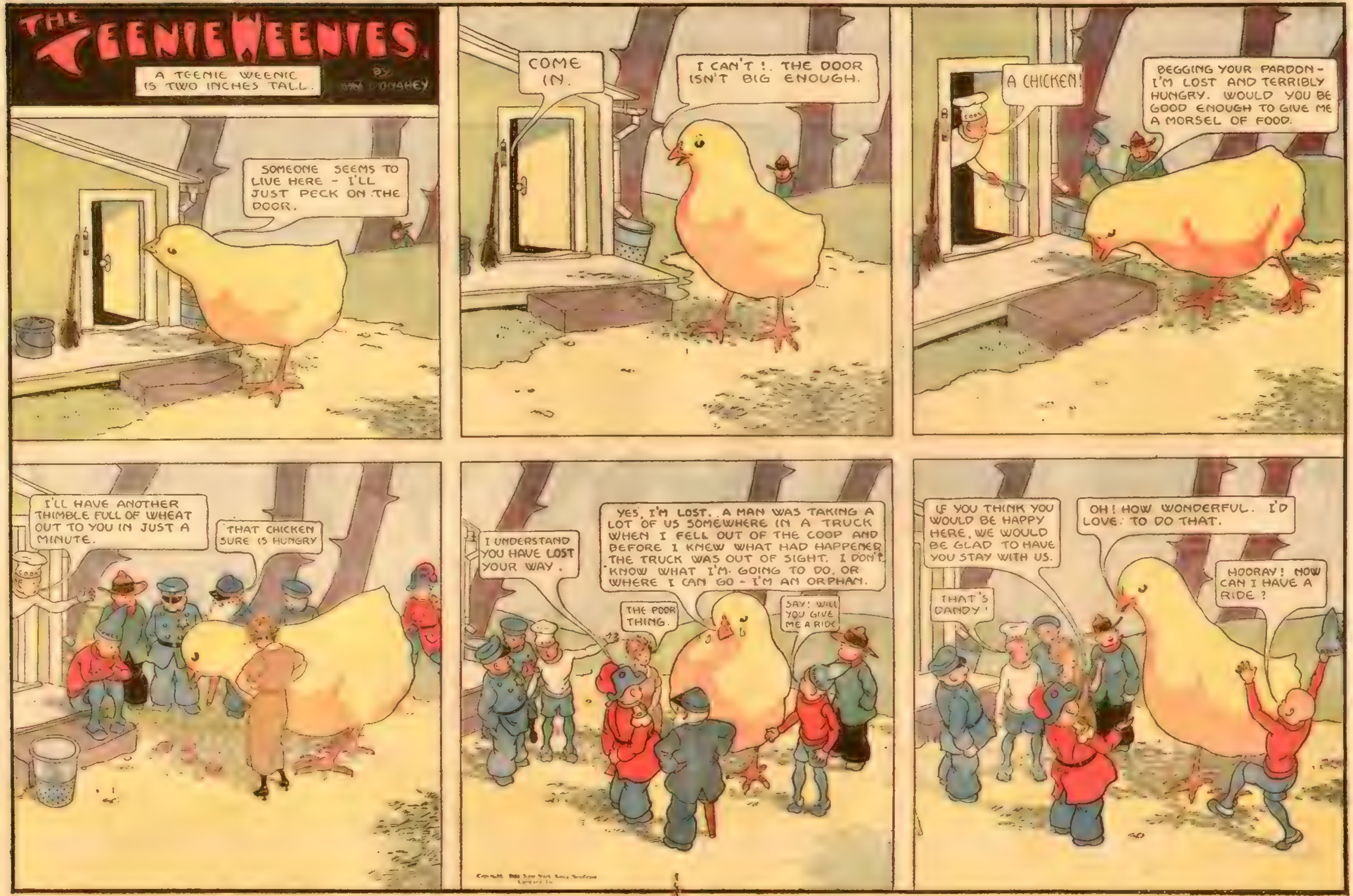
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
THAT SQUIRREL WAS SO BADLY HURT HE WONT BE ABLE TO GET IN HIS STORE OF NUTS FOR THE WINTER.
WELL DOCTOR, WE CAN GET IN A SUPPLY OF NUTS FOR HIM. WE CAN'T LET HIM STARVE TO DEATH.
SURE WE CAN GET THEM IN FOR HIM
GOSH: I WISH THAT SQUIRREL HADN'T BUILT HIS NEST SO FAR AWAY FROM THE NUT TREE.
SAY! I'M NOT GOING TO CARRY THIS HEAVY HICKORY NUT DOWN THAT HILL WHEN I CAN LET IT ROLL DOWN.
YOU'D BETTER NOT - IT MIGHT HIT SOMEBODY AND HURT 'EM.
HEY! LOOK OUT
HONEST CHUCK - I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU WITH THE NUT. I WAS JUST ROLLIN' IT DOWN THE HILL.
ALLIE SAME ME PLENTY MAD YOU.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
WE CLATCH BLIG FLISH!
WE OUGHT TO GET A SWELL FISH WORM HERE.
I'LL PULL THE WORM OUT. WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WE DON'T BREAK IT.
SHOOIE OUT OF HERE, TEAMO - YOU CAN NO HAVE THIS WORMIE.
DROP IT - YOU DUMB-BELL
SHOOIE! SHOOIE!
YOU BLOKE WORMIE - WE NO CLATCH FLISH
YOU BOOB - WE WERE GOIN' FISHIN' WITH THAT WORM.
WE GLOT PLENTY WORMIE LEFT FOR FLISH.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY WM DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
I'LL KEEP THIS FELLOW UNTIL YOU PAY ME TEN GRAINS OF CORN FOR THE DAMAGE YOU DID TO MY DRINKING PAN WITH YOUR AUTO.
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT CORN SOMEWHERE
I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET THE CORN. IT'S IN A BARN, NOT FAR FROM HERE
ME GET ONE, TWO, BAGS TO CLARRY CLORN IN.
I THINK IM GOING TO BRING MYSELF OVER HERE TO GET SOME OF THIS CORN FOR MYSELF.
THE MAN WHO OWNED THIS CORN THOUGHT THE MICE HAD BEEN EATING IT, BUT HAD HE LOOKED CLOSELY HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN TEENIE WEENIE FOOT PRINTS IN THE DUST.
HERE'S YOUR CORN. WHERE IS THE DUNCE ?
I'VE GOT YOUR DUNCE IN SAFE KEEPING. JUST COUNT OUT THE TEN GRAINS OF CORN AND I'LL DELIVER HIM.
WHERE'S THE DUNCE ?
HERE'S YOUR DUNCE.

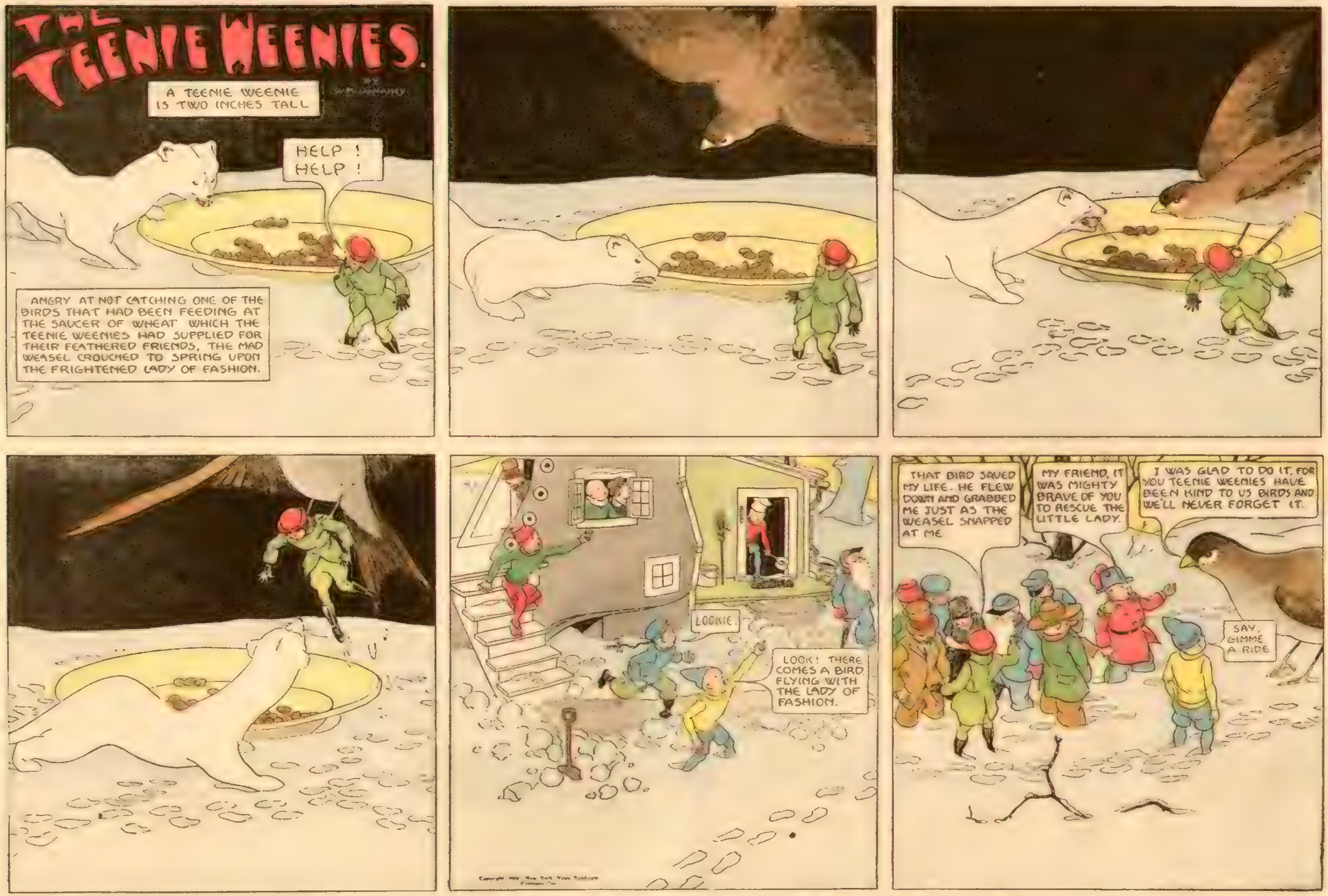
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
FEELS LIKE THERE WAS A DENT IN MY HEAD.
IT'S LUCKY WE DIDN'T GET HURT.
LOOK AT THE DENT WE PUT IN THIS PAN WHEN WE HIT IT.
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?
WE WERE COASTING DOWN HILL IN THIS AUTO AND RAN INTO THE PAN.
THAT OLD HEN LOOKS CROSS
WE'LL PUSH THE CAR OUT OF YOUR WAY
YOU'VE BENT MY DRINKING PAN!
YOU'VE GOT TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE TO MY PAN. LOOK AT THOSE DENTS
LOOK AT OUR CAR
ALLIE SAME WE NO MEAN TO DLENT PAN.
THOSE DENTS WONT HURT YOUR OLD PAN
WELL YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THEM ANYHOW
I'LL JUST HOLD THIS CHAP UNTIL YOU PAY ME TEN GRAINS OF CORN FOR THE DAMAGE TO MY PAN.
HEY!
THE POOR DUNCE - WILL THE TEENIE WEENIES RESCUE HIM!

THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
THAT KILLER AND ARCH FIEND THE WEASEL IS STILL SNOOPING AROUND THE TEENIE WEENIES' HOME. THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IS FRIGHTENED AND THE LITTLE FOLKS ARE SEARCHING FOR SOME PLAN TO GET RID OF HIM.
IF WE SENT THE WEASEL A NOTE AND TOLD HIM WE'D DECLARE WAR IF HE DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE VICINITY, MAYBE HE'D MOVE.
WHO IS GOING TO DELIVER THE NOTE! IT WOULD BE SUDDEN DEATH TO ANYONE WHO GOT NEAR ENOUGH TO THAT WEASEL TO GIVE HIM THE MESSAGE.
ALLIE SAME HURRY KLICK! NEED MUCHIE HELP, KLICK
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
MOUSE IN TLAP OVER IN THE BLIG HOUSE. CAN NO GLET HIM OUT
NOW, LIFT UP SPLING AND WE GET MOUSE OUT
THERE ARE NO BONGS BROKEN HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE. JUST A LITTLE DAZED, THAT'S ALL.
MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS, YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE WHAT CAN I DO TO REPAY YOU! GLADLY WOULD I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR YOU. WHAT CAN I DO TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE!
YOU MIGHT GET HIM TO DELIVER THAT NOTE FOR YOU.
MY FRIEND YOU CAN DO US A GREAT FAVOR IF YOU WILL DELIVER A MESSAGE FOR US TO THAT OLD WEASEL WHO LIVES UNDER THE BEECH TREE IN THE BIG WOODS.
PUT ME BACK IN THE TRAP! PUT ME BACK IN THE TRAP!

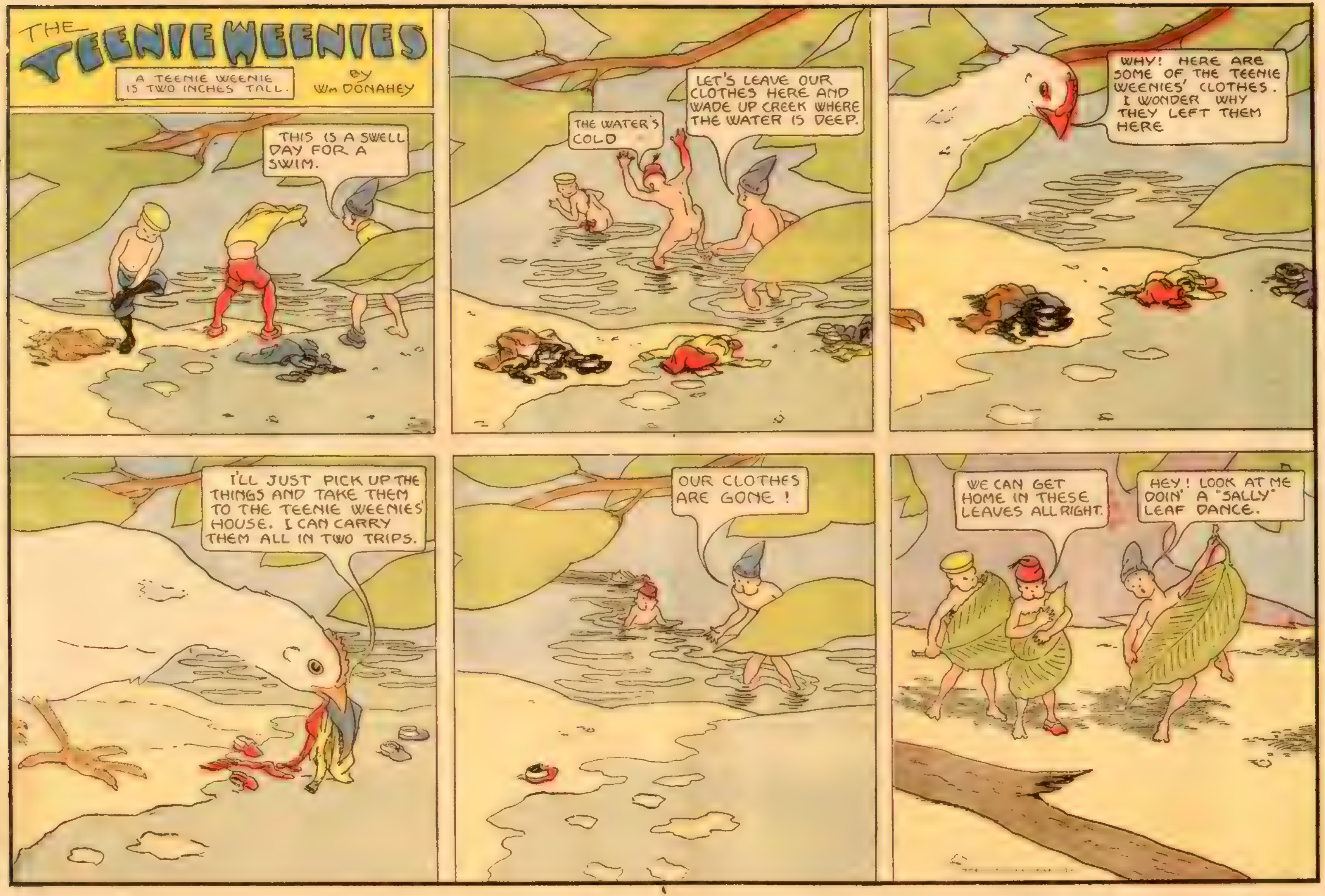


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIC IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY
SOMEONE SEEMS TO LIVE HERE - I'LL JUST PECK ON THE DOOR.
COME IN.
I CAN'T !. THE DOOR ISN'T BIG ENOUGH.
A CHICKEN!
BEGGING YOUR PARDON - I'M LOST AND TERRIBLY HUNGRY. WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A MORSEL OF FOOD.
I'LL HAVE ANOTHER THIMBLE FULL OF WHEAT OUT TO YOU IN JUST A MINUTE.
THAT CHICKEN SURE IS HUNGRY
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WAY.
YES, I'M LOST. A MAN WAS TAKING A LOT OF US SOMEWHERE IN A TRUCK WHEN I FELL OUT OF THE COOP AND BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED THE TRUCK WAS OUT OF SIGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, OR WHERE I CAN GO - I'M AN ORPHAN.
THE POOR THING.
SAY! WILL YOU GIVE ME A RIDE
IF YOU THINK YOU WOULD BE HAPPY HERE, WE WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU STAY WITH US.
THAT'S DANDY!
OH! HOW WONDERFUL. I'D LOVE TO DO THAT.
HOORAY! NOW CAN I HAVE A RIDE ?

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
GET OUT OF THERE!
HELP
WHILE FISHING FROM THE LIMB OF A TREE, IGGIE HAD HIS LONG TAIL CAUGHT BY A HUNGRY TURTLE. LUSTY CRIES FOR HELP BY THE DUNCE AND THE PROMPT ACTION OF THE TURK PROBABLY SAVED THE MOUSE'S LIFE
TAKE IT EASY IGGIE - YOU'RE MIGHTY WEAK
IS MAH - IS MAH TAIL ALL THERE?
AS SOON AS WE GET TO SHORE THE DOCTOR WILL EXAMINE YOUR TAIL.
HIS TAIL IS BROKEN. ONE OF YOU BOYS BRING ME A MATCH FOR SPLINTS AND SOME STRIPS OF CLOTH.
ME GO GET.
WE'LL GET YOUR TAIL ALL BANDAGED UP IN A JIFFY.
TAKE IT EASY IGGIE, IT WON'T HURT MUCH
NOW IGGIE, WE'LL MAKE YOU A NICE SLING TO CARRY YOUR TAIL IN.
?
JUST BE CAREFUL AND YOUR TAIL WILL BE O. K. IN A FEW DAYS.
YOUR TAIL LOOKS SWELL IN A SLING, IGGIE.


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
HELP! HELP!
ANGRY AT NOT CATCHING ONE OF THE BIRDS THAT HAD BEEN FEEDING AT THE SAUCER OF WHEAT WHICH THE TEENIE WEENIES HAD SUPPLIED FOR THEIR FEATHERED FRIENDS, THE MAD WEASEL CROUCHED TO SPRING UPON THE FRIGHTENED LADY OF FASHION.
LOCKIE
LOOK! THERE COMES A BIRD FLYING WITH THE LADY OF FASHION.
THAT BIRD SAVED MY LIFE. HE FLEW DOWN AND GRABBED ME JUST AS THE WEASEL SNAPPED AT ME
MY FRIEND, IT WAS MIGHTY BRAVE OF YOU TO RESCUE THE LITTLE LADY.
I WAS GLAD TO DO IT, FOR YOU TEENIE WEENIES HAVE BEEN KIND TO US BIRDS AND WE'LL NEVER FORGET IT.
SAY, GIMME A RIDE

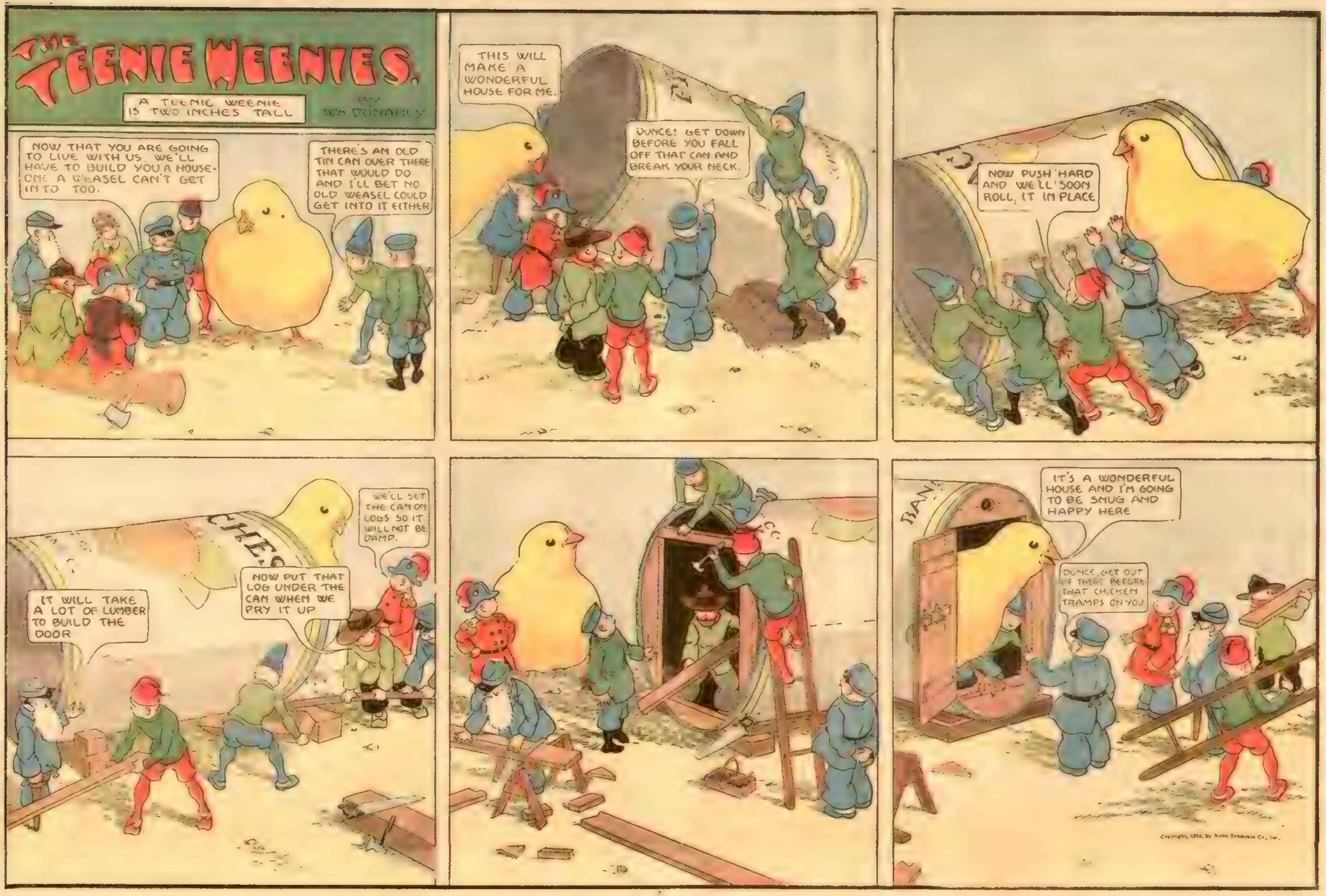
THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
To -
The Teenie Weenies
U.S.A.
Please Forward.
A LETTER FOR US!
I'LL SOON GET IT OPENED WITH THIS AX.
WELL HURRY UP. WE CAN'T HOLD THIS LETTER ALL DAY.
NOW, ALL PULL TOGETHER
LOOK OUT YOU DON'T TEAR IT.
Aug 10, 1934
Dear Teenie Weenies
THIS LETTER IS FROM JOE GRIMM - THE BOY WHO LOST HIS SCOUT KNIFE
Aug 10, 1934.
Dear Teenie Weenies.
First, I want to thank you for finding my knife I suppose you will wonder how I knew you Teenie Weenies did it. Well I saw your tracks all around on the door step where left the knife.
Your friend,
Joe
THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE LETTER.
TLURK, DLUNCE AND ME FLIND KNIFE, LONG TIME AGO. WE TAKE KNIFE TO BOY'S HOUSE, WHO OWNS HIM - BOY WRITE LETTER SAY THANKS
THAT WAS NICE OF YOU BOYS AND IT WAS GOOD OF JOE TO WRITE SUCH A LOVELY LETTER.


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
THIS IS A SWELL DAY FOR A SWIM.
THE WATER'S COLD
LET'S LEAVE OUR CLOTHES HERE AND WADE UP CREEK WHERE THE WATER IS DEEP.
WHY! HERE ARE SOME OF THE TEENIE WEENIES' CLOTHES. I WONDER WHY THEY LEFT THEM HERE
I'LL JUST PICK UP THE THINGS AND TAKE THEM TO THE TEENIE WEENIES' HOUSE. I CAN CARRY THEM ALL IN TWO TRIPS.
OUR CLOTHES ARE GONE!
WE CAN GET HOME IN THESE LEAVES ALL RIGHT.
HEY! LOOK AT ME DOIN' A "SALLY" LEAF DANCE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY.
LOOK AT THIS! IT'S A REAL BOY SCOUT'S KNIFE. SOME BOY SCOUT HAS LOST IT.
IT BELONGS TO JOE GRIMM-HE'S A SCOUT AND I SAW HIM WITH THE KNIFE, RIGHT HERE, A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.
DUNCE
ALLIE SAME WE BETTER TAKE KNIFE TO BOY'S HOUSE BEFORE NO SCOUT BOY FINDS IT.
YOU BOOB, THIS KNIFE WEIGHS A TEENIE WEENIE TON. IT WOULD TAKE A LOT OF HARD WORK.
IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A HARD JOB. WE COULD TIE A ROPE TO THIS THING ON THE HANDLE AND DRAG IT TO JOE'S HOUSE.
JINKS! I WISH WE HADN'T FOUND THIS OL KNIFE THEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE IT HOME.
SAY! IF YOU LOST SOMETHING YOU'D BE GLAD TO HAVE SOME ONE FIND IT FOR YOU-WOULDN'T YOU?
GETTING IT OVER THIS HILL IS THE HARDEST PART OF THE WORK.
HOW ABOUT THAT MUD PUDDLE WE'VE GOT TO CROSS?
WHEN WE GET THROUGH THIS PUDDLE, WE'LL SOON BE THERE.
JOE, HE ALL TIME WONDER HOW KNIFE GOT HERE ON HIS DOOR-STEP.
WELL WE WON'T GET ANY THANKS FOR IT- YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT
IF JOE FINDS HIS KNIFE-WILL HE SUSPECT WHO BROUGHT IT TO HIS DOOR-STEP? CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY Wm. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
THAT WEASEL HAS BEEN AROUND AGAIN.
THAT'S DANGEROUS, WE'VE GOT TO CHASE HIM AWAY. LET'S GO AND ASK SLIM THE ROOSTER IF HE WILL HELP US. WE CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT HELP.
SLIM, WE NEED THE HELP OF A BRAVE AND HUSKY FRIEND IN A MOST DANGEROUS PIECE OF WORK.
YOU HAVE CALLED ON THE RIGHT FELLOW. I'M AS STRONG AS A BRICK BAT AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING EXCEPT A SUNDAY DINNER.
WELL, WE WANT YOU TO HELP US CHASE AWAY A WEASEL.
WEASEL!! I'M AFRAID I CAN'T. HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING WELL LATELY.
LET'S ASK MIKE THE RABBIT.
MIKE, WE NEED YOUR HELP TO CHASE AWAY A WEASEL
EXCUSE ME. I PROMISED MY MOTHER I'D NEVER ASSOCIATE WITH WEASELS AND I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY WORD.
NICK THE RED SQUIRREL WILL HELP US.
A WEASEL HAS BEEN BOTHERING US LATELY, NICK, AND WE'D LIKE YOUR HELP IN CHASING HIM AWAY.
SAY!
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT I'D RATHER TAKE A CHANCE ON A HUNTER WITH A SHOT GUN THAN TACKLE A WEASEL - A HUNTER SOMETIMES MISSES YOU.
WITH ALL THEIR POWERFUL FRIENDS AFRAID TO HELP DRIVE OFF THE VICIOUS WEASEL, WHAT ARE THE TEENIE WEENIES GOING TO DO ?

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
A WEASEL HAS BEEN BOTHERING US LATELY, SO WE DECIDED TO KEEP UP A FIRE AND BE ON GUARD.
WELL WHAT ARE YOU FOLKS DOIN'? HAVIN' A MID-NIGHT PICNIC!
HELLO IGGIE
WELL, I ALWAYS SAYS AND I SAYS NOW, IF I EVER SAYS THE TRUTH, A WEASEL IS A TOUGH CUSTOMER.
YES, HE IS THE GANGSTER OF THE WOODS.
WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH THESE GRAINS OF POP-CORN. I'LL THROW THEM INTO THE FIRE AND WHEN THEY POP IT WILL SOUND LIKE A CANNON GOIN' OFF.
TALKIN' ABOUT THAT WEASEL HAS MADE ME BLUE.
THIS FROG HAM IS ALMOST COOKED
YOU'VE GOT ME ALL STIRRED UP. I FEEL AS THOUGH SOME THING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN
I'M SORRY
I'M SHOT!


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
NOW THAT YOU ARE GOING TO LIVE WITH US, WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD YOU A HOUSE - ONE A WEASEL CAN'T GET INTO TOO.
THERE'S AN OLD TIN CAN OVER THERE THAT WOULD DO AND I'LL BET NO OLD WEASEL COULD GET INTO IT EITHER
THIS WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL HOUSE FOR ME.
DUNCE! GET DOWN BEFORE YOU FALL OFF THAT CAN AND BREAK YOUR NECK.
NOW PUSH HARD AND WE'LL SOON ROLL IT IN PLACE
IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF LUMBER TO BUILD THE DOOR
NOW PUT THAT LOG UNDER THE CAN WHEN WE PRY IT UP
WE'LL SET THE CAN ON LOGS SO IT WILL NOT BE DAMP.
IT'S A WONDERFUL HOUSE AND I'M GOING TO BE SNUG AND HAPPY HERE
DUNCE, GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE THAT CHICKEN TRAMPS ON YOU
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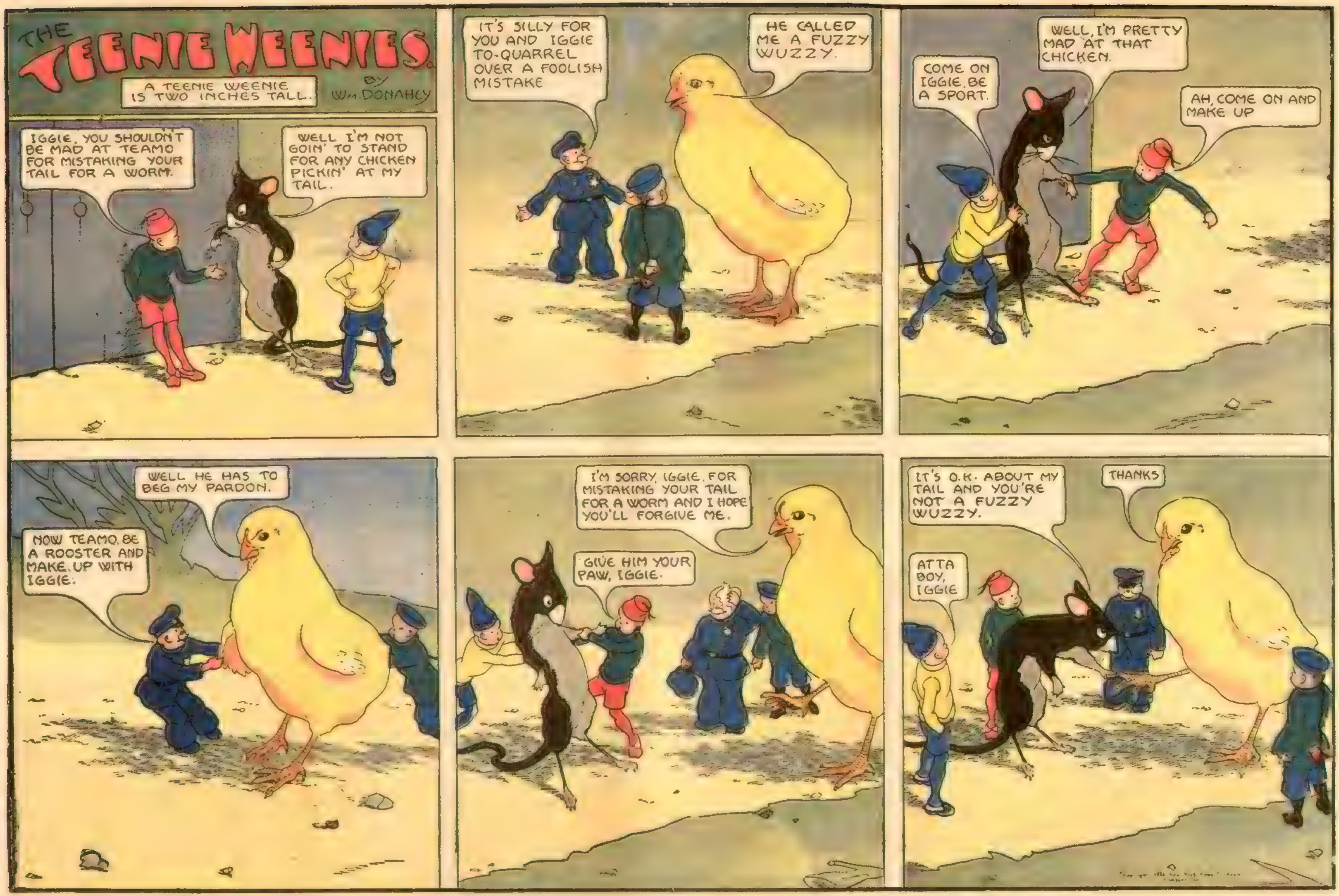
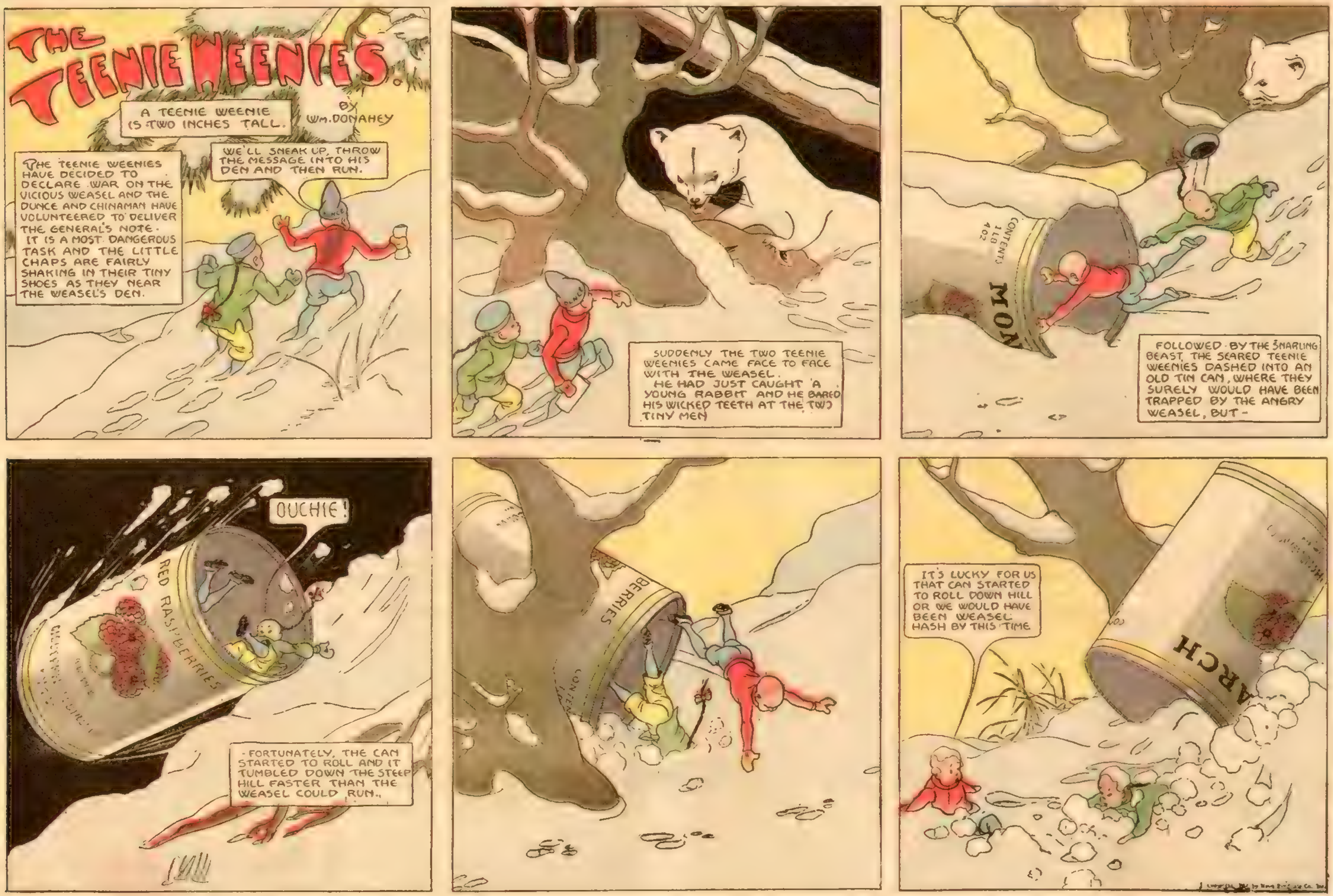
THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
SNIP, THE TEENIE WEENIE BABY HAVING BECOME LOST IN THE FOREST, THE LITTLE PEOPLE SET OUT IN SEARCH OF HIM. THE TINY BABY IS AT THE MERCY OF THE PROWLING NIGHT ANIMALS AND NOT A MOMENT IS TO BE LOST IF THE TEENIE WEENIES EXPECT TO SAVE THE LITTLE CHAP
NOW SOME OF US WILL SEARCH ONE WAY AND THE REST ANOTHER WAY
WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT FOR THAT OLD WEASEL
LOOK IN THAT BOTTLE
OH SNIPIE
OH SNIP
OH SNIP
LOOK! HERE ARE THE TRACKS OF HIS LITTLE SHOES
HERE ARE WEASEL TRACKS.
THERE'S HIS LITTLE RED HORSE
THE BABY'S TRACKS STOP HERE, BUT THE WEASELS TRAIL GOES ON. IT'LOOKS AS THOUGH THE BEAST HAD CAUGHT THE POOR LITTLE FELLOW.
LOOK OUT FOR THE WEASEL NOW
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm. DONAHEY
WHERE ARE YOU GOINGS WITH SUCH BIG BUNDLINGS?
WE'RE GOING TO PUT A ROOF OVER A BIRD'S NEST. THAT BIRD THAT FOUND SHIP, WHEN HE GOT LOST.
HELLO IGGIE
OH! HOW NICE
WE'VE COME TO PUT THE ROOF ON YOUR NEST.
I'LL BET I COULD CLIMB A GREASED PENCIL
WATCH OUT YOU FELLOWS DON'T BUMP THOSE EGGS.
WATCH ME SAY THE CAT
TIE IT TO A LIMB AND PULL IT TIGHT.
THAT BIRD-PUGH!
THIS IS DANDY IT WILL KEEP ME NICE AND DRY WHILE I AM SITTING ON MY EGGS.
PUGH!
IGGIE, I BELIEVE YOU'RE JEALOUS


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
IGGIE, YOU SHOULDN'T BE MAD AT TEAMO FOR MISTAKING YOUR TAIL FOR A WORM.
WELL I'M NOT GOIN' TO STAND FOR ANY CHICKEN PICKIN' AT MY TAIL.
IT'S SILLY FOR YOU AND IGGIE TO-QUARREL OVER A FOOLISH MISTAKE
HE CALLED ME A FUZZY WUZZY.
COME ON IGGIE, BE A SPORT.
WELL, I'M PRETTY MAD AT THAT CHICKEN.
AH, COME ON AND MAKE UP
WELL HE HAS TO BEG MY PARDON.
NOW TEAMO, BE A ROOSTER AND MAKE UP WITH IGGIE.
I'M SORRY, IGGIE, FOR MISTAKING YOUR TAIL FOR A WORM AND I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME.
GIVE HIM YOUR PAW, IGGIE.
IT'S O.K. ABOUT MY TAIL AND YOU'RE NOT A FUZZY WUZZY.
THANKS
ATTA BOY, IGGIE



THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
THE TEENIE WEENIES HAVE DECIDED TO DECLARE WAR ON THE VICIOUS WEASEL AND THE DUNCE AND CHINAMAN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO DELIVER THE GENERAL'S NOTE. IT IS A MOST DANGEROUS TASK AND THE LITTLE CHAPS ARE FAIRLY SHAKING IN THEIR TINY SHOES AS THEY NEAR THE WEASEL'S DEN.
WE'LL SNEAK UP, THROW THE MESSAGE INTO HIS DEN AND THEN RUN.
SUDDENLY THE TWO TEENIE WEENIES CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE WEASEL. HE HAD JUST CAUGHT A YOUNG RABBIT AND HE BARED HIS WICKED TEETH AT THE TWO TINY MEN
CONTENTS 1 LB 4 OZ
MON
FOLLOWED BY THE SNARLING BEAST, THE SCARED TEENIE WEENIES DASHED INTO AN OLD TIN CAN, WHERE THEY SURELY WOULD HAVE BEEN TRAPPED BY THE ANGRY WEASEL, BUT -
OUCHIE!
RED RASPBERRIES
FORTUNATELY, THE CAN STARTED TO ROLL AND IT TUMBLED DOWN THE STEEP HILL FASTER THAN THE WEASEL COULD RUN.
BERRIES
IT'S LUCKY FOR US THAT CAN STARTED TO ROLL DOWN HILL OR WE WOULD HAVE BEEN WEASEL HASH BY THIS TIME
ARCH

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
WE CAN'T KEEP ON FEEDING THAT RABBIT. IT TAKES A DAY TO DIG UP A CARROT AND CARRY IT TO HIM - WE'RE WAY BEHIND IN OUR OWN WORK
IT'S NOT THE RABBITS FAULT.
LET WABBIT CUT OF PEN AND HE
THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA THE CHINAMAN HAD.
IT SURE WAS - IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO CUT THE WIRE WITH THIS BIG FILE AND LET THE
MR. RABBIT, WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU OUT, SO YOU CAN GET YOUR OWN FOOD UNTIL YOUR MASTER COMES BACK
IT'S PRETTY NEARLY CUT THROUGH - GIVE IT A COUPLE OF MORE STROKES
JUST BEND THE WIRE A LITTLE MORE AND THE RABBIT CAN GET OUT
IF THE TEENIE WEENIES HADN'T DISCOVERED THE RABBIT, THE POOR THING WOULD HAVE STARVED TO DEATH WHILE HIS MASTER WAS AWAY, BUT THANKS TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE THE BUNNY WAS ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE HOLE AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT WHEN IT WAS HUNGRY.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY DONAHEY
WHEN I LIGHT THIS FIRE CRACKER YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY QUICK OR THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF US LEFT TO FILL A THIMBLE.
ME LUN FAST, LIKE EVERY THING
DUNCE
THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKING THING. I WONDER WHAT IT IS ?
HEY, TEAMO DROP THAT BEFORE YOU GET YOUR FOOL HEAD BLOWN OFF
I'LL TAKE IT TO THE DUNCE AND ASK HIM WHAT IT IS.
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE - THAT DUMB CHICKEN IS FOLLOWING US WITH THE FIRE CRACKER.
DIVE INTO THIS SQUIRREL HOLE OR WE'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES.
BOY! IT'S LUCKY THAT FUSE WENT OUT AND THE FIRE CRACKER DIDN'T EXPLODE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
WE OUGHT TO CATCH SOME FISH, IGGIE.. THERE IS DEEP WATER UNDER THIS LIMB.
MAYBE WE MIGHT CATCH A TURTLE.
YOW!
A TURTLE!
I'M SLIPPIN'
HELP!
WITH HIS TAIL HELD IN THE VICE LIKE JAWS OF THE TURTLE, THE POOR MOUSE IS BEING SLOWLY DRAGGED FROM THE TREE.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

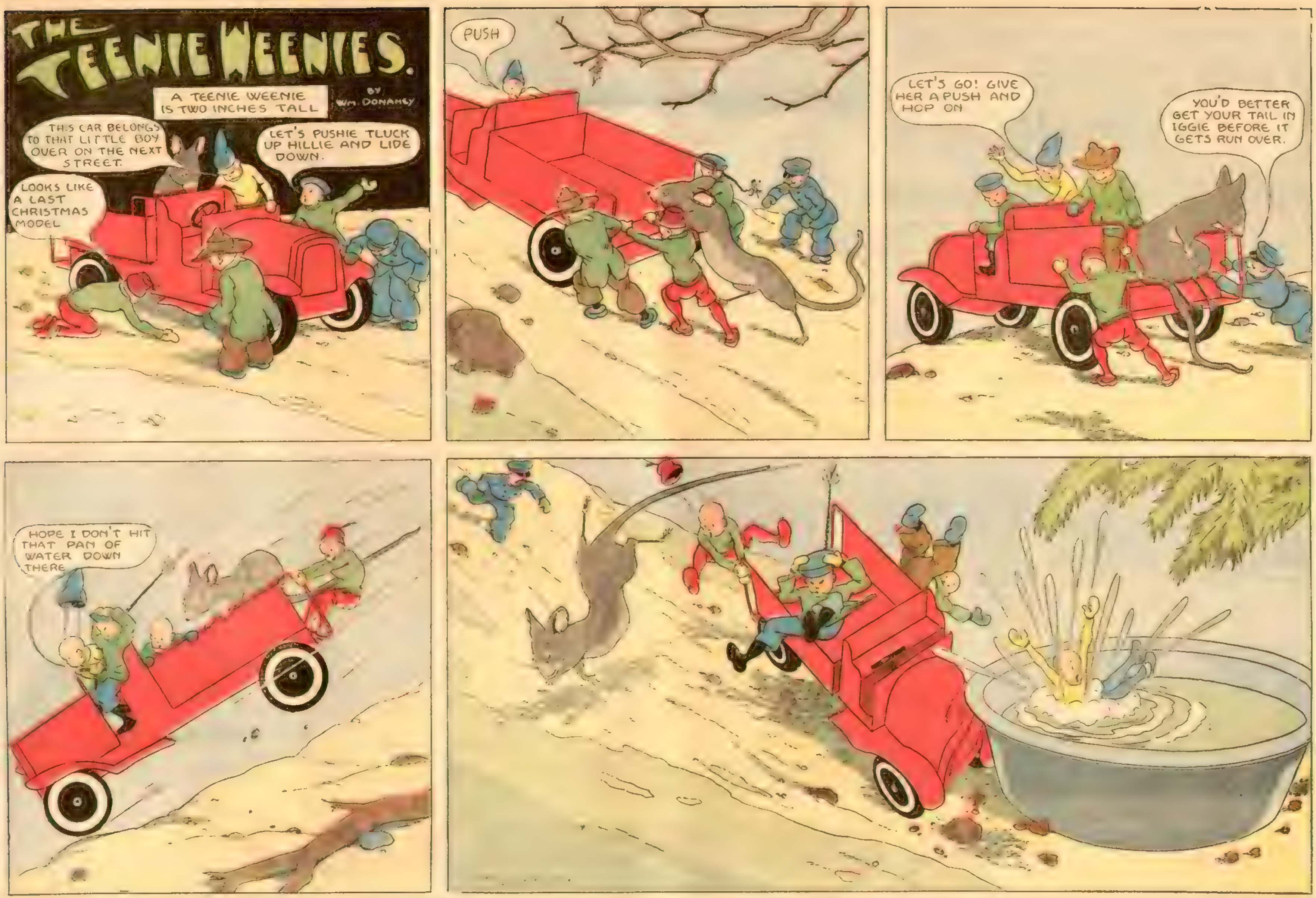
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
I WISH I COULD SKATE
I'LL LOAN YOU MY SKATES IGGIE, AND SHOW YOU HOW TO USE THEM
HEY! DON'T PULL THAT STRAP SO TIGHT
WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET THE SKATES ON TIGHT.
HOLD ME! HOLD ME!
STAND UP YOU BOOB I CAN'T HOLD YOU
HOLD ONTO YOUR TAIL, IGGIE
I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH SKATES.
YOU'VE GOT TWO TOO MANY NOW.
I TELL YOU IF I HAD A COUPLE MORE SKATES I MIGHT DO SOMETHING
HERE IGGIE, I'LL LET YOU TAKE MY SKATES.
ISN'T IGGIE A WONDERFUL SKATER'
DANGER

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
JUST LEAVE THE LUNCH HERE, WHILE WE GO FOR A WALK. THEN WE'LL COME BACK TO EAT.
IT'S A NICE DAY FOR A PICNIC.
OUR LUNCH IS GONE.
HE'S EATEN THOSE TWO BAKED LIMA BEANS.
YOU BAD CHICKENS
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR LUNCH IF YOU'LL WAIT A MINUTE I'LL BRING YOU ONE OF THE BEST LUNCHES YOU EVER TASTED.
TEAMO, YOU HAVE EATEN ALL OUR LUNCH
HE ATE THIS WHOLE THIMBLE FULL OF SANDWICHES.
WE DON'T EAT BUGS, TEAMO – WE ARE NOT CHICKENS.
UGH!

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
HELP !
WHAT MATTER?
OH HELP - HELP !!
SWIMMING POOL
HURRY
IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE
HELP!
HELP HELP !
HELP!
I WAS WALKING ALONG WHEN THAT HORRID BUG TOOK AFTER ME. I JUMPED ONTO THIS MUSHROOM AND HE STARTED TO CLIMB AFTER ME, SO I SCREAMED UNTIL YOU CAME AND SAVED ME.
GET OUT OF HERE

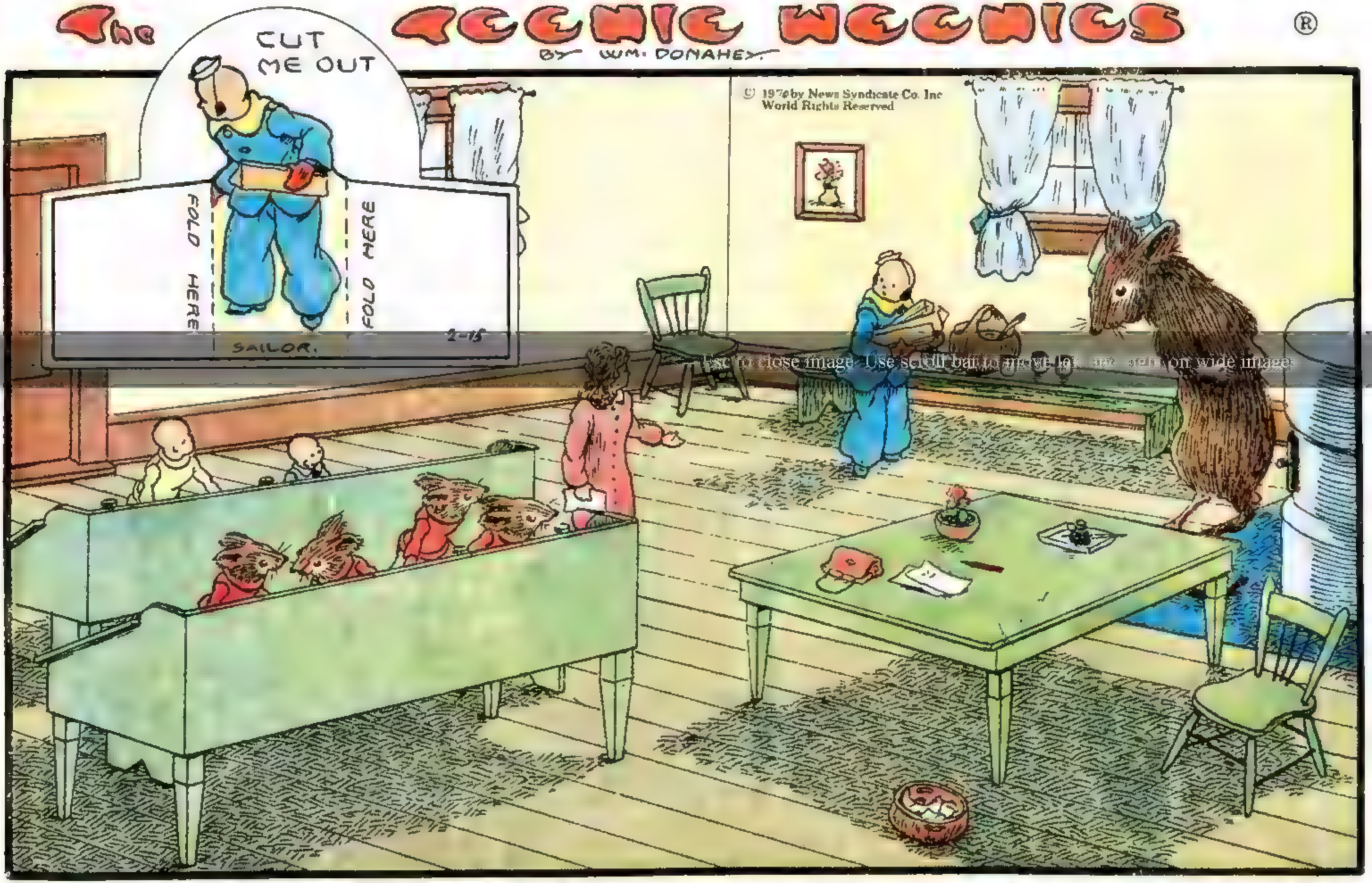
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY.
NICK THE RED SQUIRREL SLICK. NEED DOCTOR MUCHIE QUICK.
SICK IS HE? ALL RIGHT, WE WILL GO AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG.
HE HAS BEEN SHOT BY HUNTERS - HE'S BADLY HURT AND WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM INTO HIS NEST SOME WAY. HE INSISTS ON IT.
HIS NEST IS WAY UP IN THIS BIG TREE OVERHEAD. I'LL SEND THE BOYS FOR SOME ROPE AND PULLEYS AND WE'LL TRY AND GET A LINE UP INTO THE TREE
POOR NICK
I CAN CLIMB THE TREE. THE BARK IS ROUGH AND STRONG.
NOW BE CAREFUL
THE PULLEY IS FIXED SO YOU HAD BETTER PULL UP A COUPLE OF FELLOWS TO HELP GET NICK INSIDE HIS HOLE WHEN YOU SEND HIM UP.
IT WAS A HARD TASK, BUT THE LITTLE PEOPLE MANAGED TO GET THE INJURED SQUIRREL SAFELY INTO HIS NEST WHERE A TEENIE WEENIE NURSE WAS PUT IN CHARGE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
WE COULD MAKE A SWELL SWIMMIN' POOL OUTA THIS COFFEE CUP
IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF WATER TO FILL IT
I'LL BET IT WILL TAKE A MILLION THIMBLES FULL OF WATER TO FILL THAT CUP.
WE CAN CARRY THE WATER FROM THAT LEAKY FAUCET ACROSS THE STREET.
YOU FELLOWS GET BUSY AND START FILLING THIS CUP WITH WATER.
SAY! WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO ALL THE WORK - YOU'VE GOT TO HELP.
ALLIE SAME THIS TWENTY SLIX THIMBLES FULL.
I DIDN'T KNOW A COFFEE CUP COULD HOLD SO MUCH WATER.
COME ON CHUCK. LET'S GET OUR BATHING SUITS ON
YOU'LL HAVE TO TIE THAT TIGHT.


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
THIS CAR BELONGS TO THAT LITTLE BOY OVER ON THE NEXT STREET.
LET'S PUSHIE TLUCK UP HILLIE AND LIDE DOWN.
LOOKS LIKE A LAST CHRISTMAS MODEL
PUSH
LET'S GO! GIVE HER A PUSH AND HOP ON
YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR TAIL IN IGGIE BEFORE IT GETS RUN OVER.
HOPE I DON'T HIT THAT PAN OF WATER DOWN THERE

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
THAT LITTLE BOY, WHO OWNS THE BIG BLACK RABBIT, HAS GONE TO VISIT HIS GRANDMA AND THE POOR BUNNY HASN'T HAD A THING TO EAT FOR TWO DAYS.
LET'S GO AND FEED IT. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET A CARROT, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DIG IT OUT OF THE GROUND
GO AND GET A THIMBLE FULL OF WATER. THESE MEN ARE WORKING HARD AND THEY'LL NEED DRINKING WATER.
WHO! ME?
THAT'S A DARLING HOLE
HERE'S YOUR DRINKING WATER.
BE CAREFUL! IF THAT CARROT SHOULD FALL ON ONE OF YOU, IT MIGHT BREAK A LEG.
WE COULD USE A COUPLE OF MORE MEN, CARRYING THIS CARROT
MY, BUT YOU BOYS ARE STRONG
THANKS TO THE TEENIE WEENIES THE RABBIT HAD HIS SUPPER.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm DONAHEY
PARDON ME, BUT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOME ONE?
WHY YES, WE'VE BEEN HUNTING ALL NIGHT FOR A TEENIE WEENIE BABY, WHO GOT LOST, BUT WE ARE AFRAID A WEASEL HAS CAUGHT HIM
WELL, IF YOU WILL GO ALONG WITH ME FOR A LITTLE WAY, I THINK I CAN BE OF SOME HELP TO YOU
OUCHIE!
WE'RE PRETTY NEARLY THERE - MY NEST IS IN THAT BUSH AHEAD
PLEASE WAIT A MINUTE UNTIL I GET SOMETHING OUT OF MY NEST.
GET OUT OF THERE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED INTO THAT BIRDS NEST.
HERE'S YOUR BABY
SNIP
I HEARD HIM CRYING LAST NIGHT, SO I LOOKED AROUND UNTIL I FOUND HIM. I HAPPENED TO SEE A WEASEL NEAR BY, SO I FLEW DOWN AND PICKED THE BABY UP AND CARRIED HIM TO MY NEST WHERE I KEPT HIM ALL NIGHT.
WE ARE MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING OUR BABY. WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?
NICE BIRDIE
TAKE ME UP FOR A RIDE, WILL YOU?



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Advice from An Expert

THE WEATHER was cold and the Sailor was kept busy carrying in firewood to keep the sirup can school house warm. He reported that Ginky was shivering outside and wanted permission to come in and get warm. The Lady of Fashion asked the mouse in and then went on with her instructions to the four little Respectable mice to beware of mouse traps.

"Never go near a mouse trap," she told the four little mice. "They are most dangerous."

"Big people put food into traps to catch mice," put in Ginky. "If I didn't know how to beat a mouse trap, I'd have starved to death."

"GINKY!" said the Lady of Fashion, "I wish you would not interrupt the class. I'm trying to teach these little mice not to go near a mouse trap."

"How do you beat a mouse trap?" asked Varment, one of the four little mice.

"Simply take a long stick and slip it under the powerful trap spring," explained Ginky. "Then press down on the trigger that holds the bait. That will spring the trap and you can eat the bait in safety."

"GINKY! You must stop encouraging these little innocent mice to risk their lives in trying to spring traps," The Lady of Fashion told him.

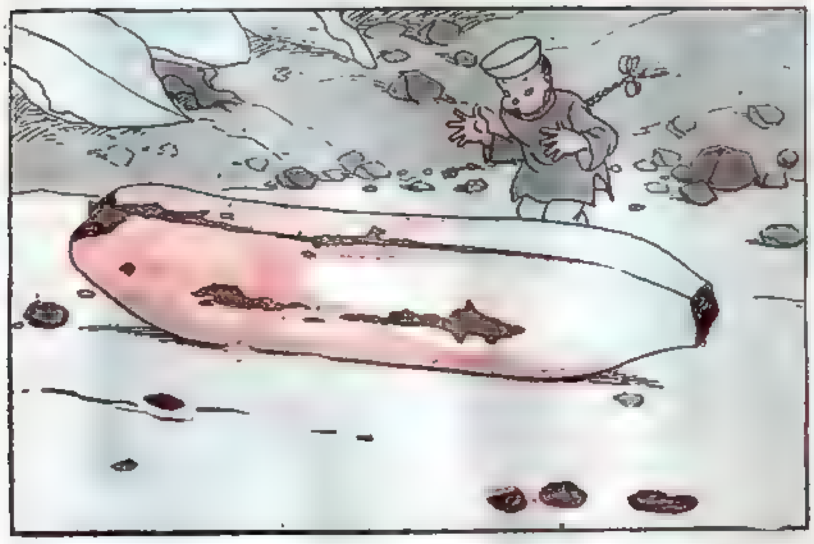
"Young mice are always ready to get food out of traps and so they should be taught how to spring them," argued Ginky.

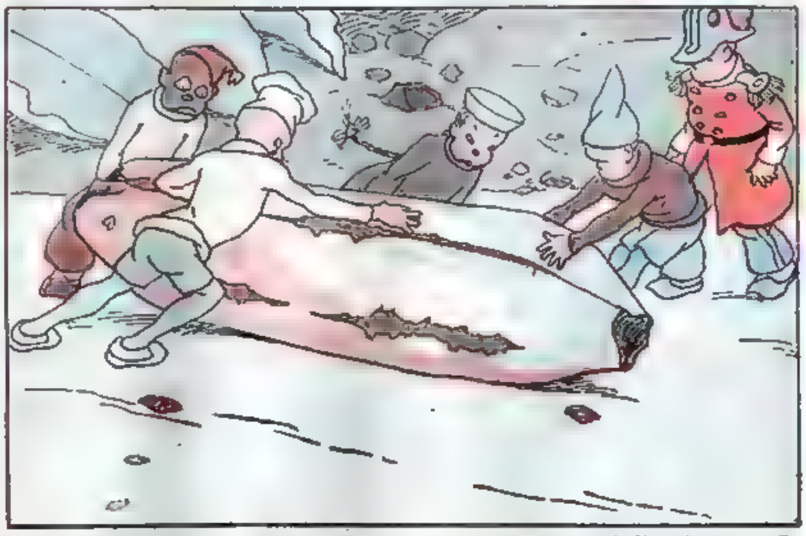
"If you won't stop talking about traps you must leave the room," announced the Lady of Fashion.

"The children should be taught to look after themselves so they will not go hungry," squeaked Ginky.

The Sailor picked up a stick of firewood and drove Ginky out of the school room and peace was restored.

Due to the death of its creator, William Donahey, on Feb. 1, this is the last Teenie Weenies





The Teenie Weenies loved bananas, but they seldom could have them, for they were such big things, and besides they did not grow on blackberry bushes, so the little folks were mighty fortunate when they happened to find one. It lay alongside the road where it had fallen from the grocery wagon. The Chinaman found it and he lost little time in carrying the good news to the rest of the Teenie Weenies. "Him muchie much blig bananas," gasped the Chinaman. "Him pletty nearly hundred feets long."

The Chinaman had hardly told the good news before the Teenie Weenies were off with all their speed for the banana. "We'd better carry it home in its skin!" suggested the Cook. "Why fo'?" asked Gogo. "I's in favah of eatin' right on de spot!"

"Well, you see, it will get all dusty and dirty if we skin it and carry it home without its skin," said the Cook.

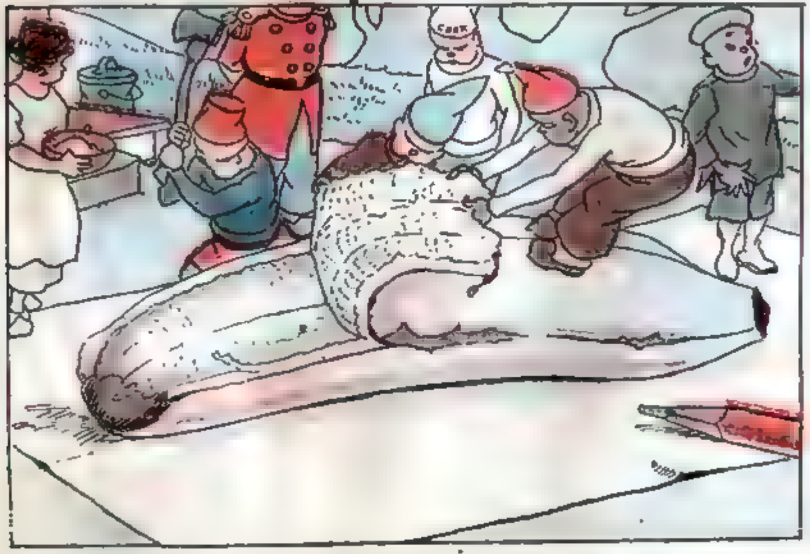
It was really a good sized banana and the little men found that it was entirely too heavy to carry. They grunted and lifted with all their tiny might, but they couldn't budge it.

"Lawsy me," gasped Gogo after he had lifted until he had nearly strained his back. "Ah think it would be a heap easier to move if we done eat part of it now."

"We'll have to move it on rollers," said the Cook, who had been thinking deeply for a few minutes. "Some of you boys run home and get some rollers and a couple of jacks and we'll get this fruit home in a hurry."

Several of the men dashed off and in a very few minutes they returned with several short lead pencils and some heavy jacks.

It was quite a task to raise the heavy banana, but with the help of the jacks the little men soon lifted it, and then they slipped several short pencils under it. When the banana rested entirely on the rollers the little chaps put their shoulders to it and started it on the way home. As fast as a pencil rolled out behind it was picked up by some of the Teenie Weenies and carried to the front of the banana, where it was again used to move the heavy fruit. In a couple of hours they pushed it up in front of the kitchen door, where it was rolled on to a piece of clean paper.



Stripper's Guide Scan

Axes were brought out and the little folks soon skinned it. They cut the banana into large hunks and every one had all he or she could eat. A number of the little folks ate entirely too much and several of them were pretty sick. Gogo ate a hunk almost as big as himself and of course he was the sickest Teenie Weenie of the whole lot.

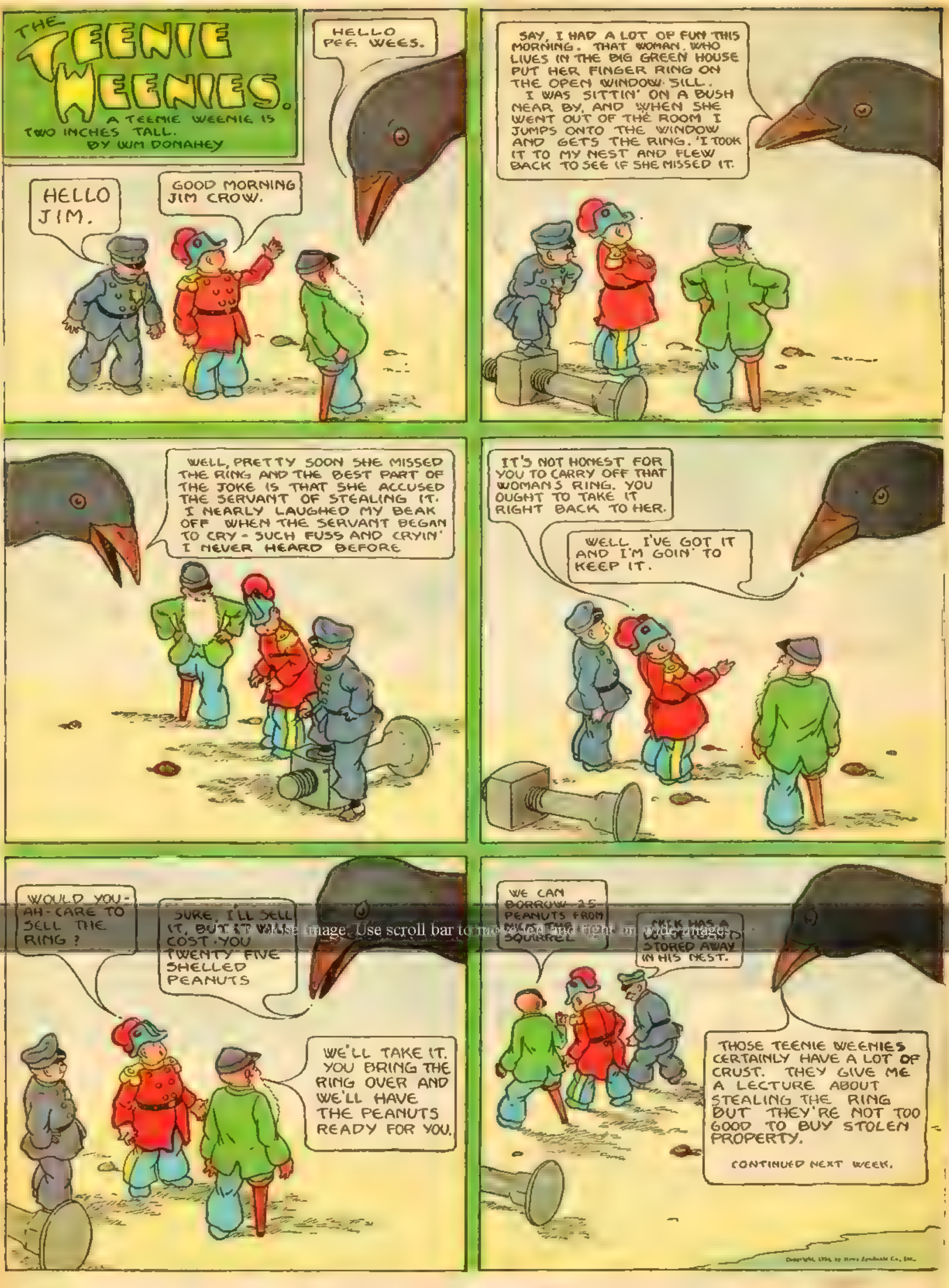
Some of the fruit was given to Nick the squirrel and a good portion was presented to Tilly Titter the English sparrow.

For several days the Teenie Weenies fairly lived on banana. They had it fried, creamed, baked and stewed; in fact, they had it served to them until they could not bear to look at a banana.

"Lawsy me!" exclaimed Gogo after he had been eating banana for a week. "Ah eat banana all day and all night ah have banana nightmares."

"Yes, sah, ah suttenly wish we had no bananas."

The little people had lots of fun with the skin, for it made a lovely slide and they nearly wore out all their shoes sliding.


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
HELLO PEE WEES.
HELLO JIM.
GOOD MORNING JIM CROW.
SAY, I HAD A LOT OF FUN THIS MORNING. THAT WOMAN, WHO LIVES IN THE BIG GREEN HOUSE PUT HER FINGER RING ON THE OPEN WINDOW SILL. I WAS SITTIN' ON A BUSH NEAR BY, AND WHEN SHE WENT OUT OF THE ROOM I JUMPS ONTO THE WINDOW AND GETS THE RING. 'I TOOK IT TO MY NEST AND FLEW BACK TO SEE IF SHE MISSED IT.
WELL, PRETTY SOON SHE MISSED THE RING AND THE BEST PART OF THE JOKE IS THAT SHE ACCUSED THE SERVANT OF STEALING IT. I NEARLY LAUGHED MY BEAK OFF WHEN THE SERVANT BEGAN TO CRY - SUCH FUSS AND CRYIN' I NEVER HEARD BEFORE
IT'S NOT HONEST FOR YOU TO CARRY OFF THAT WOMANS RING. YOU OUGHT TO TAKE IT RIGHT BACK TO HER.
WELL I'VE GOT IT AND I'M GOIN' TO KEEP IT.
WOULD YOU- AH-CARE TO SELL THE RING ?
SURE, I'LL SELL IT, BUT IT WILL COST YOU TWENTY FIVE SHELLED PEANUTS
WE'LL TAKE IT. YOU BRING THE RING OVER AND WE'LL HAVE THE PEANUTS READY FOR YOU.
WE CAN BORROW 25 PEANUTS FROM SQUIRREL
STORED AWAY IN HIS NEST.
THOSE TEENIE WEENIES CERTAINLY HAVE A LOT OF CRUST. THEY GIVE ME A LECTURE ABOUT STEALING THE RING BUT THEY'RE NOT TOO GOOD TO BUY STOLEN PROPERTY.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
DEAR MADAM - WE HEARD THAT YOU HAD LOST YOUR FINGER RING AND THAT YOU ACCUSED YOUR SERVANT OF STEALING IT. A CERTAIN CROW TOOK IT AND WE HAVE BOUGHT IT FROM HIM AND ARE RETURNING IT, AS WE DO NOT WANT TO SEE THE SERVANT BLAMED FOR SOMETHING SHE DID NOT DO. YOURS SINCERELY, THE TEENIE WEENIES
THAT'S A GOOD LETTER, TURK. NOW LET'S FOLD IT UP AND TAKE IT TO THE WOMAN'S HOUSE.
BOY! BUT THIS NOTE IS HEAVY
HEAVY! SAY YOU OUGHT TO CARRY THIS RING IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S HEAVY
THAT'S THE HOUSE OVER THERE.
BE CAREFUL IGGIE. THAT TABLE LEG IS MIGHTY SLIPPERY.
WHEN YOU GET THE ROPE TO THE TOP OF THE TABLE, IGGIE, ONE OF THE BOYS WILL CLIMB UP AND HELP YOU PULL UP THE NOTE AND THE RING.
HOLD IT TIGHT IGGIE. I'M COMIN'
HOIST IT UP A COUPLE OF FEET MORE IGGIE AND I CAN REACH IT
TOP OF THE NOTE WHERE THE LADY WILL BE SURE TO FIND IT
ALL RIGHT, GENERAL
IGGIE, THE MOUSE, KEPT WATCH OVER THE RING AND HE REPORTED TO THE TEENIE WEENIES THAT THE WOMAN HAD FOUND THE RING, READ THE NOTE AND HAD ASKED THE SERVANT'S PARDON.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY DONAHEY

"PARDON me, but would you do me a very great favor?" asked the Teenie Weenie lady of fashion of the cowboy.

"It would be a great pleasure to do anything your ladyship may command," answered the cowboy, as he took off his big hat and made a sweeping bow.

"Well, you see I am all out of face powder and I know where there is some, but I need help to get it and I thought perhaps you might help me," blushingly replied the lady of fashion.

"I shall be charmed to help you," said the cowboy as he ran off in search of some of the Teenie Weenies to help him.

Very soon the Teenie Weenies had crawled to the top of a dressing table, and there they found a huge box of face powder. The carpenter climbed into the box and shoveled the powder into teenie weenie buckets and wash tubs which had been brought to carry it home.

The dunce climbed up into a hair receiver and got himself so tangled up in the long hair that the cook and the Turk had to cut him free with a pair of large scissors they found on the table.

"Ha-ha-ha," roared the policeman as he watched the struggling dunce trying to free himself from the long hairs. "That's the funniest thing I ever saw," and the Teenie Weenies laughed so heartily they fairly shook the table.

"Me have big heap plenty war paint," chuckled the Indian, as he dragged a big piece of rouge across the table. Painting his face with the red paint, the Indian danced many strange Indian steps to the great delight of the Teenie Weenies.

"My, but we have had a lot of fun today," remarked the clown, as the Teenie Weenies hurried home to a late dinner.

"We certainly did," added the old soldier. "I hope the lady of fashion will need another supply in the near future."

THE TEENIE WEENIES.

THE COWBOY MAKES A CAPTURE BY WM DONAHEY

THE Teenie Weenies were much excited over the idea of a "zoo." [illegible] the big people have [illegible] "We have a good start with the big turtle we got last w[illegible]"

"And the pinchin' bug I caught!" shouted the Dunce proudly.

"Yes, and the Dunce's pinching bug," continued the Cook. "So all we [illegible] we know we will have [illegible]. "No zoo is complete [illegible]"

"I'll supply the snake," cried the Cowboy. "That is, if some of you fellows will give me some help. I know where one lives and if some of you will help we'll get him."

"I know just the place to keep [illegible] snake when we get him," suggested the [illegible] an old [illegible]

The Teenie Weenies [illegible] and early the next m[illegible] after the snake. The [illegible] and the little [illegible] sweetly scented flowers [illegible]

The Cowboy, who [illegible] little party came [illegible] leaves the Teen[illegible] but a short distance from them.

"Now the Turk and me will lasso the snake and you fellows must run in and grab his body," whispered the Cowbo[illegible] "We'll hold his head so he [illegible]"

"I'll hold his tail," said the Dunce. "For I want to be just as far away from his mouth as [illegible]"

[illegible]es walked around to the other side of the snake [illegible] coiled their lassoes. The Cowboy stepped [illegible]ly the snake raised [illegible] y wanted and he q[illegible] Turk threw [illegible]es ran out and grabbed [illegible]

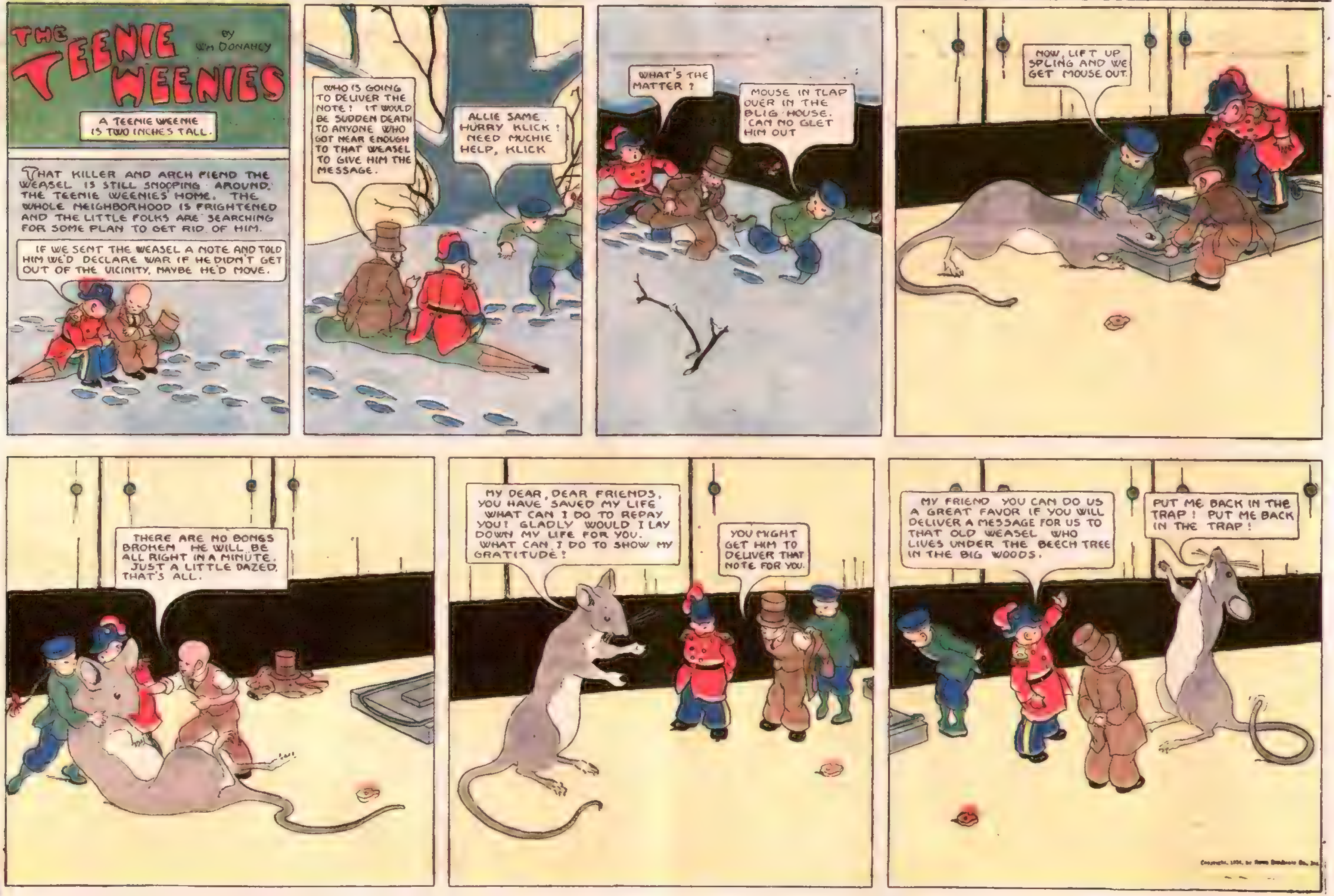
[illegible]me the Teenie Weenies had carried the snake home the [illegible] out and every one was much relieved when it was safely [illegible] into the bottle they had prepared for [illegible] teenie weenie feet from its [illegible] and a fourth inches in our m[illegible]

"My, but you are a brav[illegible] to catch that snake!" said the Lady of [illegible] admiringly when the big fellow had been put into the bottle.

"O, that's nothing," remarked the Dunce. "We don't mind taking a few chances now and th[illegible]"

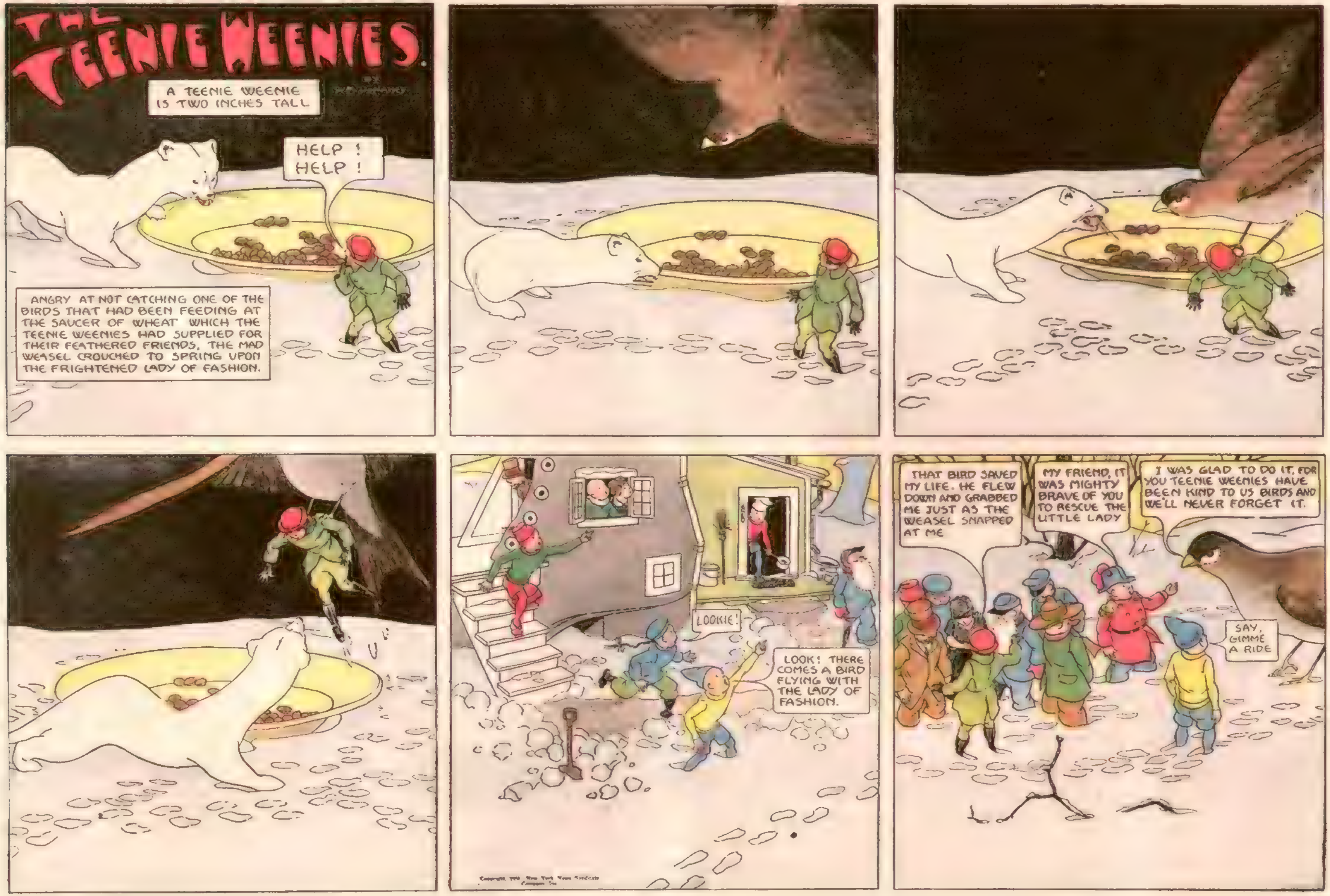
[illegible]

THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
THAT WEASEL HAS BEEN AROUND AGAIN.
THAT'S DANGEROUS, WE'VE GOT TO CHASE HIM AWAY. LET'S GO AND ASK SLIM THE ROOSTER IF HE WILL HELP US. WE CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT HELP.
SLIM, WE NEED THE HELP OF A BRAVE AND HUSKY FRIEND IN A MOST DANGEROUS PIECE OF WORK.
YOU HAVE CALLED ON THE RIGHT FELLOW. I'M AS STRONG AS A BRICK BAT AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING EXCEPT A SUNDAY DINNER.
WELL, WE WANT YOU TO HELP US CHASE AWAY A WEASEL.
WEASEL!! I'M AFRAID I CAN'T. HAVEN'T BEEN FEELING WELL LATELY.
LET'S ASK MIKE THE RABBIT.
MIKE, WE NEED YOUR HELP TO CHASE AWAY A WEASEL
EXCUSE ME. I PROMISED MY MOTHER I'D NEVER ASSOCIATE WITH WEASELS AND I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY WORD.
NICK THE RED SQUIRREL WILL HELP US.
A WEASEL HAS BEEN BOTHERING US LATELY, NICK, AND WE'D LIKE YOUR HELP IN CHASING HIM AWAY.
SAY!
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT I'D RATHER TAKE A CHANCE ON A HUNTER WITH A SHOT GUN THAN TACKLE A WEASEL - A HUNTER SOMETIMES MISSES YOU.
WITH ALL THEIR POWERFUL FRIENDS AFRAID TO HELP DRIVE OFF THE VICIOUS WEASEL, WHAT ARE THE TEENIE WEENIES GOING TO DO ?


THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
THAT KILLER AND ARCH FIEND THE WEASEL IS STILL SNOOPING AROUND THE TEENIE WEENIES' HOME. THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD IS FRIGHTENED AND THE LITTLE FOLKS ARE SEARCHING FOR SOME PLAN TO GET RID OF HIM.
IF WE SENT THE WEASEL A NOTE AND TOLD HIM WE'D DECLARE WAR IF HE DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE VICINITY, MAYBE HE'D MOVE.
WHO IS GOING TO DELIVER THE NOTE! IT WOULD BE SUDDEN DEATH TO ANYONE WHO GOT NEAR ENOUGH TO THAT WEASEL TO GIVE HIM THE MESSAGE.
ALLIE SAME. HURRY KLICK! NEED MUCHIE HELP, KLICK
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
MOUSE IN TLAP OVER IN THE BLIG HOUSE. CAN NO GLET HIM OUT
NOW, LIFT UP SPLING AND WE GET MOUSE OUT.
THERE ARE NO BONES BROKEN. HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE. JUST A LITTLE DAZED, THAT'S ALL.
MY DEAR, DEAR FRIENDS, YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE. WHAT CAN I DO TO REPAY YOU! GLADLY WOULD I LAY DOWN MY LIFE FOR YOU. WHAT CAN I DO TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE!
YOU MIGHT GET HIM TO DELIVER THAT NOTE FOR YOU.
MY FRIEND YOU CAN DO US A GREAT FAVOR IF YOU WILL DELIVER A MESSAGE FOR US TO THAT OLD WEASEL WHO LIVES UNDER THE BEECH TREE IN THE BIG WOODS.
PUT ME BACK IN THE TRAP! PUT ME BACK IN THE TRAP!

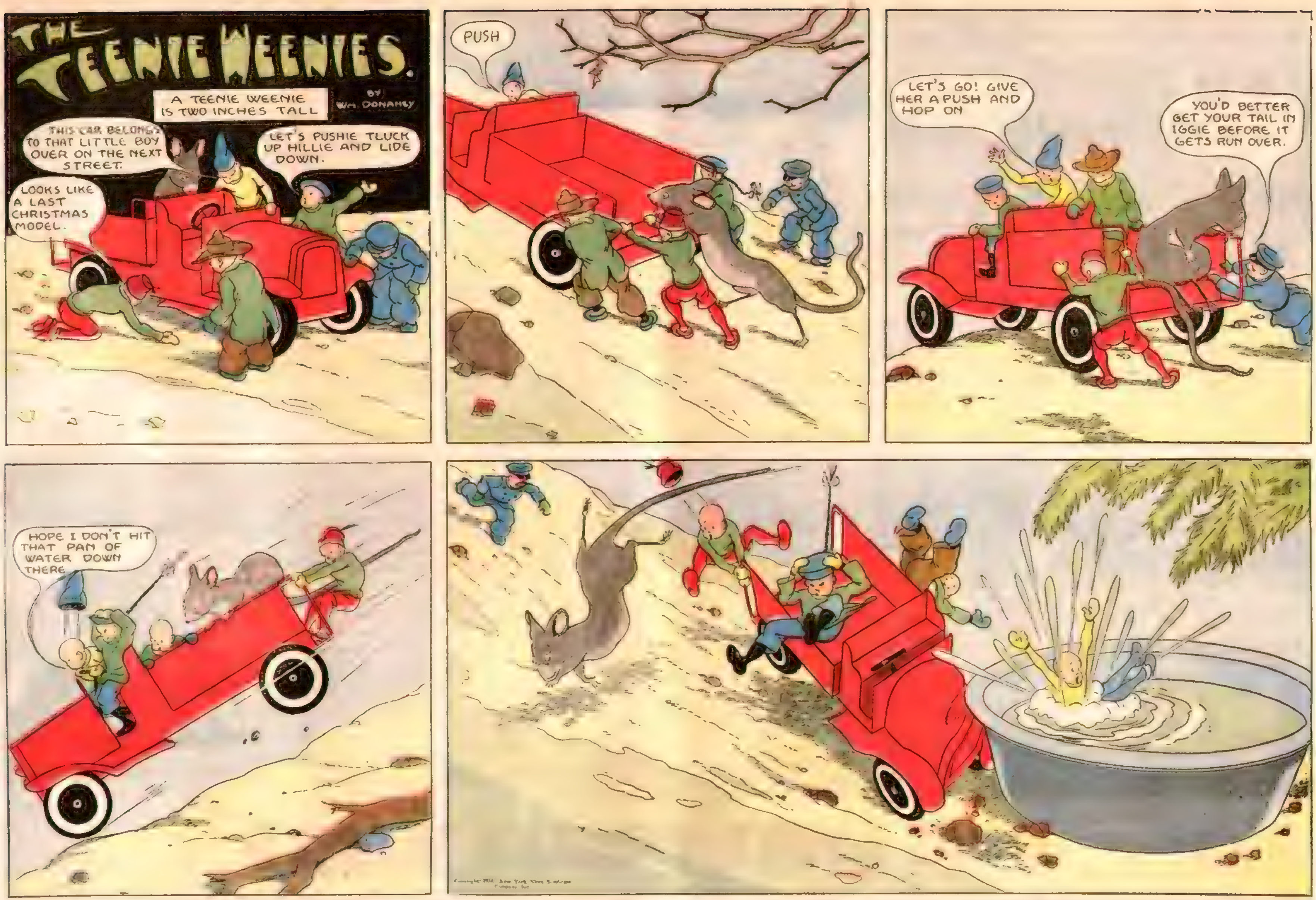
THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
THE TEENIE WEENIES HAVE DECIDED TO DECLARE WAR ON THE VICIOUS WEASEL AND THE DUNCE AND CHINAMAN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO DELIVER THE GENERAL'S NOTE. IT IS A MOST DANGEROUS TASK AND THE LITTLE CHAPS ARE FAIRLY SHAKING IN THEIR TINY SHOES AS THEY NEAR THE WEASEL'S DEN.
WE'LL SNEAK UP, THROW THE MESSAGE INTO HIS DEN AND THEN RUN.
DUNCE
SUDDENLY THE TWO TEENIE WEENIES CAME FACE TO FACE WITH THE WEASEL HE HAD JUST CAUGHT A YOUNG RABBIT AND HE BARED HIS WICKED TEETH AT THE TWO TINY MEN
CONTENTS 1 LB 4 OZ
MON
FOLLOWED BY THE SNARLING BEAST, THE SCARED TEENIE WEENIES DASHED INTO AN OLD TIN CAN, WHERE THEY SURELY WOULD HAVE BEEN TRAPPED BY THE ANGRY WEASEL, BUT -
OUCHIE!
RED RASPBERRIES
FORTUNATELY, THE CAN STARTED TO ROLL AND IT TUMBLED DOWN THE STEEP HILL FASTER THAN THE WEASEL COULD RUN.
BERRIES
IT'S LUCKY FOR US THAT CAN STARTED TO ROLL DOWN HILL OR WE WOULD HAVE BEEN WEASEL HASH BY THIS TIME
ARCH

THE TEENIE WEENIES
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
SNOW HAVING COVERED THE GROUND FOR SEVERAL DAYS THE BIRDS COULD NOT GET FOOD, SO THE TEENIE WEENIES COOKED WHEAT AND DUMPED IT INTO AN OLD SAUCER NEAR BY, WHERE THE HUNGRY BIRDS COULD EAT THEIR FILL.
STAND BACK AND QUIT CROWDING.
THIS IS SIXTY TWO THIMBLES FULL SO FAR
I OUGHT TO GET ONE OF THOSE BIRDS.
UNDER THE SHADOW OF AN OLD LOG THE WICKED WEASEL SILENTLY MOVED TOWARD THE FEEDING BIRDS. HIS SMALL EYES GLITTERED AS HE CROUCHED TO SPRING UPON THE FEAST
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
WELL, YOU'LL DO AS WELL AS A BIRD.
FAILING TO CATCH A BIRD. THE ENRAGED WEASEL TURNED TOWARD THE LADY OF FASHION, WHO STOOD STARING AT THE BEAST, TOO FRIGHTENED TO RUN.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
HELP ! HELP !
ANGRY AT NOT CATCHING ONE OF THE BIRDS THAT HAD BEEN FEEDING AT THE SAUCER OF WHEAT WHICH THE TEENIE WEENIES HAD SUPPLIED FOR THEIR FEATHERED FRIENDS, THE MAD WEASEL CROUCHED TO SPRING UPON THE FRIGHTENED LADY OF FASHION.
LOOKIE!
LOOK! THERE COMES A BIRD FLYING WITH THE LADY OF FASHION.
THAT BIRD SAVED MY LIFE. HE FLEW DOWN AND GRABBED ME JUST AS THE WEASEL SNAPPED AT ME
MY FRIEND, IT WAS MIGHTY BRAVE OF YOU TO RESCUE THE LITTLE LADY
I WAS GLAD TO DO IT, FOR YOU TEENIE WEENIES HAVE BEEN KIND TO US BIRDS AND WE'LL NEVER FORGET IT.
SAY, GIMME A RIDE

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
WELL WHAT ARE YOU FOLKS DOIN'? HAVIN' A MID-NIGHT PICNIC?
A WEASEL HAS BEEN BOTHERING US LATELY, SO WE DECIDED TO KEEP UP A FIRE AND BE ON GUARD.
HELLO IGGIE
WELL, I ALWAYS SAYS AND I SAYS NOW, IF I EVER SAYS THE TRUTH, A WEASEL IS A TOUGH CUSTOMER.
YES, HE IS THE GANGSTER OF THE WOODS.
WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN WITH THESE GRAINS OF POP-CORN. I'LL THROW THEM INTO THE FIRE AND WHEN THEY POP IT WILL SOUND LIKE A CANNON GOIN' OFF.
TALKIN' ABOUT THAT WEASEL HAS MADE ME BLUE.
THIS FROG HAM IS ALMOST COOKED
YOU'VE GOT ME ALL STIRRED UP. I FEEL AS THOUGH SOME THING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN
I'M SORRY.
I'M SHOT!

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
I WISH I COULD SKATE
I'LL LOAN YOU MY SKATES IGGIE, AND SHOW YOU HOW TO USE THEM
HEY! DON'T PULL THAT STRAP SO TIGHT
WELL, I'VE GOT TO GET THE SKATES ON TIGHT.
HOLD ME! HOLD ME!
STAND UP YOU BOOB I CAN'T HOLD YOU
HOLD ONTO YOUR TAIL, IGGIE
I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH SKATES.
YOU'VE GOT TWO TOO MANY NOW.
I TELL YOU IF I HAD A COUPLE MORE SKATES I MIGHT DO SOMETHING
HERE IGGIE, I'LL LET YOU TAKE MY SKATES.
ISN'T IGGIE A WONDERFUL SKATER?
DANGER


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
THIS CAR BELONGS TO THAT LITTLE BOY OVER ON THE NEXT STREET.
LOOKS LIKE A LAST CHRISTMAS MODEL.
LET'S PUSHIE TLUCK UP HILLIE AND LIDE DOWN.
PUSH
LET'S GO! GIVE HER A PUSH AND HOP ON
YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR TAIL IN IGGIE BEFORE IT GETS RUN OVER.
HOPE I DON'T HIT THAT PAN OF WATER DOWN THERE

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
FEELS LIKE THERE WAS A DENT IN MY HEAD.
IT'S LUCKY WE DIDN'T GET HURT.
LOOK AT THE DENT WE PUT IN THIS PAN WHEN WE HIT IT.
WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?
WE WERE COASTING DOWN HILL IN THIS AUTO AND RAN INTO THE PAN.
THAT OLD HEN LOOKS CROSS
WE'LL PUSH THE CAR OUT OF YOUR WAY
YOU'VE BENT MY DRINKING PAN!
YOU'VE GOT TO PAY FOR THE DAMAGE TO MY PAN. LOOK AT THOSE DENTS
LOOK AT OUR CAR
ALLIE SAME WE NO MEAN TO DLENT PAN.
THOSE DENTS WONT HURT YOUR OLD PAN
WELL YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THEM ANYHOW
I'LL JUST HOLD THIS CHAP UNTIL YOU PAY ME TEN GRAINS OF CORN FOR THE DAMAGE TO MY PAN.
HEY!
THE POOR DUNCE - WILL THE TEENIE WEENIES RESCUE HIM?

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY WM. DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
I'LL KEEP THIS FELLOW UNTIL YOU PAY ME TEN GRAINS OF CORN FOR THE DAMAGE YOU DID TO MY DRINKING PAN WITH YOUR AUTO.
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT CORN SOMEWHERE
I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET THE CORN. IT'S IN A BARN, NOT FAR FROM HERE
ME GET ONE, TWO, BAGS TO CLARRY CLORN IN.
I THINK I'M GOING TO BRING MYSELF OVER HERE TO GET SOME OF THIS CORN FOR MYSELF.
THE MAN WHO OWNED THIS CORN THOUGHT THE MICE HAD BEEN EATING IT, BUT HAD HE LOOKED CLOSELY HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN TEENIE WEENIE FOOT PRINTS IN THE DUST.
HERE'S YOUR CORN. WHERE IS THE DUNCE?
I'VE GOT YOUR DUNCE IN SAFE KEEPING. JUST COUNT OUT THE TEN GRAINS OF CORN AND I'LL DELIVER HIM.
CONTENTS 1 LB 4
WHERE'S THE DUNCE?
HERE'S YOUR DUNCE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
THAT LITTLE BOY, WHO OWNS THE BIG BLACK RABBIT, HAS GONE TO VISIT HIS GRANDMA AND THE POOR BUNNY HASN'T HAD A THING TO EAT FOR TWO DAYS.
LET'S GO AND FEED IT. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET A CARROT, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DIG IT OUT OF THE GROUND
GO AND GET A THIMBLE FULL OF WATER. THESE MEN ARE WORKING HARD AND THEY'LL NEED DRINKING WATER.
WHO! ME?
THAT'S A DARLING HOLE
HERE'S YOUR DRINKING WATER.
BE CAREFUL! IF THAT CARROT SHOULD FALL ON ONE OF YOU, IT MIGHT BREAK A LEG.
WE COULD USE A COUPLE OF MORE MEN, CARRYING THIS CARROT
MY, BUT YOU BOYS ARE STRONG
THANKS TO THE TEENIE WEENIES THE RABBIT HAD HIS SUPPER.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
BY Wm DONAHEY
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
WE CAN'T KEEP ON FEEDING THAT RABBIT IT TAKES A DAY TO DIG UP A CARROT AND CARRY IT TO HIM - WE'RE WAY BEHIND IN OUR OWN WORK
IT'S NOT THE RABBITS FAULT THE BOY WHO OWNS IT WENT AWAY ON A VISIT AND FORGOT TO HAVE SOME ONE LOOK AFTER IT
LET RABBIT OUT OF PEN AND HE GET PLENTY TO EAT HIMSELF
THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA THE CHINAMAN HAD.
IT SURE WAS - IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO CUT THE WIRE WITH THIS BIG FILE AND LET THE RABBIT OUT
MR RABBIT, WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU OUT, SO YOU CAN GET YOUR OWN FOOD UNTIL YOUR MASTER COMES BACK
IT'S PRETTY NEARLY CUT THROUGH - GIVE IT A COUPLE OF MORE STROKES
JUST BEND THE WIRE A LITTLE MORE AND THE RABBIT CAN GET OUT
IF THE TEENIE WEENIES HADN'T DISCOVERED THE RABBIT, THE POOR THING WOULD HAVE STARVED TO DEATH WHILE HIS MASTER WAS AWAY, BUT THANKS TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE THE BUNNY WAS ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE HOLE AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT WHEN IT WAS HUNGRY.

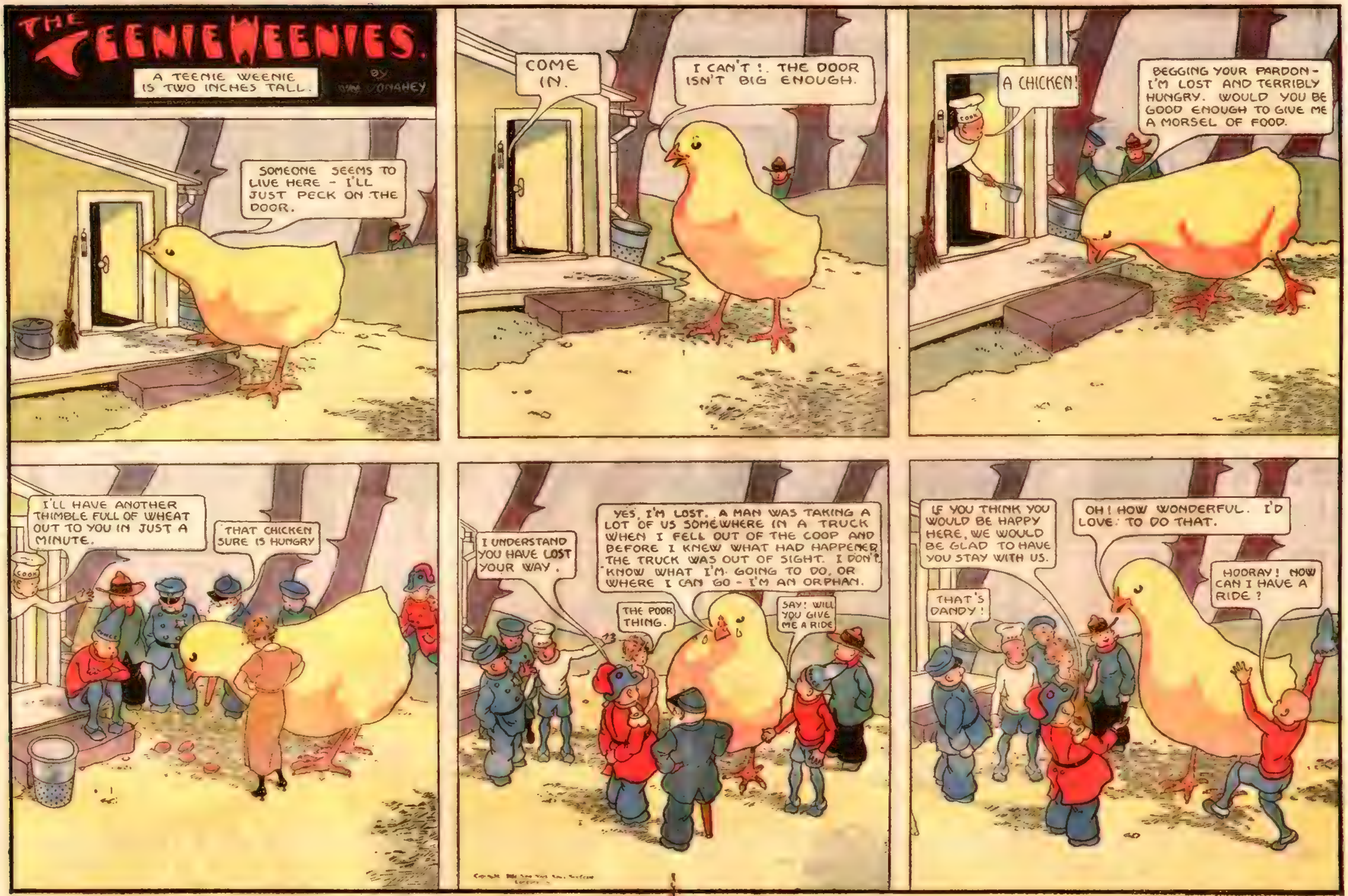
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
HURRY UP OR WE WONT GET THIS EGG ROLLED HOME IN TIME FOR EASTER DINNER. IT HAS TO BE PUT INTO A TOMATO CAN AND BOILED BEFORE WE EAT AND I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH, RIGHT NOW, TO EAT IT RAW.
ALLIE SAME BE CLAREFUL WE NO BLEAK EGGIE GOIN' DOWN HILL.
HOLD ON TIGHT - THIS EGG COST FIFTY GRAINS OF CORN.
LOOK OUT!
HOLD ONTO IT. DON'T LET IT GET AWAY.
HOLD TIGHT
HOLD EGGIE, IGGIE, ME HOLD YOU.
OH BOY!
GOOD NIGHT! WE'LL HAVE SCRAMBLED EGG FOR DINNER.
THE TEENIE WEENIES DID NOT HAVE A HARD BOILED EGG FOR THEIR EASTER DINNER, BUT THEY DID GATHER UP SEVERAL THIMBLES FULL OF THE BROKEN EGG, OUT OF WHICH THE T.W. COOK MADE A FINE OMELETTE AND THE LITTLE FOLKS WERE ABLE TO HAVE A REGULAR EASTER MEAL.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
NOW SNIP, BE A GOOD BOY AND DONT RUN AWAY
HORSEY!
HORSEY!
HORSEY GONE
PITTY
MAMMA
WITH NIGHT COMING ON THIS POOR LITTLE HUMAN SPECK, NO LARGER THAN A THIMBLE, IS HOPELESSLY LOST IN A JUNGLE OF WILD FLOWERS AND TOAD STOOLS.
WILL HE ESCAPE THE NEEDLE SHARP TEETH OF THE MASKED SHREW, THE KEEN NOSE OF THE WEASEL AND THE MANY OTHER FOREST KILLERS OF THE NIGHT?

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
SNIP, THE TEENIE WEENIE BABY HAVING BECOME LOST IN THE FOREST, THE LITTLE PEOPLE SET OUT IN SEARCH OF HIM. THE TINY BABY IS AT THE MERCY OF THE PROWLING NIGHT ANIMALS AND NOT A MOMENT IS TO BE LOST IF THE TEENIE WEENIES EXPECT TO SAVE THE LITTLE CHAP
NOW SOME OF US WILL SEARCH ONE WAY AND THE REST ANOTHER WAY.
WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT FOR THAT OLD WEASEL
LOOK IN THAT BOTTLE
OH SNIPIE
OH SNIP
OH SNIP
LOOK! HERE ARE THE TRACKS OF HIS LITTLE SHOES
HERE ARE WEASEL TRACKS.
THERE'S HIS LITTLE RED HORSE
THE BABY'S TRACKS STOP HERE, BUT THE WEASELS TRAIL GOES ON. IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE BEAST HAD CAUGHT THE POOR LITTLE FELLOW.
LOOK OUT FOR THE WEASEL NOW
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
PARDON ME, BUT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOME ONE?
WHY YES, WE'VE BEEN HUNTING ALL NIGHT FOR A TEENIE WEENIE BABY, WHO GOT LOST, BUT WE ARE AFRAID A WEASEL HAS CAUGHT HIM.
WELL, IF YOU WILL GO ALONG WITH ME FOR A LITTLE WAY, I THINK I CAN BE OF SOME HELP TO YOU.
OUCHIE!
DUNCE
WE'RE PRETTY NEARLY THERE - MY NEST IS IN THAT BUSH AHEAD
PLEASE WAIT A MINUTE UNTIL I GET SOMETHING OUT OF MY NEST.
GET OUT OF THERE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED INTO THAT BIRDS NEST.
HERE'S YOUR BABY.
SNIP
I HEARD HIM CRYING LAST NIGHT, SO I LOOKED AROUND UNTIL I FOUND HIM. I HAPPENED TO SEE A WEASEL NEAR BY, SO I FLEW DOWN AND PICKED THE BABY UP AND CARRIED HIM TO MY NEST WHERE I KEPT HIM ALL NIGHT.
WE ARE MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING OUR BABY. WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?
NICE BIRDIE
TAKE ME UP FOR A RIDE, WILL YOU?

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
WHERE ARE YOU GOINGS WITH SUCH BIG BUNDLINGS?
WE'RE GOING TO PUT A ROOF OVER A BIRD'S NEST. THAT BIRD THAT FOUND SNIP, WHEN HE GOT LOST.
HELLO IGGIE
OH! HOW NICE
WE'VE COME TO PUT THE ROOF ON YOUR NEST.
I'LL BET I COULD CLIMB A GREASED PENCIL
WATCH OUT YOU FELLOWS DON'T BUMP THOSE EGGS.
WATCH ME SKIN THE CAT.
TIE IT TO A LIMB AND PULL IT TIGHT.
THAT BIRD - PUGH!
THIS IS DANDY IT WILL KEEP ME NICE AND DRY WHILE I AM SITTING ON MY EGGS.
PUGH!
IGGIE, I BELIEVE YOU'RE JEALOUS



THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
SOMEONE SEEMS TO LIVE HERE - I'LL JUST PECK ON THE DOOR.
COME IN.
I CAN'T!. THE DOOR ISN'T BIG ENOUGH.
A CHICKEN!
COOK
BEGGING YOUR PARDON - I'M LOST AND TERRIBLY HUNGRY. WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GIVE ME A MORSEL OF FOOD.
I'LL HAVE ANOTHER THIMBLE FULL OF WHEAT OUT TO YOU IN JUST A MINUTE.
THAT CHICKEN SURE IS HUNGRY
COOK
I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE LOST YOUR WAY.
YES, I'M LOST. A MAN WAS TAKING A LOT OF US SOMEWHERE IN A TRUCK WHEN I FELL OUT OF THE COOP AND BEFORE I KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED THE TRUCK WAS OUT OF SIGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, OR WHERE I CAN GO - I'M AN ORPHAN.
THE POOR THING.
SAY: WILL YOU GIVE ME A RIDE
IF YOU THINK YOU WOULD BE HAPPY HERE, WE WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU STAY WITH US.
OH! HOW WONDERFUL. I'D LOVE TO DO THAT.
THAT'S DANDY!
HOORAY! NOW CAN I HAVE A RIDE?

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
NOW THAT YOU ARE GOING TO LIVE WITH US WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD YOU A HOUSE - ONE A WEASEL CAN'T GET IN TO TOO.
THERE'S AN OLD TIN CAN OVER THERE THAT WOULD DO AND I'LL BET NO OLD WEASEL COULD GET INTO IT EITHER
THIS WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL HOUSE FOR ME.
DUNCE! GET DOWN BEFORE YOU FALL OFF THAT CAN AND BREAK YOUR NECK.
NOW PUSH HARD AND WE'LL SOON ROLL IT IN PLACE
IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF LUMBER TO BUILD THE DOOR.
NOW PUT THAT LOG UNDER THE CAN WHEN WE PRY IT UP
WE'LL SET THE CAN ON LOGS SO IT WILL NOT BE DAMP.
IT'S A WONDERFUL HOUSE AND I'M GOING TO BE SNUG AND HAPPY HERE
DUNCE, GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE THAT CHICKEN TRAMPS ON YOU
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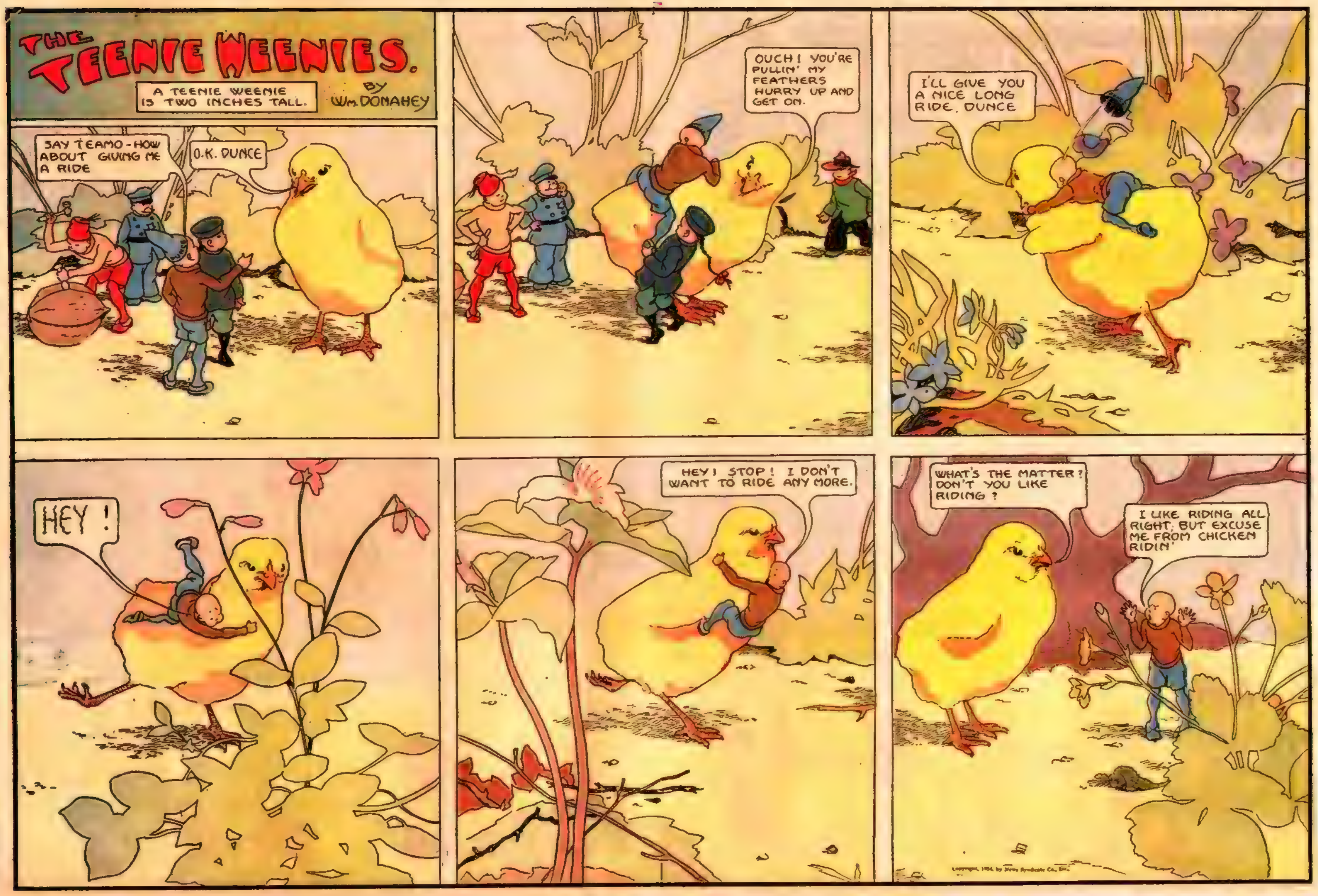
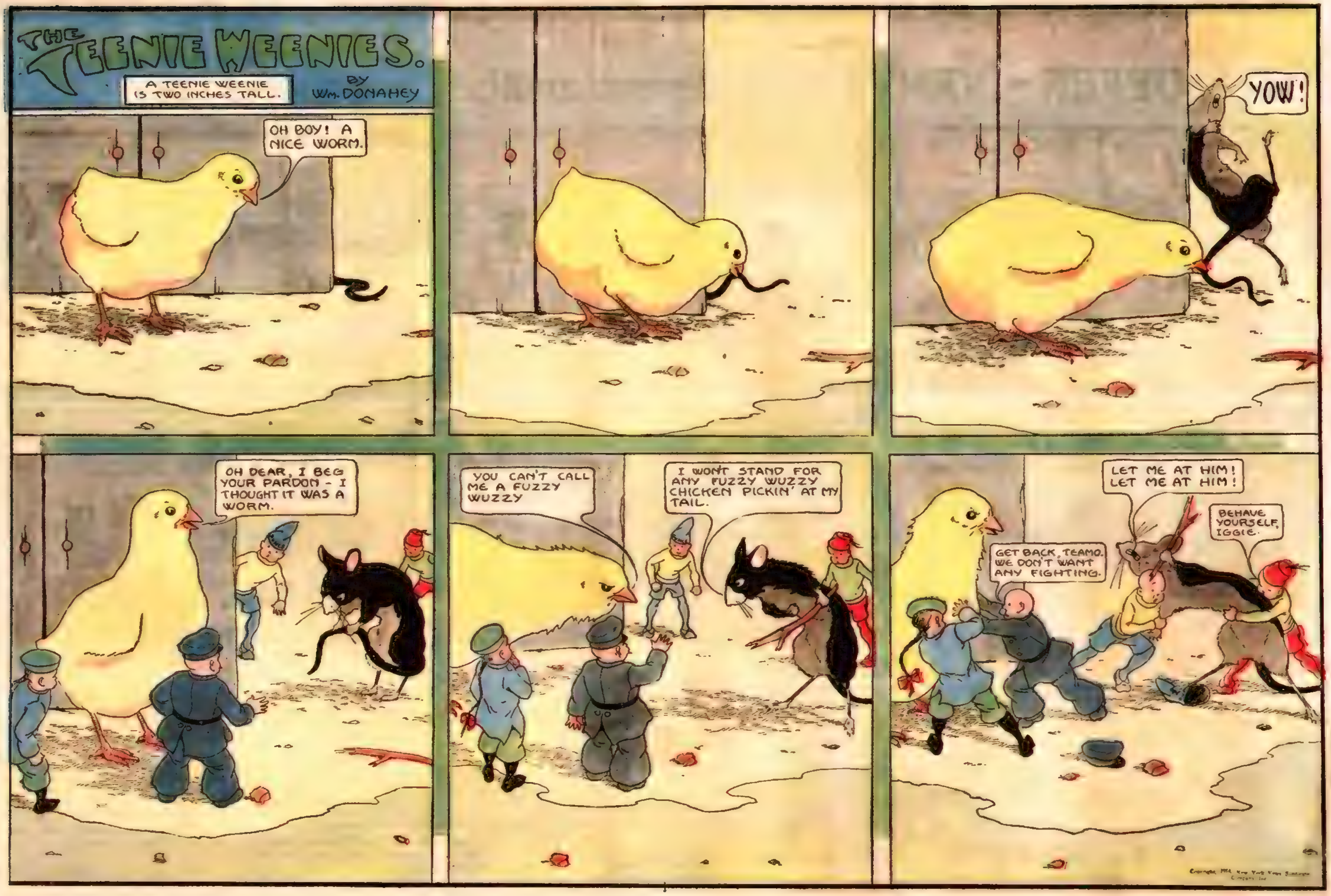
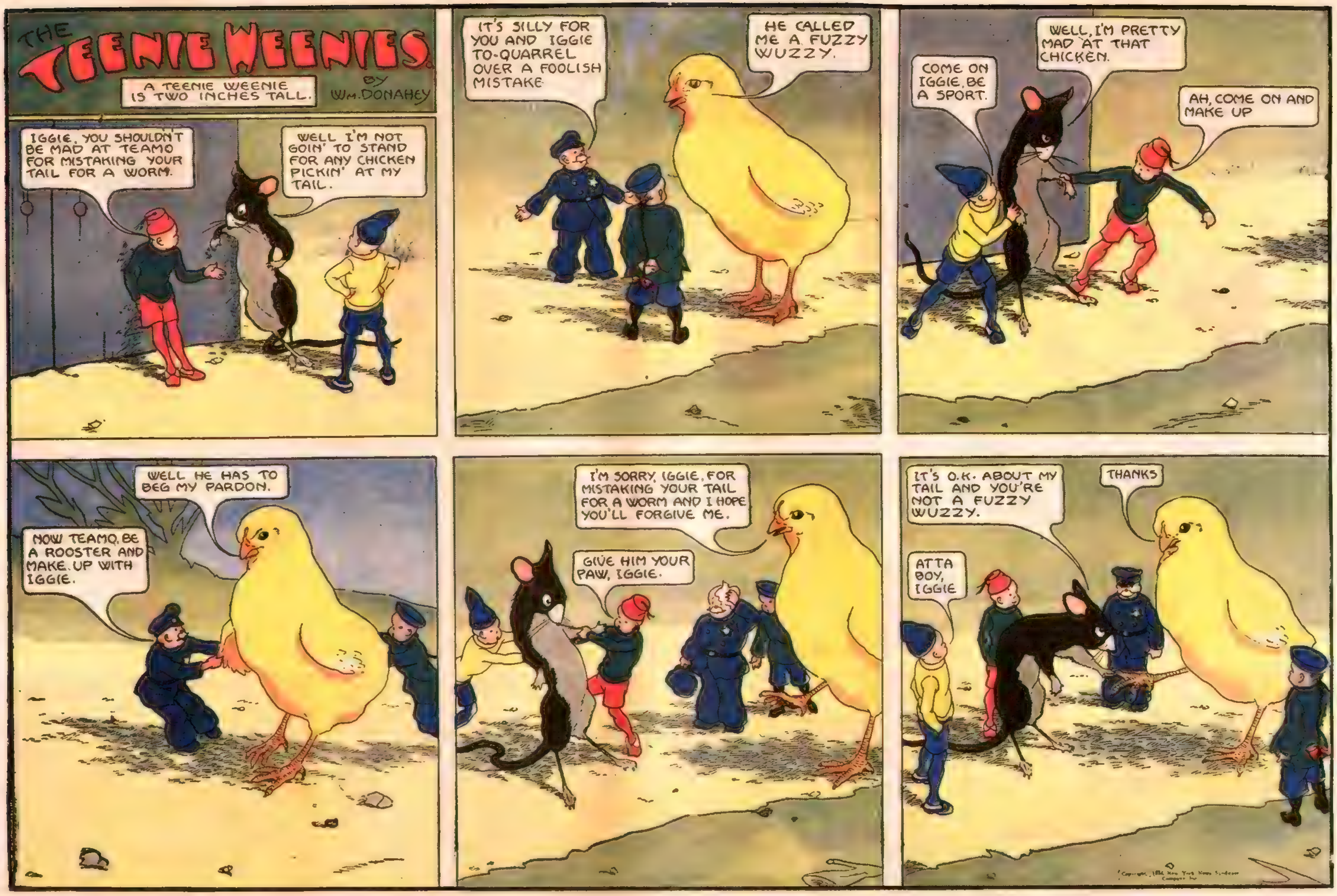

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm. DONAHEY
SAY TEAMO - HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A RIDE
O.K. DUNCE
OUCH! YOU'RE PULLIN' MY FEATHERS HURRY UP AND GET ON.
I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE LONG RIDE, DUNCE
HEY!
HEY! STOP! I DON'T WANT TO RIDE ANY MORE.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE RIDING?
I LIKE RIDING ALL RIGHT, BUT EXCUSE ME FROM CHICKEN RIDIN'


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm. DONAHEY
OH BOY! A NICE WORM.
YOW!
OH DEAR, I BEG YOUR PARDON - I THOUGHT IT WAS A WORM.
YOU CAN'T CALL ME A FUZZY WUZZY
I WON'T STAND FOR ANY FUZZY WUZZY CHICKEN PICKIN' AT MY TAIL.
LET ME AT HIM! LET ME AT HIM!
BEHAVE YOURSELF, IGGIE.
GET BACK, TEAMO. WE DON'T WANT ANY FIGHTING.

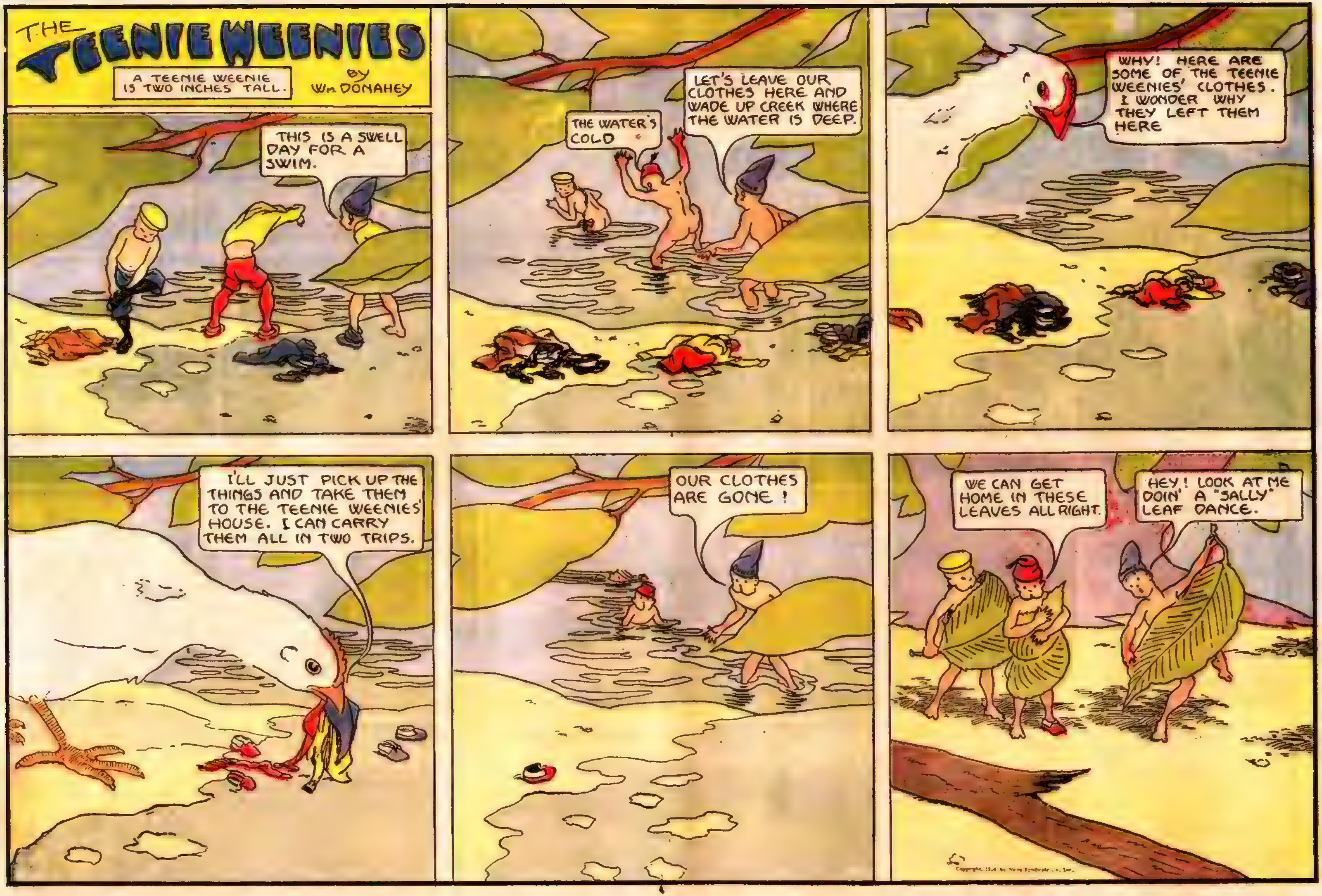


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
IGGIE, YOU SHOULDN'T BE MAD AT TEAMO FOR MISTAKING YOUR TAIL FOR A WORM.
WELL I'M NOT GOIN' TO STAND FOR ANY CHICKEN PICKIN' AT MY TAIL.
IT'S SILLY FOR YOU AND IGGIE TO QUARREL OVER A FOOLISH MISTAKE
HE CALLED ME A FUZZY WUZZY.
COME ON IGGIE, BE A SPORT.
WELL, I'M PRETTY MAD AT THAT CHICKEN.
AH, COME ON AND MAKE UP
WELL HE HAS TO BEG MY PARDON.
NOW TEAMO, BE A ROOSTER AND MAKE UP WITH IGGIE.
I'M SORRY, IGGIE, FOR MISTAKING YOUR TAIL FOR A WORM AND I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME.
GIVE HIM YOUR PAW, IGGIE.
IT'S O.K. ABOUT MY TAIL AND YOU'RE NOT A FUZZY WUZZY.
THANKS
ATTA BOY, IGGIE

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY.
WE CLATCH BLIG FLISH!
WE OUGHT TO GET A SWELL FISH WORM HERE.
I'LL PULL THE WORM OUT. WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WE DON'T BREAK IT.
SHOOIE OUT OF HERE, TEAMO - YOU CAN NO HAVE THIS WORMIE.
DROP IT - YOU DUMB-BELL
SHOOIE! SHOOIE!
YOU BLOKE WORMIE - WE NO CLATCH FLISH
YOU BOOB - WE WERE GOIN' FISHIN' WITH THAT WORM.
WE GLOT PLENTY WORMIE LEFT FOR FLISH.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm. DONAHEY
JUST LEAVE THE LUNCH HERE, WHILE WE GO FOR A WALK, THEN WE'LL COME BACK TO EAT.
IT'S A NICE DAY FOR A PICNIC.
OUR LUNCH IS GONE.
HE'S EATEN THOSE TWO BAKED LIMA BEANS.
YOU BAD CHICKENS
I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR LUNCH. IF YOU'LL WAIT A MINUTE I'LL BRING YOU ONE OF THE BEST LUNCHES YOU EVER TASTED.
TEAMO, YOU HAVE EATEN ALL OUR LUNCH
HE ATE THIS WHOLE THIMBLE FULL OF SANDWICHES.
WE DON'T EAT BUGS, TEAMO - WE ARE NOT CHICKENS.
UGH!

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
LOOK! THERE'S A BIG BULL FROG ASLEEP ON THAT STONE. LET'S GET HIM AND WE'LL HAVE FROG HAM FOR SUPPER.
THERE HE IS! NOW IF WE SNEAK UP QUIETLY WE CAN CATCH HIM. WHEN I COUNT THREE YOU GRAB HIM BEHIND AND I'LL HOLD HIM IN FRONT.
BE QUIET. DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE.
YOU'LL HAVE TO GRAB AWFUL QUICK OR HE'LL GET AWAY ONE - TWO -
THREE!
I'VE GOT HIM!



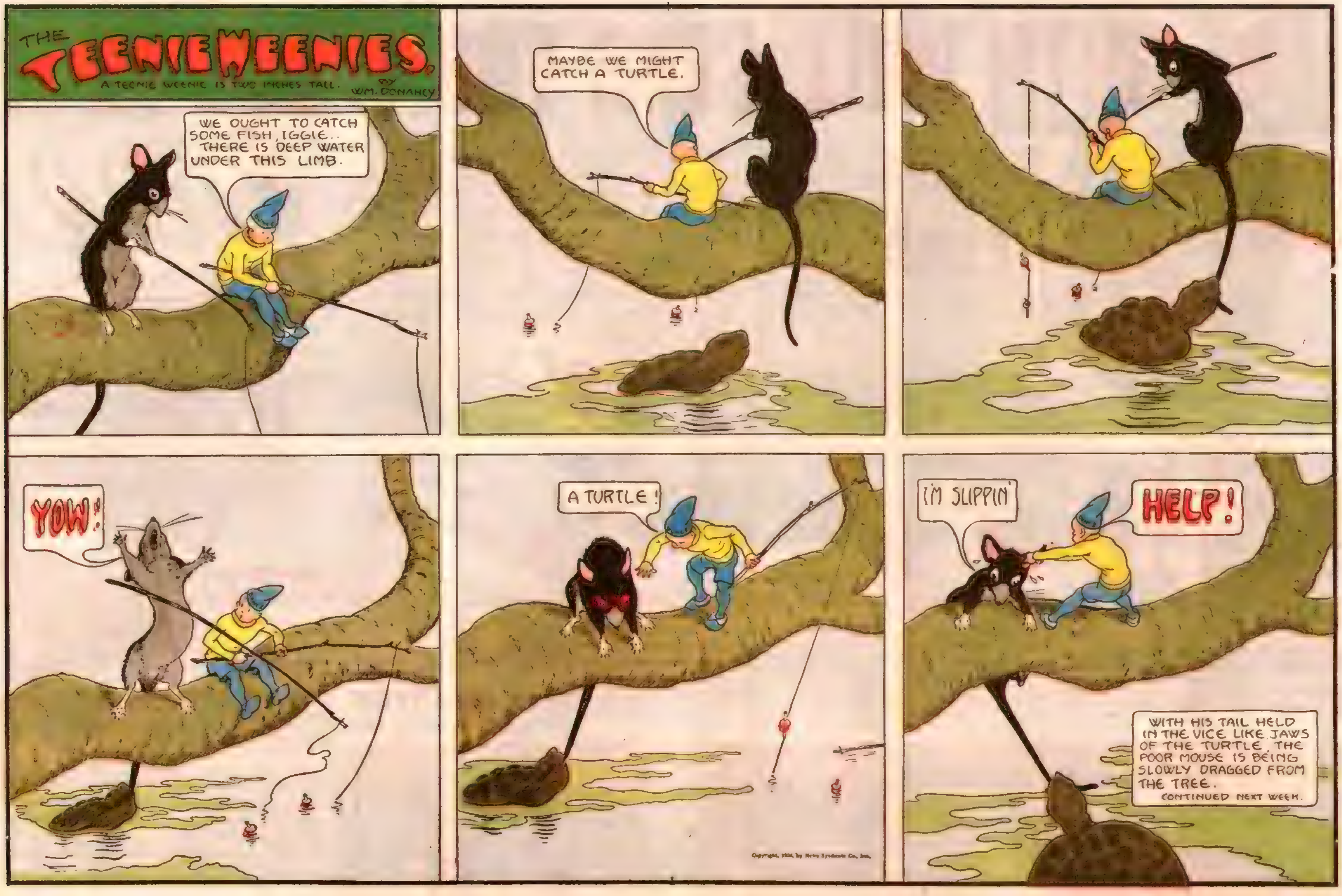
THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY Wm DONAHEY
THIS IS A SWELL DAY FOR A SWIM.
THE WATER'S COLD
LET'S LEAVE OUR CLOTHES HERE AND WADE UP CREEK WHERE THE WATER IS DEEP.
WHY! HERE ARE SOME OF THE TEENIE WEENIES' CLOTHES. I WONDER WHY THEY LEFT THEM HERE
I'LL JUST PICK UP THE THINGS AND TAKE THEM TO THE TEENIE WEENIES' HOUSE. I CAN CARRY THEM ALL IN TWO TRIPS.
OUR CLOTHES ARE GONE !
WE CAN GET HOME IN THESE LEAVES ALL RIGHT.
HEY! LOOK AT ME DOIN' A "SALLY" LEAF DANCE.

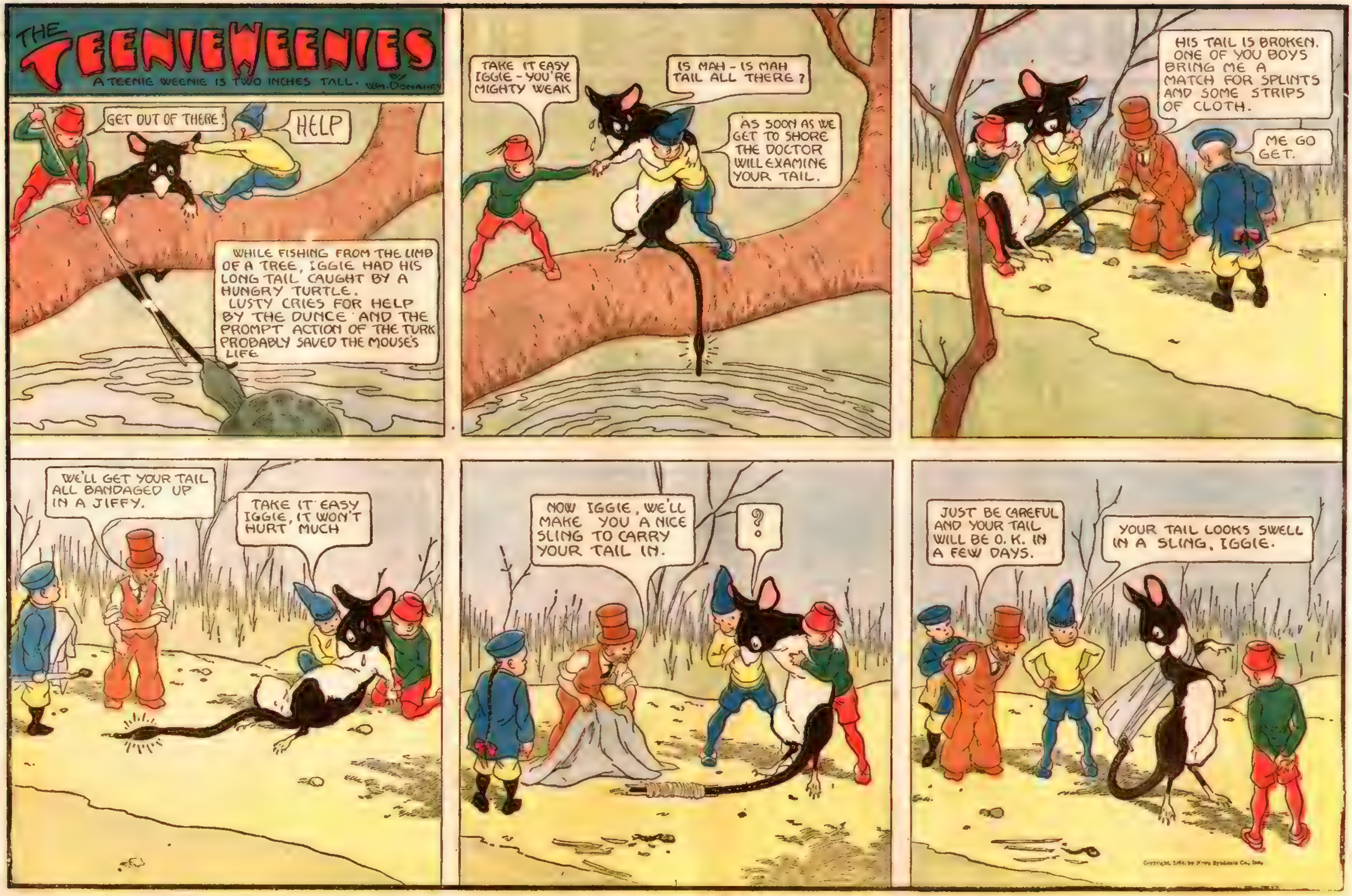
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY DONAHEY
WHEN I LIGHT THIS FIRE CRACKER YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY QUICK OR THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF US LEFT TO FILL A THIMBLE.
ME LUN FAST, LIKE EVERY THING
THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKING THING. I WONDER WHAT IT IS ?
HEY, TEAMO DROP THAT BEFORE YOU GET YOUR FOOL HEAD BLOWN OFF
I'LL TAKE IT TO THE DUNCE AND ASK HIM WHAT IT IS.
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE - THAT DUMB CHICKEN IS FOLLOWING US WITH THE FIRE CRACKER.
DIVE INTO THIS SQUIRREL HOLE OR WE'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES.
BOY! IT'S LUCKY THAT FUSE WENT OUT AND THE FIRE CRACKER DIDN'T EXPLODE.

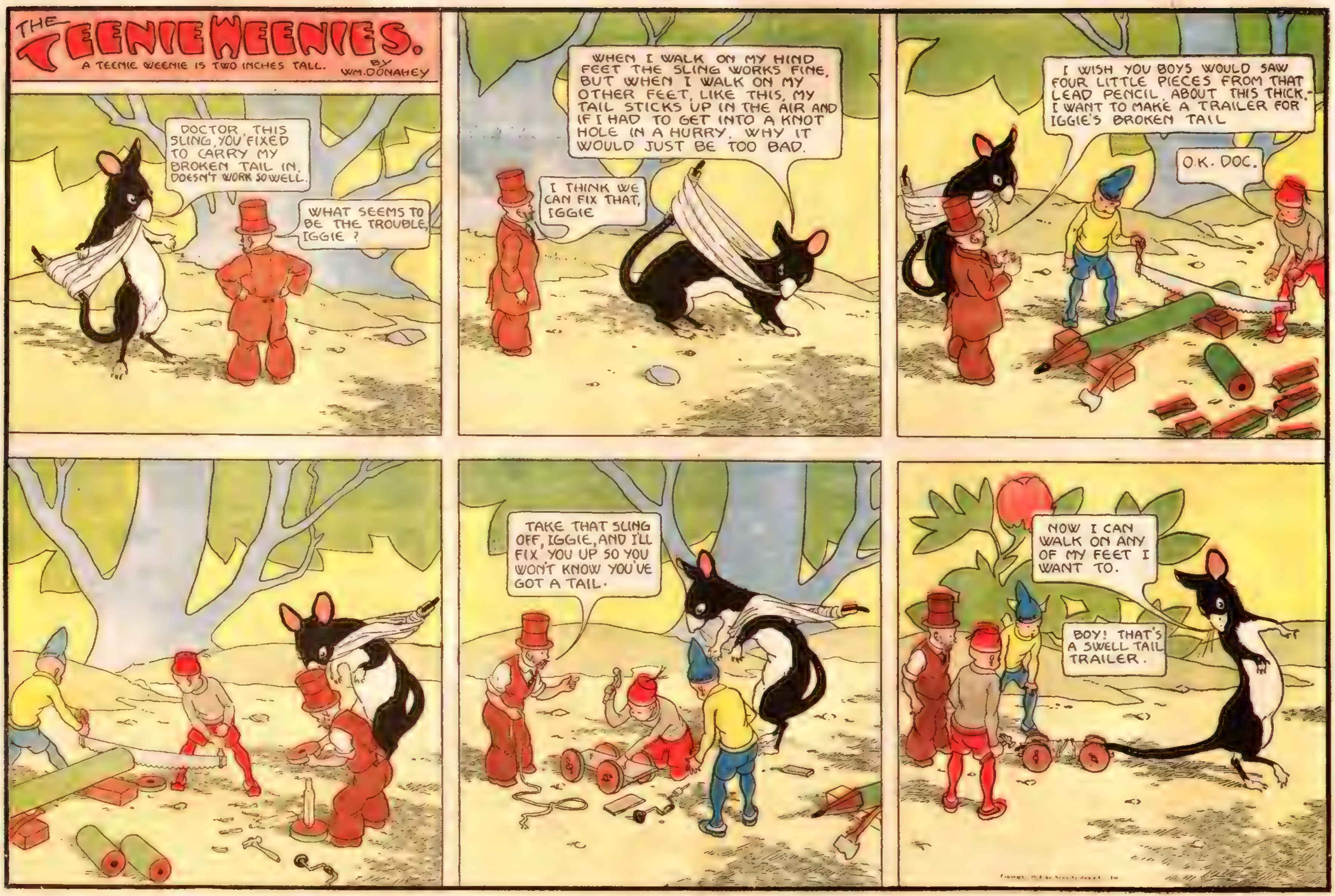
THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
IT WILL TAKE A LOT OF WATER TO FILL IT
WE COULD MAKE A SWELL SWIMMIN' POOL OUTA THIS COFFEE CUP.
I'LL BET IT WILL TAKE A MILLION THIMBLES FULL OF WATER TO FILL THAT CUP.
WE CAN CARRY THE WATER FROM THAT LEAKY FAUCET ACROSS THE STREET.
YOU FELLOWS GET BUSY AND START FILLING THIS CUP WITH WATER.
SAY! WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO ALL THE WORK - YOU'VE GOT TO HELP.
ALLIE SAME THIS TWENTY SLIX THIMBLES FULL.
I DIDN'T KNOW A COFFEE CUP COULD HOLD SO MUCH WATER.
COME ON CHUCK. LET'S GET OUR BATHING SUITS ON.
YOU'LL HAVE TO TIE THAT TIGHT.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
HELP !
WHAT MATTER?
OH HELP - HELP !!
SWIMMING POOL
HURRY
IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE
HELP!
HELP HELP !
HELP!
I WAS WALKING ALONG WHEN THAT HORRID BUG TOOK AFTER ME. I JUMPED ONTO THIS MUSHROOM AND HE STARTED TO CLIMB AFTER ME, SO I SCREAMED UNTIL YOU CAME AND SAVED ME.
GET OUT OF HERE

THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM DONAHEY
SAY CHUCK! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW WE COULD GO INTO BUSINESS AND MAKE SOME MONEY
ALLIE SAME CHINAMAN'S NO AGAINST MAKIE MONEYS.
THE MELON IS GOOD AND RIPE AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO DIG INTO IT.
SHE PLENTY BLIG MUSK-MELON.
I'LL CUT THE DOOR RIGHT IN HERE.
HURRY UP AND GET THOSE SEEDS AWAY
ME WORK PLENTY HARD. SEEDS ALL TIME SLIPPERY.
I'VE GOT TO PUT SOME BOARDS IN THE MELON SO CUSTOMERS WON'T GET THEIR FEET WET.
COME ON FOLKS - STEP INSIDE, KEEP COOL AND EAT ALL THE MELON YOU CAN HOLD.
ADMISSION ONE TEENIE WEENIE PENNY STEP IN AND EAT THE ROOF OFF


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
WE OUGHT TO CATCH SOME FISH, IGGIE. THERE IS DEEP WATER UNDER THIS LIMB.
MAYBE WE MIGHT CATCH A TURTLE.
YOW!
A TURTLE!
I'M SLIPPIN'
HELP!
WITH HIS TAIL HELD IN THE VICE LIKE JAWS OF THE TURTLE, THE POOR MOUSE IS BEING SLOWLY DRAGGED FROM THE TREE.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
GET OUT OF THERE!
HELP
WHILE FISHING FROM THE LIMB OF A TREE, IGGIE HAD HIS LONG TAIL CAUGHT BY A HUNGRY TURTLE. LUSTY CRIES FOR HELP BY THE DUNCE AND THE PROMPT ACTION OF THE TURK PROBABLY SAVED THE MOUSE'S LIFE.
TAKE IT EASY IGGIE - YOU'RE MIGHTY WEAK
IS MAH - IS MAH TAIL ALL THERE ?
AS SOON AS WE GET TO SHORE THE DOCTOR WILL EXAMINE YOUR TAIL.
HIS TAIL IS BROKEN. ONE OF YOU BOYS BRING ME A MATCH FOR SPLINTS AND SOME STRIPS OF CLOTH.
ME GO GET.
WE'LL GET YOUR TAIL ALL BANDAGED UP IN A JIFFY.
TAKE IT EASY IGGIE, IT WON'T HURT MUCH
NOW IGGIE, WE'LL MAKE YOU A NICE SLING TO CARRY YOUR TAIL IN.
?
JUST BE CAREFUL AND YOUR TAIL WILL BE O. K. IN A FEW DAYS.
YOUR TAIL LOOKS SWELL IN A SLING, IGGIE.



THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY
DOCTOR, THIS SLING YOU FIXED TO CARRY MY BROKEN TAIL IN DOESN'T WORK SO WELL.
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, IGGIE ?
WHEN I WALK ON MY HIND FEET THE SLING WORKS FINE, BUT WHEN I WALK ON MY OTHER FEET, LIKE THIS, MY TAIL STICKS UP IN THE AIR AND IF I HAD TO GET INTO A KNOT HOLE IN A HURRY, WHY IT WOULD JUST BE TOO BAD.
I THINK WE CAN FIX THAT, IGGIE
I WISH YOU BOYS WOULD SAW FOUR LITTLE PIECES FROM THAT LEAD PENCIL, ABOUT THIS THICK.- I WANT TO MAKE A TRAILER FOR IGGIE'S BROKEN TAIL
O.K. DOC.
TAKE THAT SLING OFF, IGGIE, AND I'LL FIX YOU UP SO YOU WON'T KNOW YOU'VE GOT A TAIL.
NOW I CAN WALK ON ANY OF MY FEET I WANT TO.
BOY! THAT'S A SWELL TAIL TRAILER.

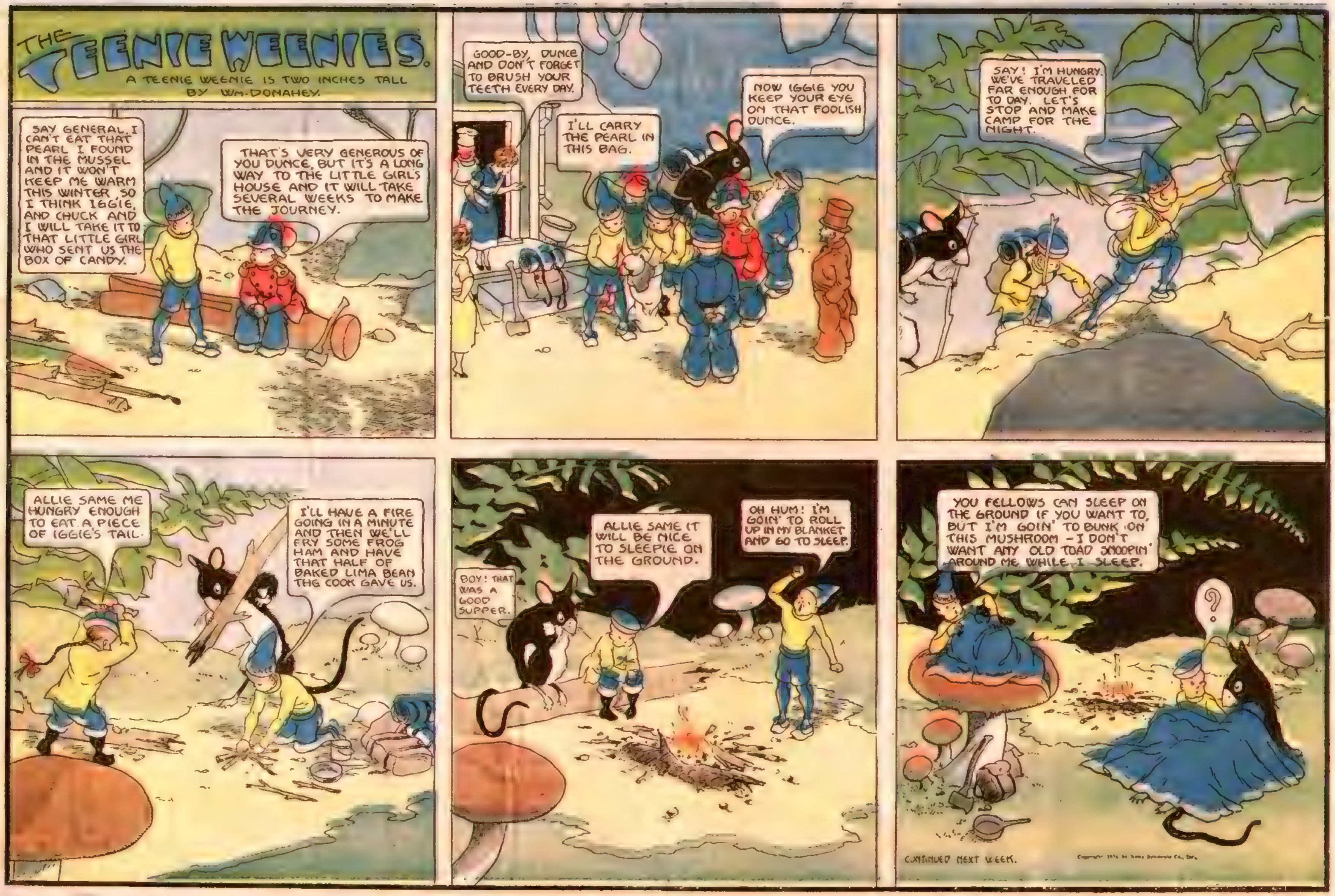
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY.
LOOK AT THIS! IT'S A REAL BOY SCOUTS KNIFE. SOME BOY SCOUT HAS LOST IT.
IT BELONGS TO JOE GRIMM-HE'S A SCOUT AND I SAW HIM WITH THE KNIFE, RIGHT HERE, A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO.
ALLIE SAME WE BETTER TAKE KNIFE TO BOY'S HOUSE BEFORE NO SCOUT BOY FINDS IT.
YOU BOOB, THIS KNIFE WEIGHS A TEENIE WEENIE TON. IT WOULD TAKE A LOT OF HARD WORK.
IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A HARD JOB. WE COULD TIE A ROPE TO THIS THING ON THE HANDLE AND DRAG IT TO JOE'S HOUSE.
JINKS! I WISH WE HADN'T FOUND THIS OL KNIFE THEN WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE IT HOME.
SAY! IF YOU LOST SOMETHING YOU'D BE GLAD TO HAVE SOME ONE FIND IT FOR YOU- WOULDN'T YOU?
GETTING IT OVER THIS HILL IS THE HARDEST PART OF THE WORK.
HOW ABOUT THAT MUD PUDDLE WE'VE GOT TO CROSS?
WHEN WE GET THROUGH THIS PUDDLE, WE'LL SOON BE THERE.
JOE, HE ALL TIME WONDER HOW KNIFE GOT HERE ON HIS DOOR-STEP.
WELL WE WON'T GET ANY THANKS FOR IT- YOU CAN COUNT ON THAT
IF JOE FINDS HIS KNIFE- WILL HE SUSPECT WHO BROUGHT IT TO HIS DOOR-STEP? CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY Wm. DONAHEY
To -
The Teenie Weenies
U.S.A.
Please Forward.
A LETTER FOR US!
I'LL SOON GET IT OPENED WITH THIS AX.
WELL HURRY UP. WE CAN'T HOLD THIS LETTER ALL DAY.
NOW, ALL PULL TOGETHER
LOOK OUT YOU DON'T TEAR IT.
Aug 10, 1934.
Dear Teenie Weenies.
First, I want to thank you for finding my knife I suppose you will wonder how I knew you Teenie Weenies did it. Well I saw your tracks all around on the door step where I left the knife.
Your friend, Joe
THIS LETTER IS FROM JOE GRIMM - THE BOY WHO LOST HIS SCOUT KNIFE.
THAT'S A MIGHTY FINE LETTER.
TLURK, DLUNCE AND ME FLIND KNIFE, LONG TIME AGO. WE TAKE KNIFE TO BOY'S HOUSE, WHO OWNS HIM - BOY WRITE LETTER SAY THANKS
THAT WAS NICE OF YOU BOYS AND IT WAS GOOD OF JOE TO WRITE SUCH A LOVELY LETTER.

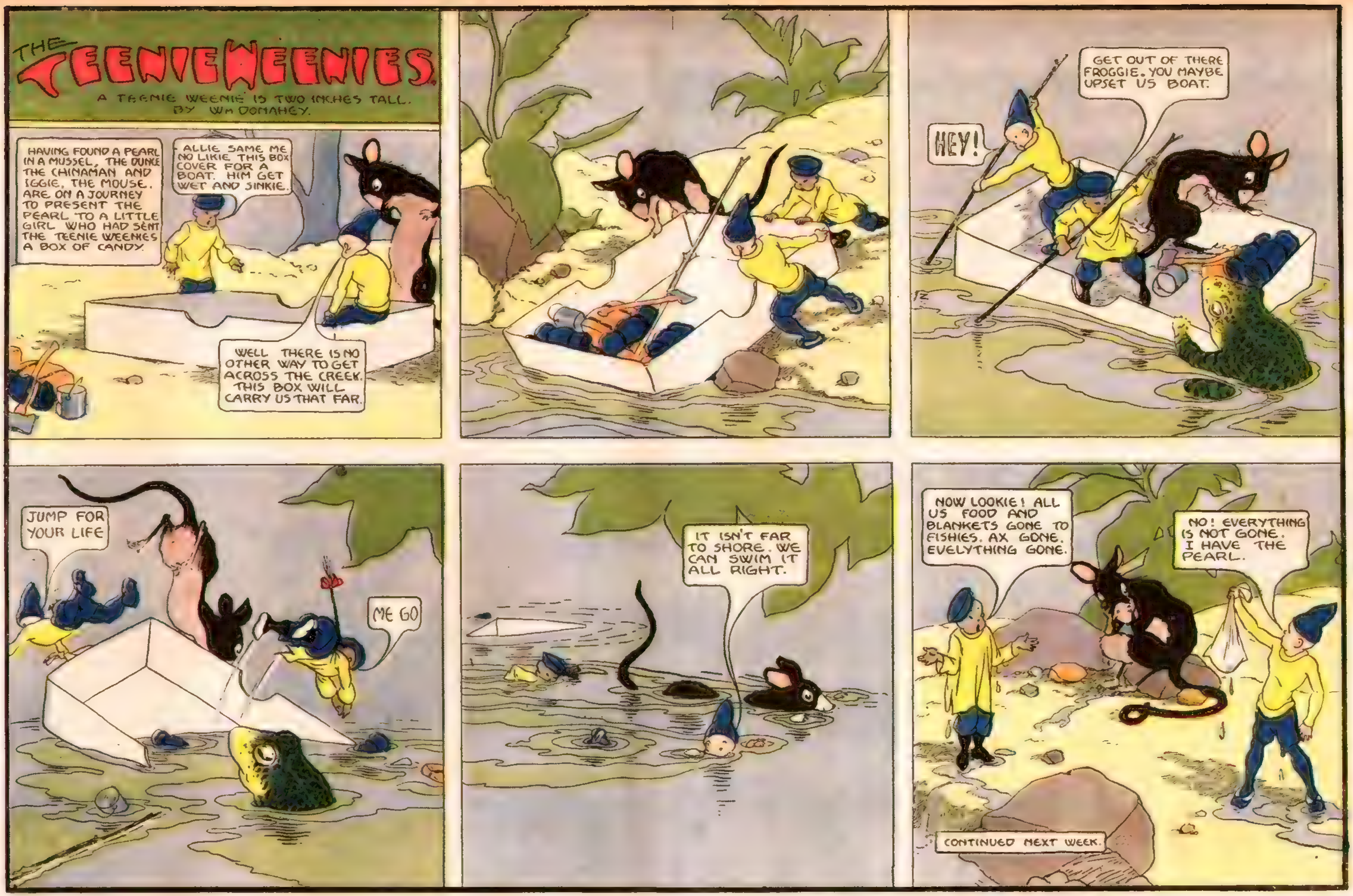
THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY.
NICK THE RED SQUIRREL SLICK. NEED DOCTOR MUCHIE QUICK.
SICK IS HE? ALL RIGHT, WE WILL GO AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG.
HE HAS BEEN SHOT BY HUNTERS - HE'S BADLY HURT AND WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM INTO HIS NEST SOME WAY. HE INSISTS ON IT.
HIS NEST IS WAY UP IN THIS BIG TREE OVERHEAD. I'LL SEND THE BOYS FOR SOME ROPE AND PULLEYS AND WE'LL TRY AND GET A LINE UP INTO THE TREE.
POOR NICK.
I CAN CLIMB THE TREE. THE BARK IS ROUGH AND STRONG.
NOW BE CAREFUL.
THE PULLEY IS FIXED SO YOU HAD BETTER PULL UP A COUPLE OF FELLOWS TO HELP GET NICK INSIDE HIS HOLE WHEN YOU SEND HIM UP.
IT WAS A HARD TASK, BUT THE LITTLE PEOPLE MANAGED TO GET THE INJURED SQUIRREL SAFELY INTO HIS NEST WHERE A TEENIE WEENIE NURSE WAS PUT IN CHARGE.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY Wm. DONAHEY
THAT SQUIRREL WAS SO BADLY HURT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET IN HIS STORE OF NUTS FOR THE WINTER.
WELL DOCTOR, WE CAN GET IN A SUPPLY OF NUTS FOR HIM! WE CAN'T LET HIM STARVE TO DEATH.
SURE WE CAN GET THEM IN FOR HIM.
GOSH! I WISH THAT SQUIRREL HADN'T BUILT HIS NEST SO FAR AWAY FROM THE NUT TREE.
SAY! I'M NOT GOING TO CARRY THIS HEAVY HICKORY NUT DOWN THAT HILL WHEN I CAN LET IT ROLL DOWN.
YOU'D BETTER NOT - IT MIGHT HIT SOMEBODY AND HURT 'EM.
HEY! LOOK OUT
HONEST CHUCK - I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU WITH THE NUT. I WAS JUST ROLLIN' IT DOWN THE HILL.
ALLIE SAME ME PLENTY MAD YOU.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY.
SAY, COME ON AND HELP ME GET THIS MUSSEL OUT OF THE WATER.
MAYBE WE'LL FIND A PEARL IN THIS MUSSEL WHEN WE OPEN IT UP.
ALLIE SAME WHAT MUSSEL ?
OH, IT'S A KIND OF FRESH WATER OYSTER.
NOW YOU FELLOWS HOLD IT STEADY AND I'LL PRY THE SHELL OPEN WITH THIS NAIL.
WE
23
HOLD PLENTY MUCHIE TIGHT IGGIE
THIS SHELL WILL MAKE A SWELL BATH TUB.
OH BOY! LOOK AT THIS PEARL
THAT WILL BUY A LOT OF CHEESE.
THAT'S A VALUABLE PEARL, DUNCE - YOU'RE RICH.
SAY! I'M NOT A HOG - WE'RE ALL RICH.


THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY.
SAY GENERAL, I CAN'T EAT THAT PEARL I FOUND IN THE MUSSEL AND IT WON'T KEEP ME WARM THIS WINTER, SO I THINK IGGIE, AND CHUCK AND I WILL TAKE IT TO THAT LITTLE GIRL WHO SENT US THE BOX OF CANDY.
THAT'S VERY GENEROUS OF YOU DUNCE, BUT IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE LITTLE GIRLS HOUSE AND IT WILL TAKE SEVERAL WEEKS TO MAKE THE JOURNEY.
GOOD-BY, DUNCE AND DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR TEETH EVERY DAY.
I'LL CARRY THE PEARL IN THIS BAG.
NOW IGGIE YOU KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT FOOLISH DUNCE.
SAY! I'M HUNGRY. WE'VE TRAVELED FAR ENOUGH FOR TO DAY. LET'S STOP AND MAKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT.
ALLIE SAME ME HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT A PIECE OF IGGIE'S TAIL.
I'LL HAVE A FIRE GOING IN A MINUTE AND THEN WE'LL FRY SOME FROG HAM AND HAVE THAT HALF OF BAKED LIMA BEAN THE COOK GAVE US.
BOY! THAT WAS A GOOD SUPPER.
ALLIE SAME IT WILL BE NICE TO SLEEPIE ON THE GROUND.
OH HUM! I'M GOIN' TO ROLL UP IN MY BLANKET AND GO TO SLEEP.
YOU FELLOWS CAN SLEEP ON THE GROUND IF YOU WANT TO, BUT I'M GOIN' TO BUNK ON THIS MUSHROOM - I DON'T WANT ANY OLD TOAD SNOOPIN' AROUND ME WHILE I SLEEP.
?
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
BY WM. DONAHEY.
HAVING FOUND A PEARL IN A MUSSEL SHELL, THE DUNCE, THE CHINK AND IGGIE, THE MOUSE, SET OUT TO TAKE IT TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD SENT THE TEENIE WEENIES A BOX OF CANDY.
SAY! WE'RE LOST - I DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO.
LET'S ASK SQUIRREL OVER THERE
MR. SQUIRREL WE'VE LOST OUR WAY. COULD YOU HELP US OUT?
SORRY I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M A STRANGER AROUND HERE JUST VISITING IN THIS PLACE FOR A FEW DAYS
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON GOING UNTIL WE CAN GET DIRECTIONS FROM SOME ONE.
MR. DOG, WE HAVE LOST OUR WAY, COULD YOU TELL US THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO THE TOWN OF 'HESTER?
SURE, I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU. JUST KEEP GOING RIGHT AHEAD UNTIL -
- YOU SMELL CAT, THEN TURN TO YOUR RIGHT AND FOLLOW CAT SCENT UNTIL YOU GET A SNIFF OF PIGS. AT STRONG PIG SCENT, TURN TO YOUR LEFT AND YOU'LL SOON SMELL SKUNK.
GO AROUND SKUNK SMELL AND YOU'LL PICK UP THE SCENT OF FISH. FOLLOW FISH SCENT TO THE CREEK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CREEK SOME ONE ELSE WILL TELL YOU THE WAY
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.


THE TEENIE WEENIES
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL.
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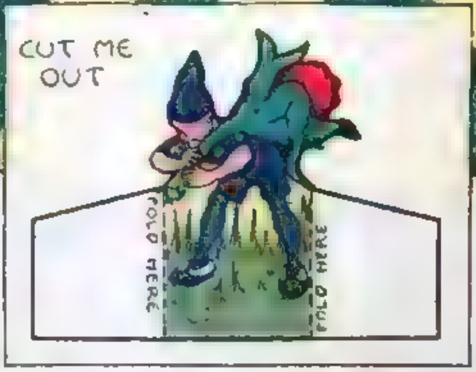
HAVING FOUND A PEARL IN A MUSSEL, THE DUNCE THE CHINAMAN AND IGGIE, THE MOUSE, ARE ON A JOURNEY TO PRESENT THE PEARL TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD SENT THE TEENIE WEENIES A BOX OF CANDY.
ALLIE SAME ME NO LIKIE THIS BOX COVER FOR A BOAT. HIM GET WET AND SINKIE.
WELL THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO GET ACROSS THE CREEK. THIS BOX WILL CARRY US THAT FAR.
HEY!
GET OUT OF THERE FROGGIE. YOU MAYBE UPSET US BOAT.
JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE
ME GO
IT ISN'T FAR TO SHORE. WE CAN SWIM IT ALL RIGHT.
NOW LOOKIE! ALL US FOOD AND BLANKETS GONE TO FISHIES. AX GONE. EVELYTHING GONE.
NO! EVERYTHING IS NOT GONE. I HAVE THE PEARL.
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM DONAHEY
HELLO PEE WEES.
HELLO JIM.
GOOD MORNING JIM CROW.
SAY, I HAD A LOT OF FUN THIS MORNING. THAT WOMAN WHO LIVES IN THE BIG GREEN HOUSE PUT HER FINGER RING ON THE OPEN WINDOW SILL
I WAS SITTIN' ON A BUSH NEAR BY, AND WHEN SHE WENT OUT OF THE ROOM I JUMPS ONTO THE WINDOW AND GETS THE RING. I TOOK IT TO MY NEST AND FLEW BACK TO SEE IF SHE MISSED IT
WELL, PRETTY SOON SHE MISSED THE RING AND THE BEST PART OF THE JOKE IS THAT SHE ACCUSED THE SERVANT OF STEALING IT. I NEARLY LAUGHED MY BEAK OFF WHEN THE SERVANT BEGAN TO CRY - SUCH FUSS AND CRYIN' I NEVER HEARD BEFORE
IT'S NOT HONEST FOR YOU TO CARRY OFF THAT WOMANS RING YOU OUGHT TO TAKE IT RIGHT BACK TO HER
WELL, I'VE GOT IT AND I'M GOIN' TO KEEP IT
WOULD YOU-AH-CARE TO SELL THE RING?
SURE, I'LL SELL IT BUT IT WILL COST YOU TWENTY FIVE SHELLED PEANUTS
WE'LL TAKE IT. YOU BRING THE RING OVER AND WE'LL HAVE THE PEANUTS READY FOR YOU.
WE CAN BORROW 25 PEANUTS FROM NICK THE SQUIRREL
NICK HAS A LOT OF PEANUTS STORED AWAY IN HIS NEST.
THOSE TEENIE WEENIES CERTAINLY HAVE A LOT OF CRUST. THEY GIVE ME A LECTURE ABOUT STEALING THE RING BUT THEY'RE NOT TOO GOOD TO BUY STOLEN PROPERTY
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

THE TEENIE WEENIES.
A TEENIE WEENIE IS TWO INCHES TALL
BY WM. DONAHEY
OLD JIM CROW, WHO LIVES IN THE BIG WHITE PINE TREE HAS STOLEN A FINGER RING FROM THAT GREEN HOUSE ON THE NEXT STREET. THE WOMAN WHO OWNS THE RING BELIEVES THE SERVANT HAS TAKEN IT. JIM WON'T GIVE IT BACK, SO I BOUGHT IT FROM HIM FOR TWENTY-FIVE SHELLED PEANUTS, WHICH WE CAN BORROW FROM NICK THE SQUIRREL. WE CAN'T LET THAT SERVANT BE BLAMED FOR STEALING THE RING WHEN WE KNOW SHE IS NOT GUILTY. WE'LL TAKE THE RING BACK TO THE OWNER
IF SOME OF YOU GO THE PEANUTS WE'LL GET THEM SHELLED BY THE TIME JIM GETS HERE WITH THE RING
NICK HAS PLENTY OF PEANUTS - HE FOUND A WHOLE BAG OF THEM LAST WEEK.
COUNTIN' TWO TO A SHELL IT WILL TAKE ABOUT THREE MORE TRIPS TO GET ENOUGH
TERRIBLE TOUGH SHELLS
HERE ARE THE TWENTY-FIVE PEANUTS JIM
ALL RIGHT I'LL BRING THE RING IN A JIFFY
IT'S A DIAMOND RING
HERE'S THE RING



The Lady of Fashion's Rose

"I SAW the prettiest rosebud today," said the Lady of Fashion one warm evening while several of the Teenie Weenies sat on the tiny front porch of the shoe house.

"Where?" asked the Dunce, who was sitting on a hickory nut near by and amusing himself by shooting at mosquitoes with his tiny slingshot.

"Back of that big brown house on the next street," answered the Lady of Fashion. "But don't you try to get it, for it is on a very high stem and you might break your foolish neck. We just couldn't get along without our Dunce."

The Dunce grinned and took a quick shot at a fat mosquito, but it was plain to see, from his expression, that an idea had started buzzing around in his small head.

The next morning, after the Dunce had wiped the breakfast dishes, he asked the Sailor and the Chinaman if they would help him get the rosebud which the Lady of Fashion had admired. They readily agreed to help, for all the Teenie Weenies were very fond of the Lady of Fashion.

"We'll need a saw and some rope," said the Dunce. "We can climb the stem and tie a rope around the bud so it won't fall and get damaged when we saw it off."

The three Teenie Weenies found a saw and some rope which they carried to the rosebush. "Now I will climb up first with the saw, and you," said the Dunce, motioning toward the Chinaman, "can follow with the rope."

The two little chaps slowly made their way up the long stem, being careful not to get pricked by the sharp thorns. The slender stem swayed dangerously with their weight. They had almost reached the bud when a big bee came buzzing straight toward the Chinaman. The little chap dodged and lost his hold on the stem, but fortunately his shirt caught on a sharp thorn and held him dangling high above the ground.

"Hold on until I chase the bee off," yelled the Dunce, waving the saw above his head.

"Don't strike at the bee," shouted the Sailor. "That will make him mad and he's liable to sting you. Let him alone and he'll go away."

The Dunce followed the Sailor's advice, and after buzzing around the two Teenie Weenies several times the bee finally flew away. The Sailor climbed up to where the Chinaman hung, and with the help of the Dunce they were able to pull the Chinaman back onto the stem.

They soon cut the bud off and lowered it to the ground. The Dunce insisted on carrying the bud all by himself and it was all he could do. It was a warm day, and he sweated so much with the effort that his clothes were wringing wet before he reached the shoe house.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion when the bud was given to her, and she kissed each of the blushing Teenie Weenie men on their Teenie Weenie cheeks. "We've got to put it in water or it will wilt, and we haven't anything big enough to hold it. What shall we do?"

"Put it in the swimming pool," suggested the Sailor.

"That's a wonderful idea," cried the Lady of Fashion. "What fun it will be to swim around a rosebud!"

New England Family Coats-of-Arms

BY ANDREW F. DONNELL

Hancock

The Hancock and Hanson [illegible] have the same origin. The name is also spelled Handcock, Hancocke, and Handcock. The arms is of English origin and was originally seated in the counties of Sussex, Leicestershire, and Devon. A large [illegible] of the English branches settled in Ireland and were seated in Westmeath. A number of the Irish group settled in New England very early. [illegible] in this generation there has been [illegible] of the Irish [illegible] [illegible] in Boston.

The Revolutionary patriot, John Hancock of Massachusetts, came from the Irish branch.

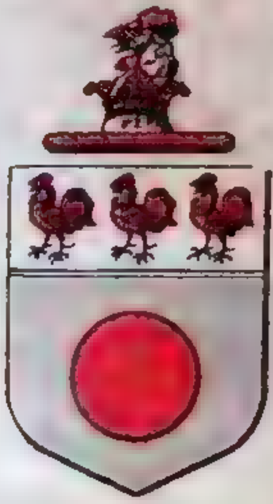
The first of the name in New England was Nathaniel, who came to Cambridge, Mass., in 1634.

Thomas is on record at Hadley, Mass., in 1678.

John was admitted as a [illegible] at New Haven, Conn., in 167[illegible].

Anthony, who was living in [illegible], Mass., in 16[illegible], is on record as having been a [illegible] to the [illegible] of William Sumner of Dorchester, Mass.

Among the prominent members of the family in the country today are Arthur Boyd, live stock breeder of Paris, Kentucky; Franklin Wills, ex-Congressman, of Oxford, N. C.; George Allen, banker, of Los Angeles, Cal.; [illegible] Harris, university professor, [illegible]; [illegible] New York city; [illegible]; and Walter Kirtland, sculptor, Gloucester, Mass.



(Another Coat-of-Arms Next Week)

"HEH, POP, WHAT'RE YOU DOING WITH MY WATER PISTOL?"

BY EMIL A. KESSLER

DIGGING OUT

THE OLD SOLDIER with the wooden leg was always the first Teenie Weenie to awaken in the morning. He usually climbed out of his bed at daylight, built the fires and then called the rest of the little people.

One morning he woke as usual, but it was pitch dark and very quiet. He could hear the Dunce snoring in the next room, and he decided that it wasn't time to get up. "Seems funny," he thought. "It should be daylight and time to get up." He lay down and soon fell asleep.

Suddenly the Old Soldier was awakened by scratching on the roof, followed by loud knocking. He jumped out of bed, lit a Teenie Weenie candle and tried to open a window. He found that all the windows were held fast by snow.

"We're snowed in," he shouted.

His shouts brought the rest of the little folk tumbling out of their beds. They dressed quickly, thinking they would go out and explore the neighborhood. They soon found their house was covered with snow. Finally some of the men managed to open the front door and climb up through the snow. They found a bird sitting on the very top of the roof.

"Some snow!" cried the bird. "It's way past your time for getting up. I thought something might have happened to you. Thought I'd better call you."

"Thanks," said the General. "We'd probably have slept all day if you hadn't called us. It was as dark as night in the house with all this snow covering it."

"None of the chickens has ventured out around here. Chickens, you know, can't fly like we birds do," said their visitor, with a proud flirt of her wings. "The chickens said they'd rather be hungry than to try to get through this snow. But they'll soon get their breakfast because the big folk are out shoveling snow everywhere."

"That's what we must do, too," said the General. He ordered every last Teenie Weenie man out to clear the house of snow. The Old Soldier with the wooden leg was excused from the work because it was very difficult for him to walk in the snow, but he did his share by helping the Lady of Fashion prepare food for the men who were shoveling. They made many pots of hot chocolate, which the Chinaman carried out to the men every hour. They filled half an acorn basket with frog ham sandwiches for the workers' lunch.

The little men worked most of the day to clear away the snow. It had to be shoveled from the roof and away from the windows so that light and air could reach the shoe house.

The Dunce soon grew tired of shoveling.

"With all this snow on hand somebody ought to make a snowman," he said to himself, and promptly began building a Teenie Weenie snowman while the General was too busy to notice that he was playing instead of working.

Then the Dunce begged the Lady of Fashion for an old hat to put on his snowman.

"Look, he's cold without a cap!" the Dunce coaxed.

The Lady of Fashion laughed as she gave him a tattered stocking cap from her rag bag.

Some of the men dug a tunnel through the snow to the wood house and brought in a supply of firewood. It was a lucky thing they did, for the weather turned very cold during the evening. But the Teenie Weenies were quite comfortable sitting around their Teenie Weenie fireplace.

A Teenie Weenie Prisoner

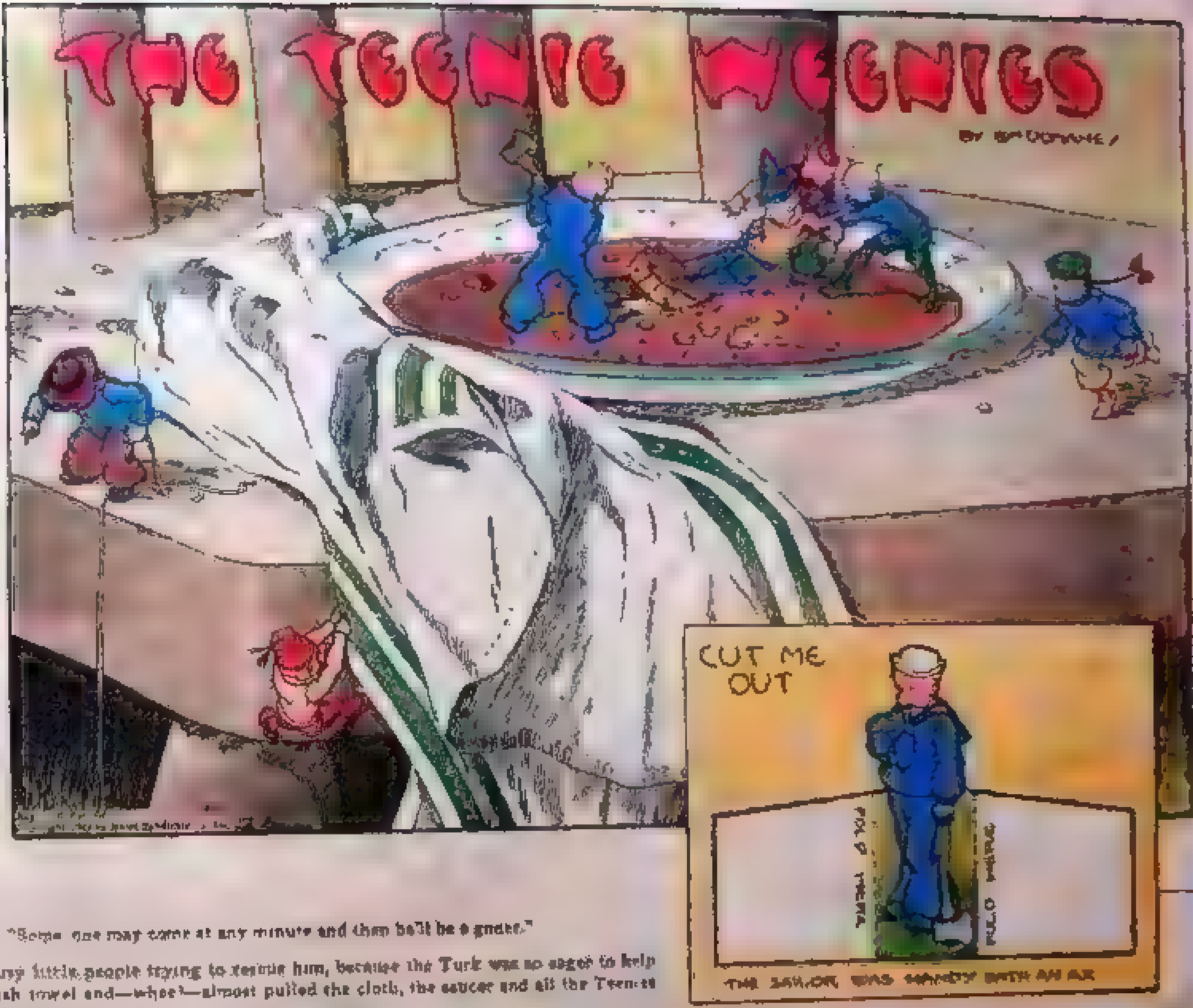
JOAN MOORE and [illegible] decided to make some taffy one afternoon. They poured the candy into a saucer [illegible] out to the porch and set it on a chair to [illegible]. That saucer of candy almost captured the Teenie Weenie Dunce. This is what happened.

Shortly after the girls had left the saucer on the [illegible] the Dunce came along and smelled the candy. Joan had left a dish towel lying beside the saucer and that made it easy for the Dunce to climb up to the taffy. The candy was still quite warm, but it had begun to harden on the edge of the saucer. The Dunce tried to dig up a taste with his wee fingers, but the surface was too hard. He soon discovered that the taffy was softer nearer the center where it was deeper, so he tiptoed out, thinking he could get some there.

The Dunce was so busy trying to get a bite of candy he never noticed that his feet were sinking deep into the sticky stuff until his toes began to grow warm. He tried to get out, but he found it was impossible to move his feet. The candy was rapidly cooling, and the cooler it grew, the harder it became. The Dunce was held there, a Teenie Weenie prisoner.

Now if Joan and her friend had gone out to look at their candy at that time they would have found the Dunce stuck tight in the middle of the saucer. But the girls had become interested in some cut-out dolls, forgetting about their taffy. This was mighty lucky for the Dunce.

The Teenie Weenie Chinaman, passing nearby, heard the Dunce calling for help. He ran to the shoe house and told the Teenie Weenies. Several of the men came running to the rescue. They tried to pull the Dunce out, but he stuck fast. Runners were sent back to the shoe house for Teenie Weenie axes to chop the foolish fellow out.



"We won't get him out of here in a hurry," said the Sailor. "Some one may come at any minute and then he'll be a goner."

The Dunce was almost a goner anyway, along with the busy little people trying to rescue him, because the Turk was so eager to help that he made one big jump off the floor, caught hold of the dish towel and—whee!—almost pulled the cloth, the saucer and all the Teenies off the chair.

But the Chinaman saw that something was wrong. He ran around the saucer as fast as he could go, leaped over the folds of the cloth and with a great big tug pulled the Turk up onto the table.

The Sailor, who was handy with an ax, soon cut a block of the candy around the Dunce's feet. The Teenie Weenies then lifted the prisoner out, lowered him to the porch with a string and carried him home to the shoe house. There the Dunce meekly sat with his feet in a thimble full of warm water until the candy soaked off. By the time he was rid of the sticky taffy the Dunce had decided he would never, never try to walk on candy again.

When the girls finally remembered their candy, they were angry to find a piece missing from the middle of it.

"I'll bet it was one of those boys next door," Joan said. "They are always getting into things!"

The Teenie Weenies

By Wm. Donahey

GOOD NEIGHBORS

"PUT away for a hungry day," is an old Teenie Weenie saying and the little people remember it each Autumn when they store up food for the Winter months. They always bring in more apples, more nuts, more seeds and more grain than they can possibly use. By the time Spring arrives, their little storehouse is usually empty. For the Teenie Weenies are very generous to their neighbors who sometimes need help.

The squirrels usually store food for the Winter and some of the mice lay up a supply of seed. But the rabbits, the birds and several of the other wild creatures near the Teenie Weenie village live from day to day on what they can find. They get along fairly well when the weather is good, but when the storms come and the ground is covered with snow, these creatures find mighty little to eat. Then the Teenie Weenies feed them from the extra food they have stored.

There had been several big storms and the ground had been covered with snow for a number of days. The Teenie Weenies had given many thimblefuls of seed and grain to the birds, and a few mice had come to them to get corn. Three carrots had been given to the Rhyming Rabbit. Now they had little more than enough food to feed the Teenies until Spring. Indeed, if the Cook hadn't been careful not to waste a crumb, the little folk would have had to go hungry sometimes.

There was one apple left and the Teenie Weenies decided they should take it to the Rhyming Rabbit, who was crippled with rheumatism and could not get out of his hole. (The Teenies gave him that name because he always talked in rhyme.) They made a sled from a piece of strong cardboard, tied the apple to the sled and set off to drag the sled across the snow. They had stopped to rest beneath the stalks of some tall weeds when a raccoon suddenly appeared from behind a snowdrift. He was very handsome in his long Winter coat, but to the Teenie Weenies he looked like a huge robber.

"I'd like that apple," he said, glaring at the Teenie Weenies. Everybody waited to hear what the General would say.

"We-we-we're taking it to a sick rabbit," the General told him.

"Well, you can get another one for him," growled the raccoon. "I've been asleep for three weeks and I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"But this is our last apple," pleaded the General. "If you take it, the Rhyming Rabbit will starve, for he is crippled and cannot get out in search of food. You are free to get about and you ought to find something to eat."

"That's right," said the raccoon. "I'm awful hungry, but I'm better off than that sick rabbit, for I probably can find other food."

"You may find something over there," said the General, pointing towards a house in the distance. "The mice say that the big folk who live in that house have very fine garbage."

"Any dogs there?" asked the raccoon, who looked so enormous to the Teenie Weenies that they wondered why he should be afraid of anything.

"No, sir," answered the General.

The raccoon thanked the Teenie Weenies and went off towards the house, taking care to stop perfectly still now and then so that he could look and listen with all his might.

The little men continued their trip to the Rhyming Rabbit's hole.

THE DUNCE CARRIED A GRAPE IN HIS ARMS.

THE GENERAL WINS

"LOOKIE what I have!" shouted the Dunce one morning, as he threw open the Teenie Weenie kitchen door. He carried a big grape in his arms and, dropping it on the kitchen table, he asked the Cook for a carving knife. "I'm going to cut myself a large slice right now, and you can serve the rest for dessert tonight."

"Where did you get this grape?" asked the General, who happened to step into the kitchen at that moment.

"Oh, over there," answered the Dunce, with a wave of his hand.

"Over there in some big house?" asked the General.

"Yes, sort of," answered the Dunce. "It just happened to be lying on a table."

"It didn't happen to be lying in a dish, did it?" asked the General.

"Yes," said the Dunce, "come to think of it, it was. Sort of hangin' around some other grapes."

"It was probably trying to run away and you kindly helped it," suggested the General.

"Well, I did sort of feel sorry for it," grinned the Dunce, "and I invited it home for dinner."

"Well, sir, we don't want thieves bringing their loot into our house," said the General. "You know it is not right to go into people's houses and take things without permission. Now, you take that grape right back and put it where you found it."

"Ah, jiggers!" exploded the Dunce, who was very fond of grapes. "Can't we keep it?"

"No," said the General. "Pick it up and come on. The Policeman and I will go along to see that you do return the grape safely."

The Dunce picked up the grape, and they set off. But he was forced to stop and rest occasionally, for the grape was quite heavy, and every time he stopped he would try to persuade the General to change his mind.

"No," the General was firm, "pick it up and come on."

Finally, the Dunce made his way into the house where he had found the grape. "I found it up there on a big bunch of grapes in a dish on that table," he said, "but I'm not strong enough to get it back up there."

"If you were strong enough to get it down, you're strong enough to get it up." And the General made the Dunce carry the grape up to the top of the table. The Dunce set the grape on the table near the dish and began to argue again, to the great amusement of some of the Teenie Weenies who had followed.

"General," said the Dunce in one last plea for the grape, "the people who live in this house would never miss this one single grape. They'd just pop it into their mouths and it would hardly be a taste for them. But for us Teenie Weenies, there would be enough to give every last one of us a great big slice, and maybe there would be some left for breakfast."

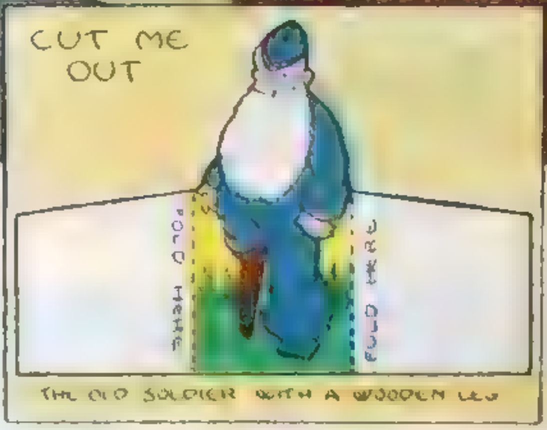
"Well, sir," said the General, "the Teenie Weenies don't eat stolen fruit. You get this grape back into the dish, and then you can go straight home and spend the rest of the day in bed, young man."

The Turk, who is very strong, offered to help the Dunce raise the grape to the rim of the dish, but the General said no, because he wanted the Dunce to remember all his life that he must not take anything that does not belong to him.

The Dunce mournfully boosted the grape into the dish, and the Policeman then took him home and made him climb into his Teenie Weenie bed. "That's where thieves belong," said the Policeman. "When they're asleep they can't steal."

"Aw, I wasn't stealing," the Dunce insisted.

"Humpf!" said the Policeman.



THE RHYMING RABBIT

THE RAIN had come down by the thimbleful. The two old teacups and the saucer in which the Teenie Weenies caught their main supply of water were overflowing. Great puddles of water spread everywhere. The little people had not ventured far from the shoe house even though the rain had stopped falling. Then they received news that sent a number of them splashing through the puddles.

A striped ground squirrel brought a report that the Rhyming Rabbit was in trouble. The General, the Old Soldier with the wooden leg and several other important Teenie Weenies hurried to the rabbit's home, which was really a sort of tunnel under a big stone in the meadow near the shoe house.

They found the rabbit sitting beside his burrow. The Rhyming Rabbit, who had been ready to cry, looked almost cheerful when he saw the Teenie Weenies.

"What's the trouble?" asked the General.

"The rain has caused the dirt to slide,
Which closed the door where I abide.
I can't get in, as you can see,
Because disease has crippled me."

(The rabbit always talked in rhyme.)

The Teenie Weenies knew that the Rhyming Rabbit was troubled with rheumatism in his feet and that it would be impossible for him to dig the dirt away from his door, so they promised to help the poor fellow. The Old Soldier, who was a good engineer, crawled into what was left of the entrance to the rabbit's home and looked about to see how much dirt had to be moved.

When the Old Soldier came out he told the General that the Teenie Weenies could make an opening big enough for the rabbit to enter his home, but that it would take a great deal of work.

"Ah, shucks!" complained the Dunce who wanted to work on a peapod canoe which he was building for himself. "We are all the time helping that old rabbit. Why can't he find another place? We'll have to dig him out again the next time it rains."

"Why, Dunce!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "That's no way to talk. This poor rabbit is sick and in trouble, and we must help him."

The General ordered Teenie Weenie tools to be brought up. The men set to work. Although the Dunce grumbled a great deal, he did his share of the work, for he is really a very kind-hearted chap in spite of his foolish ways.

Before an opening could be made big enough for the rabbit to get through, pebbles had to be pried from the earth and rolled away so that the Teenie Weenie shovels could be used. When the pebbles were out of the way, the little men shoveled away over nine and a half cupfuls of dirt.

The rabbit was most grateful for the Teenie Weenies' help and great tears rolled down his hairy cheeks as he thanked the little people.

"Oh, my friends, I thank you much
For clearing out my rabbit hutch.
I have no coin with which to pay
For all the work you've done today.
My thanks is all I have to give
And that ——"

Here the rabbit broke down and completely failed to rhyme. He bowed his head and burst into grateful tears. The Teenie Weenies quietly picked up their tools and slipped away.

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A Teenie Weenie Artist

THE LADY OF FASHION decided to redecorate her tiny bedroom.

"The woodwork needs painting dreadfully," she told the General.

"Well," said the General, "we can probably get the paint over in Uncle Jimmy's paint shop. You'd need only a few drops and Uncle Jimmy would not care if we took that much."

Uncle Jimmy's shop was not far from the Teenie Weenie village, and that afternoon the little folk set off for the needed paint. Uncle Jimmy always kept his shop locked when he was away, but the Teenie Weenies easily entered through a knothole.

There were many paint cans on the floor. The Lady of Fashion first thought she wanted blue paint so that the woodwork in her room would match the flowers in her wallpaper. Then she saw some beautiful yellow paint that changed her mind. At last, she decided she would take white paint because, as she explained, "it looks so fresh and clean."

The Cook filled a cherry seed bucket with white paint, and the Teenie Weenies were about to leave when the Turk, who was quite an artist, stopped before a can of putty.

"It would be fun to model something with this putty," he exclaimed.

"Whatie mean 'model'?" asked the Chinaman.

"Get me some putty," answered the Turk, "and I'll show you what I mean. We'll put it back when we've finished."

"Allie'ight," cried the Chinaman.

Telling the Dunce to give him a boost, he climbed up onto the Dunce's shoulder, caught the top of the can and pulled himself up. Then, reaching down, he took the Dunce by the hand and quickly pulled that Teenie Weenie to the top. Once on the rim of the putty can, the Dunce slid down the handle of a knife that stuck out of the putty.

Scooping up a chunk of putty, the Dunce handed it to the Chinaman, who dropped it to the Turk.

The Turk piled the chunks of putty into a big lump as fast as the Chinaman and the Dunce could supply him. Soon the lump began to look like a fat Teenie Weenie, and that is probably what it would have been had the Turk been allowed to finish it. But the Teenie Weenies suddenly heard big footsteps coming toward the shop.

"Oh," cried the Lady of Fashion, "take care that you don't spill my paint!"

Luckily, the Cook had grabbed his cherry seed bucket and slipped out through a crack before many of the other Teenie Weenies began to run.

"Don't worry," said the General, who did not scramble through the knothole until he was sure the other little folk were safe, "the Cook never—well, hardly ever—spills anything."

When Uncle Jimmy opened the door, the first thing he saw was the small pile of putty on the floor beside the can. His eyes opened wide in astonishment when he noticed that the lump of putty looked very much like a tiny fat man.

"That's funny," he muttered to himself. "This certainly does look like a little man, but the door has been locked and no one could get in here to make it. A very strange thing!"

When Uncle Jimmy told his helper about it, the man only laughed and told Uncle Jimmy that he had been seeing things. But Uncle Jimmy will tell you, if you should ask him, that it must have been made by mighty small people.

"Nobody can tell me," says Uncle Jimmy, "that I didn't see a lot of wee finger marks on that putty."

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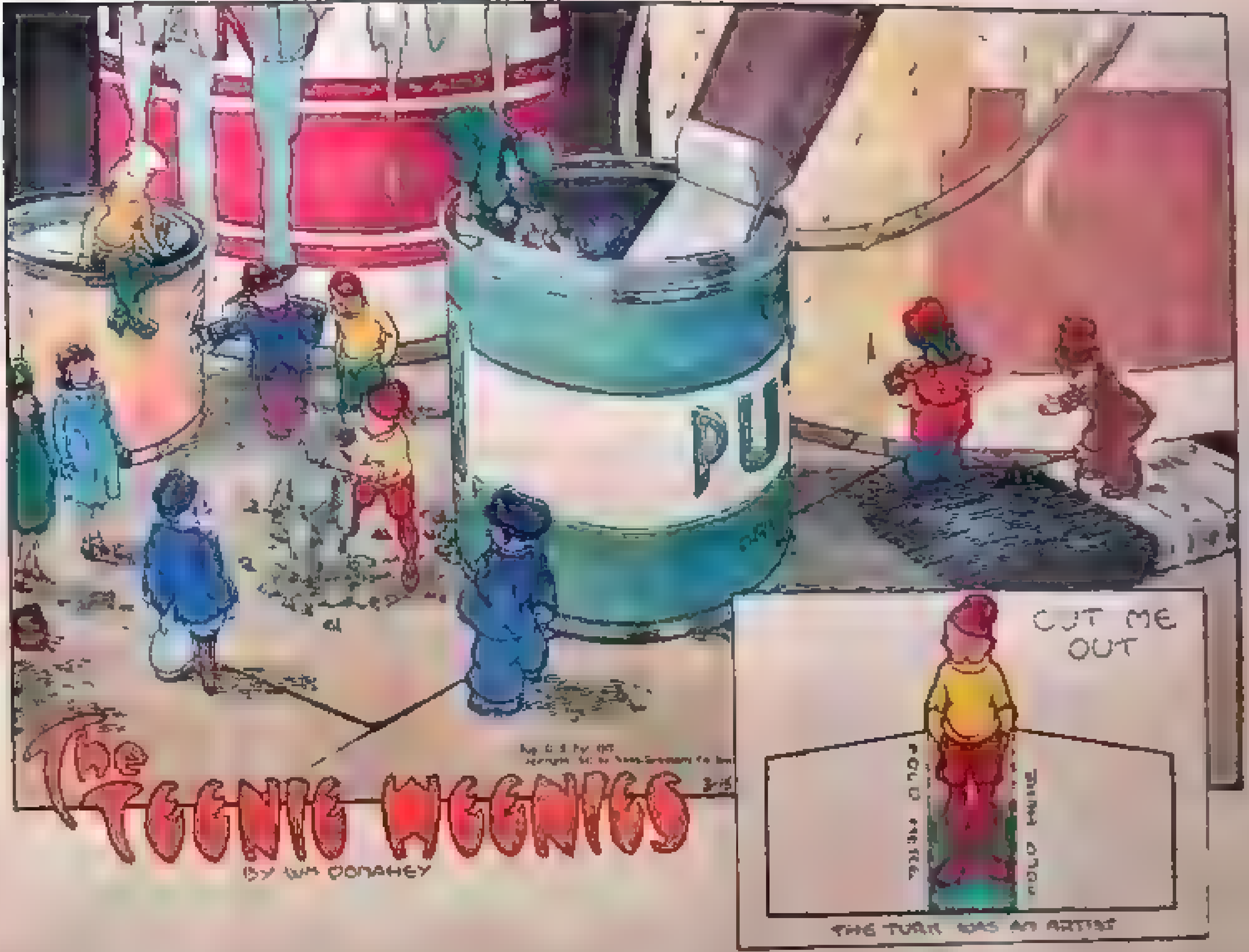


An Uninvited Guest

A CERTAIN MOTHER would be greatly surprised if she knew that the small scraps of silk, which she put into the trash, had been made into an evening gown. Gogo, the colored Teenie Weenie, found them and brought them to the Lady of Fashion, who promptly made a beautiful frock out of one of the pieces which was no bigger than a quarter of a handkerchief.

Party dresses mean parties, so the Teenie Weenie women immediately sent out invitations for a dance. It was to be held in the Teenie Weenie town hall which the little people had made from a man's old hat. The first floor of the hat was used as a school room. For the big dance the tiny desks were removed from the floor, which was then scrubbed until it was as white as a marshmallow.

Of course the Teenie Weenies were excited over the party. On the evening of the great occasion they washed their wee faces until they were as pink as wild rosebuds. It was to be a formal party; that is, as formal as the women's new dresses and the two dress suits of the Old Soldier and the Doctor could make it.

Promptly as 8 o'clock the Teenie Weenie orchestra—made up of the Cowboy, who played the violin; the Sailor, who played the flute, and Gogo, who was a master of the Teenie Weenie guitar—began playing a Teenie Weenie tune which started the dancing. It was great fun waltzing around the smooth floor, and the little people were having a wonderful time until Ginky arrived.

Ginky, a young mouse who lives near the Teenie Weenie village, has a bad reputation. He has been known to help himself to cheese in the houses of big folk, and there is a report that he once gnawed into a two-pound box of candy. The story is that he nibbled every single chocolate drop in that box.

The Teenie Weenies would have had no objections to his presence at the dance had he behaved himself but, like all bad-mannered persons, he soon caused trouble. He made many rude remarks to the dancers as they danced by. However, the Teenie Weenies chose not to notice that. But when he drank with one gulp the thimbleful of punch which the Cook had prepared for refreshments, the Teenie Weenie men yelled, "Give him the bum's rush!"

Several Teenie Weenies grabbed Ginky and began dragging him toward the door. "Stop!" screamed the mouse. "You can't do this to me! This is a free country. I have as much right here as you have."

Ginky fought with all his might, but the Teenie Weenies finally hauled him through the door and down the front steps. Ginky hung onto the railing and pulled it from its fastenings.

The mouse was determined to return to the party. The Sailor, the Policeman, the Doctor and the Turk finally pulled him away from the railing. In the scuffle the Policeman was knocked down, but he was not hurt. The Cook came running up, brandishing his spoon, just as the Teenie Weenies managed to get Ginky away from the steps.

"Now yo' all keep outa heah," Gogo growled, threatening the mouse with a safety pin, "or Ah's gwine fo' to bust yo' wid dis."

Ginky had all the fight taken out of him, and he wisely slunk off into the night.

The Cook winked at the General.

"It's lucky that I doubled my recipe for the punch," the Cook chuckled, "because I still have enough to give these dancers some refreshments."

WRINGING OUT A TEENIE WEENIE TABLECLOTH

A Teenie Weenie Cyclone

ONE MONDAY morning the Teenie Weenie General stepped into the teapot where the Chinaman laundered the Teenie Weenies' clothes. The General handed a tiny suit of pajamas to the Chinaman.

"Be careful of these pajamas," the General said. "They were made for me by the Lady of Fashion and I greatly value them."

"Me velly calful," the Chinaman said.

There was little room for drying clothes in the teapot, and the Chinaman hung the pajamas outside on his tiny clothesline with many other Teenie Weenie garments.

The Chinaman was wringing out a Teenie Weenie tablecloth a little later when, happening to glance through his window, he saw that the sky was dark with clouds.

"Better take in clothes click!" he said.

But before he could reach the door there was a great rush of wind that fairly shook the old teapot. He ran to the window just in time to see the clothesline go down and to watch some of the tiny garments go sailing through the air in a cloud of dust and bits of old wastepaper.

"Gloodness me!" he cried, "Genelal's pajama cloat gone!"

The wind storm ceased almost as quickly as it had begun. The Chinaman opened the door to find that rose bush stems had blown over and had fallen against the teapot, knocking down his laundry sign and slightly damaging the awning over the door. He quickly gathered up the clothes which had remained pinned to the clothesline, but a number of the garments had been carried away by the wind. The General's pajama coat was among the missing things.

"Oh, me muchie shame. Me can't flind Genelal's pajama coat!" the Chinaman told the Teenie Weenies who ran over from the shoe house to see how much damage the wind had done in the neighborhood.

"Don't worry about the coat," said the General. "We'll probably find it."

Several of the Teenie Weenies were sent to help the Chinaman search for the missing clothes while the Sailor and the Dunce put the Chinaman's sign back in place and mended the awning. Others began sawing and chopping up fallen twigs which the wind had scattered around the shoe house where the little people lived.

The Teenie Weenies who had been sent out to help the Chinaman find the lost clothes soon returned with most of the garments, but the General's pajama coat could not be found. Though the General had told him not to worry and all the Teenie Weenies were trying to help him, the little Chinaman was on the verge of tears.

"I'll make the General another suit of pajamas," the Lady of Fashion promised, "and I'll embroider his initials on the coat."

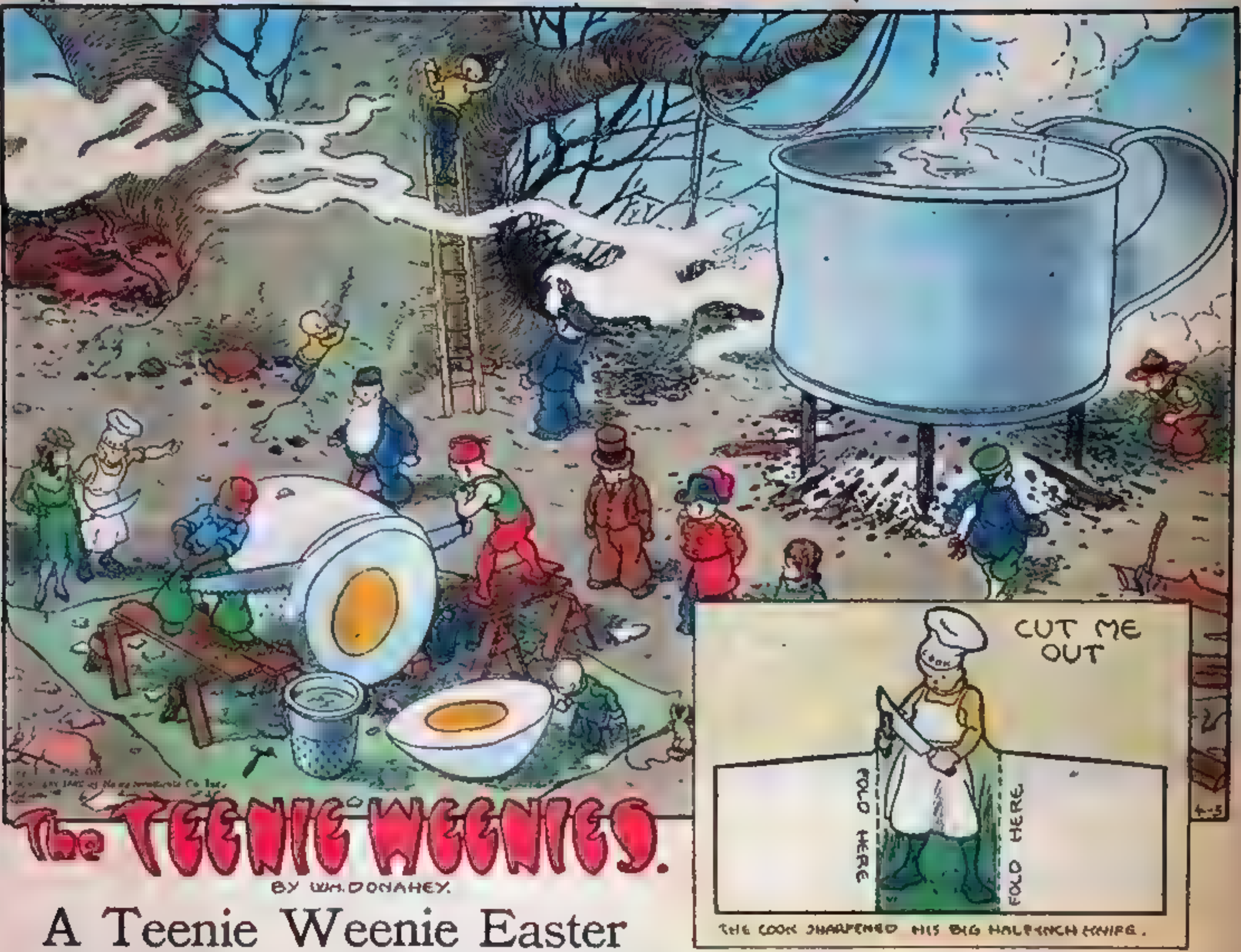
Just then Tilly Titter, the sparrow, flew down and perched on the broken handle of the teapot with the missing pajama coat in her beak.

"Found this on a lilac bush about half a mile from here," she reported.

The Chinaman was so happy he turned a cartwheel. "You wait and me clook a thimbleful of lice for you," he said.

"I don't like lice," said Tilly, with an injured look.

"He means rice," laughed the Sailor, and Tilly joined all the Teenie Weenies in a hearty laugh.



The TEENIE WEENIES.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

A Teenie Weenie Easter

ONE EVENING the Teenie Weenies were gathered about the Teenie Weenie fireplace in the old shoe house. The Old Soldier with the wooden leg had just finished telling an exciting story, the Lady of Fashion was knitting on a pair of spider web socks for the General, and the Dunce was snoring loudly on a Teenie Weenie davenport where he had fallen asleep.

"Are we going to have our usual Easter egg?" asked the Lady of Fashion, glancing toward the General.

"Well, eggs are rather expensive," answered the General, "but I suppose we can scrape up enough corn to pay for one, although it is an extravagance."

"I know," said the Lady of Fashion, "but we can invite some of our friends to help eat it. Nick the squirrel will be terribly disappointed if we don't have an egg. He says that he always counts our Easter celebration one of the most important days of the year."

"All right," said the General. "I'll see if I can find a hen to lay us an egg."

The next day the General found a hen who agreed to lay an egg for the Teenie Weenies. She asked 55 grains of corn for the egg, but the General, after a great deal of argument, persuaded her to reduce the price to 37 grains.

It takes a lot of hard work for such little folk as the Teenie Weenies to boil a whole egg. First, the little people had to bring out an old tin cup and drag it beneath a bush. Next, they drove several big nails into the ground. Then, with the aid of a block and tackle which had been fastened to a limb overhead, they hoisted the cup and set it on the nails. Now the cup had to be filled with water, which was quite a task all by itself, for it took 61 thimblefuls to fill it.

On Saturday morning the hen laid the egg for the Teenie Weenies, and several of the little men rolled it to the tin cup. There it was securely bound with string and then hoisted by the block and tackle and carefully lowered into the water. Great piles of twigs had been collected, and the Cowboy built a fire under the cup.

The Old Soldier had warned the Teenie Weenies that even the stacks of twigs and sticks they'd been gathering for three days would not keep the fire going long enough to boil their Easter egg.

"That's as much firewood as we had last Easter," the Dunce argued.

"Better to have too much than not enough," the General decided. "If there is wood left, we can use it in our fireplace on chilly evenings."

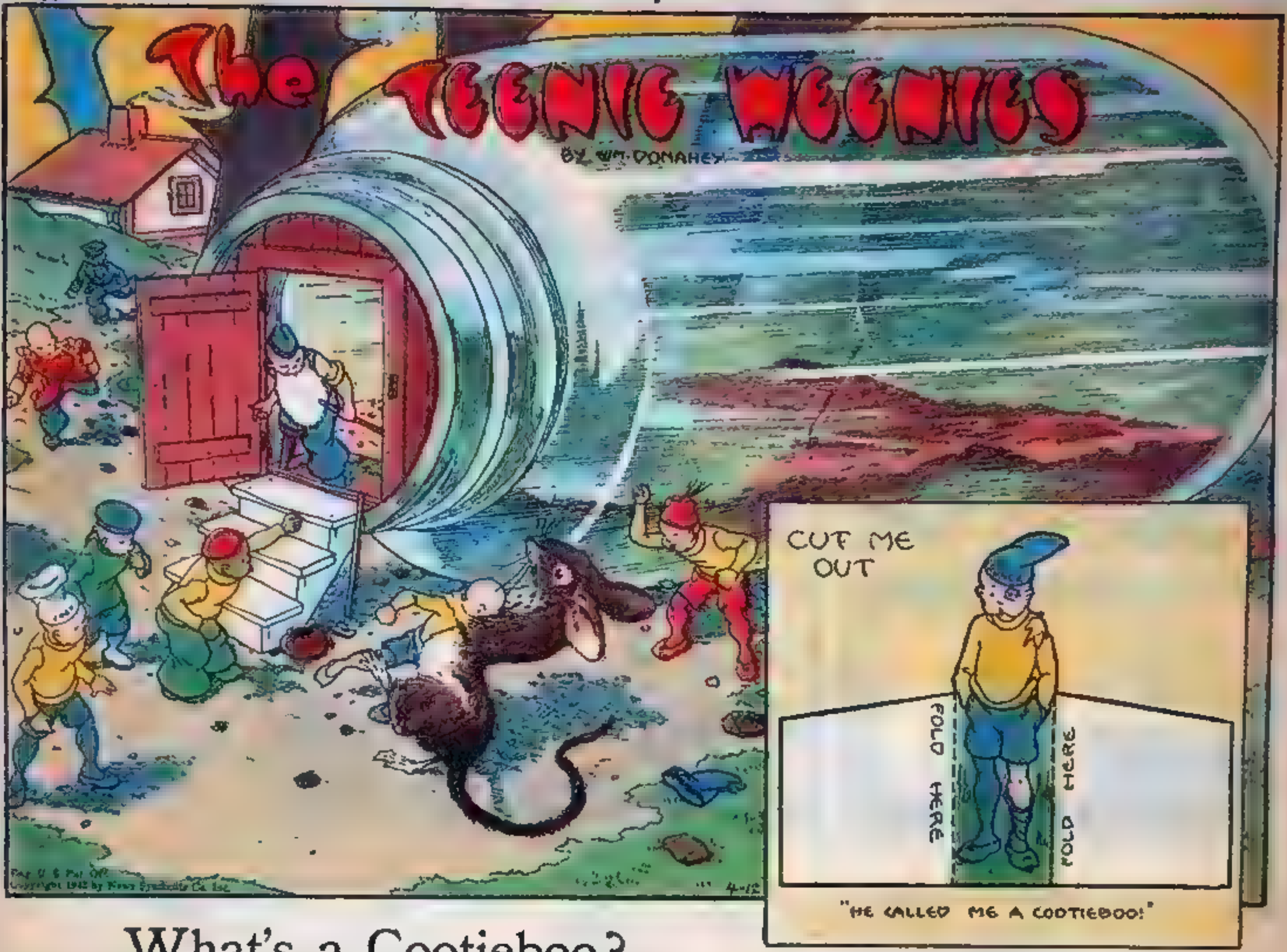
So some of the Teenie Weenies carried in sticks and others chopped wood while the Cowboy kept the fire blazing under the cup. When the Cook announced that the egg was just right, little of the wood supply remained.

"You see, the Old Soldier was right!" said the Lady of Fashion.

The little men pulled the egg from the water and rolled it onto a piece of clean paper which had been spread on the ground. Early Easter morning the Cook cracked the shell with a Teenie Weenie hammer, and the little people soon peeled off the shell.

The Cook's biggest knife has a blade only half an inch long in our measurement, and of course that was much too small to cut the egg. So it was decided to cut off slices with a Teenie Weenie crosscut saw. When the slices had been cut off they were carried to the shoe house where a table had been set up outdoors.

Two sparrows, a woodpecker, Nick the squirrel and four respectable mice were invited to help eat the egg. Everyone had a fine time. But the woodpecker ate too much egg and had a terrible stomach-ache, and the Teenie Weenie Doctor had to give him five mustard seeds to ease the pain.



What's a Cootieboo?

SINCE the night the Teenie Weenies were forced to throw Ginky out of the Teenie Weenie town hall where the little folk were holding a dance, the mouse had been very quarrelsome. He had thumbed his nose at the Teenie Weenies whenever he saw them, and he stuck out his tongue, too.

"Pay no attention to him," said the Old Soldier with the wooden leg. "He's a no-account, trap-robbin' mouse and not worth noticing."

The Teenie Weenies pretended they did not see the mouse when he appeared. He never came very near the little people, but made faces at them from a safe distance. After a time he grew bolder and one day he came right up to the Teenie Weenie greenhouse where several of the little men were working. He stared rudely through the glass fruit jar where the men were putting in seed for early plants, but they never let on that they saw the mouse. That made Ginky mad, for he wanted them to notice him, and he began to call them names.

"You're a cootieboo!" he yelled at the Dunce, who was foolish enough to glance at the mouse.

That made the Dunce very angry, and he went to the door of the greenhouse and told the mouse to go away.

"I won't go away for any old cootieboo," Ginky shouted

"You can't call me a cootieboo!" cried the Dunce, and jumping off the steps, he gave the mouse a push. Ginky promptly knocked off the Dunce's hat, and the Dunce stamped on the mouse's foot. Ginky hit the Dunce in the eye, and that's the way the fight started. The other Teenie Weenies who had been working in the greenhouse gathered around and loudly cheered while Ginky and the Dunce fought.

"If you need help, let me at 'im!" shouted the Cook, who had never liked Ginky, even when the mouse was on his good behavior.

"Come, come, this will never do!" the Old Soldier insisted, trying to restore peace. But nobody listened.

"Hit him in the stomach!" yelled the Turk, who is a very strong Teenie Weenie.

The noise soon brought the General and the Policeman to the spot, and they quickly stopped the fight. The Policeman chased Ginky away.

"You're a sight!" the General said. "Don't you know better than to fight with a fool mouse?"

"H-h-he c-c-called me a cootieboo!" sputtered the Dunce. "And I won't stand for anyone callin' me a cootieboo."

"What's a cootieboo?" asked the General.

"I-I-I don't know," answered the Dunce, looking a little sheepish, "but no mouse can call me a cootieboo and get away with it."

"Are you a cootieboo?" questioned the General.

"N-n-no!" protested the Dunce.

"Well, if you're not a cootieboo, what is the sense of getting mad and fighting over it?" smiled the General. "Only a cootieboo would fight over being called a cootieboo. Now you go to the house and get cleaned up, and have the Doctor do something for that bump on your eye. If I hear of you having any more fights with that foolish mouse, I'll surely know that you're a cootieboo."

Outside of a badly ripped sweater and a black eye, the Dunce was none the worse for his fight with Ginky. The Doctor ordered a piece of fresh fishing worm spread over the damaged eye to draw out the inflammation and the next morning the Dunce's eye was much improved.

Ginky had suffered in the fight, too, for the Teenie Weenies found four mouse whiskers lying on the ground beside the greenhouse. Besides, he kept completely away from the Teenie Weenie village.

SPRING CLEANING

LEAVES had begun to appear on the rose bush under which the Teenie Weenie village stood. Tiny green shoots of grass covered the ground and an occasional frog could be heard croaking from the creek nearby. The Dunce had been lazier than usual and all the Teenie Weenies knew that Spring had come.

"We must start house cleaning soon," announced the Lady of Fashion one evening when several of the little people were sitting on their tiny front porch.

"Oh, shucks!" groaned the Dunce. "What do you want to clean house for? You're all the time cleaning house."

"Why, the place is filthy!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "Everything has to be aired and cleaned, and this nice weather is just the time to do it."

"That's right," put in the General, "and the sooner we start it the better. Why not start it in the morning and get it over."

"I was hoping you would say that, General," said the Lady of Fashion. "I am ready to start tomorrow."

"Then tomorrow it is," agreed the General. "Every one will report to the Lady of Fashion right after breakfast."

After an early breakfast of frog ham and corn bread, the Teenie Weenies went into action the following morning. All the tiny rugs were taken outside, and Gogo, the Cowboy, and the Dunce beat them with stout wooden toothpicks until there wasn't a speck of dust left. The Teenie Weenie mattresses were taken off the beds, carried out and thoroughly sunned. Curtains and blankets were hung on a line to air. Every piece of Teenie Weenie furniture was washed and polished until it sparkled.

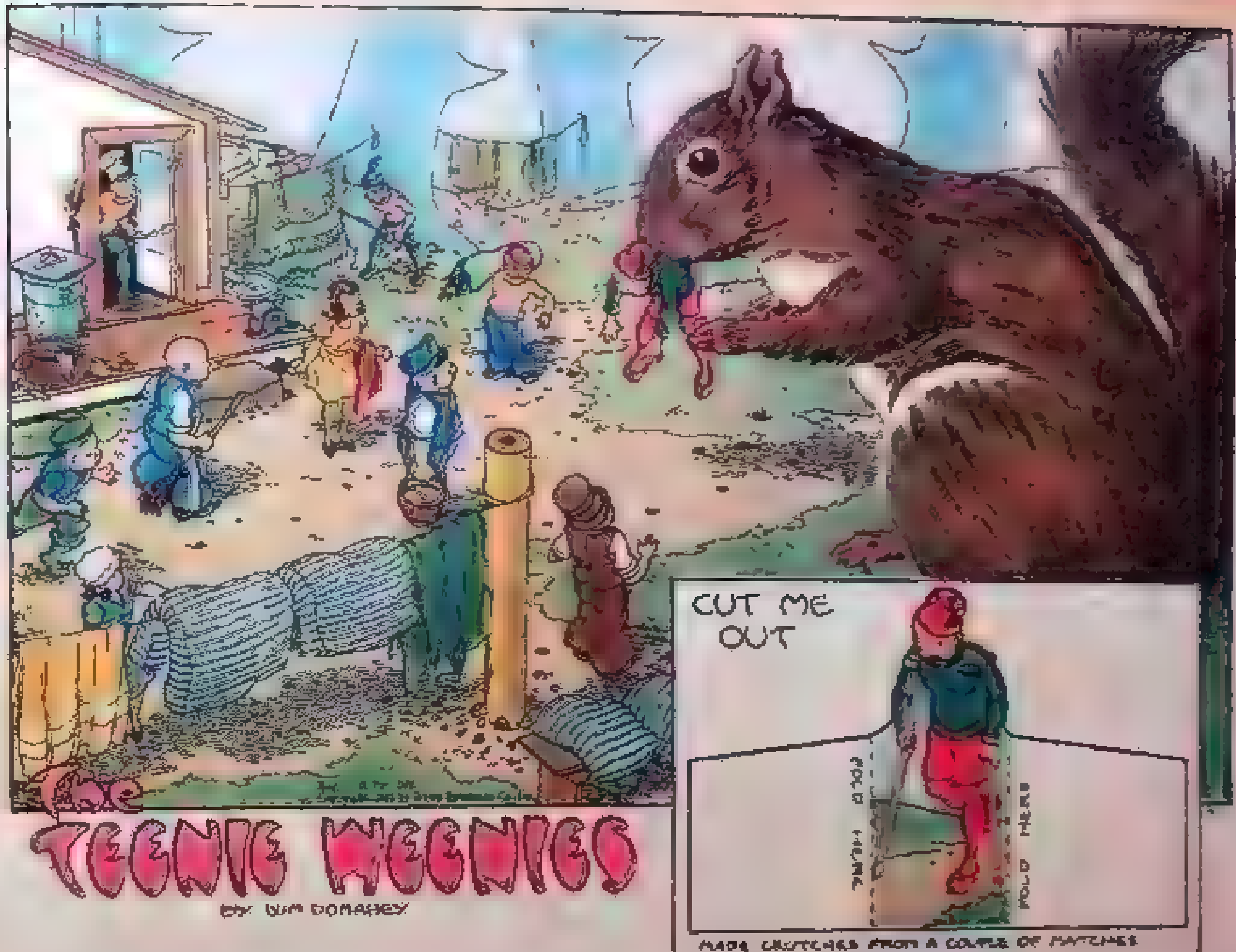
Each Teenie Weenie had his or her work to do. Even the General was put to work and he seemed to enjoy it for he sang this Teenie Weenie song as he swept the stairs carpet with a Teenie Weenie broom:

"It sure is a folly
"By golly, by golly
"To never be happy and gay.
"So try to be jolly
"By golly, by golly,
"And hustle the grumpies away."

The General never finished the song, for he saw Nick the squirrel coming towards the house carrying the Turk.

"What's the trouble?" called the General.

"Oh, I was down at the creek getting some fine sand to scour the kitchen floor when I happened to step into an ant hole and broke my leg," answered the Turk. "Nick saw me and brought me home."



The Teenie Weenies

by Wm Donahey

MADE CRUTCHES FROM A COUPLE OF MATCHES

Nick set the Turk gently onto the ground, and the Teenie Weenie Doctor quickly examined the injured leg.

"It isn't broken," the Doctor told the Turk. "You have a badly sprained ankle."

Gogo and the Doctor helped the Turk into the house where the Doctor did everything he could to relieve the pain in the injured ankle.

The Policeman made some crutches from a couple of burned matches so that the Turk could hobble around without putting his injured foot to the ground.

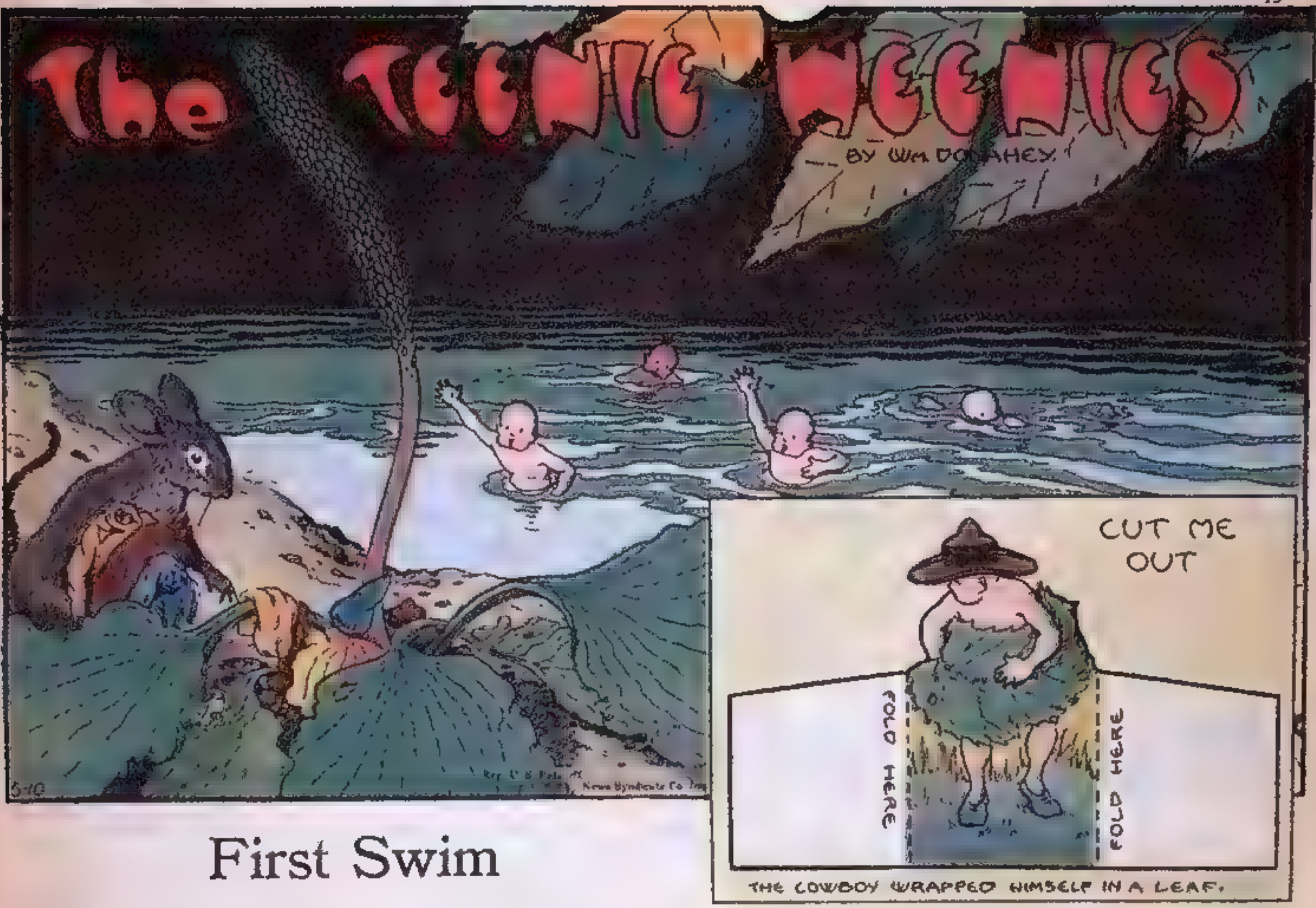
In spite of the Turk's injury the house cleaning went right on, and that night the old shoe house was as clean as Teenie Weenie soap could make it.

The Turk, the Cowboy, Gogo, and the Dunce had planned to take a long walk over to a big house across the street to see some fluffy new chicks. But the other Teenie Weenies did not want to leave the Turk at home while they went on the trip.

"Turk, we'll get you a mouse to ride," said the Cowboy, who is a fine rider.

"No mouseback riding for me with this lame foot!" the Turk declared. "I might fall off and hurt my bad ankle."

"Then we'll wait till next week!" the Cowboy, Gogo and the Dunce chorused.



THE COWBOY WRAPPED HIMSELF IN A LEAF.

First Swim

THE TEENIES WEENIES had seen nothing of Ginky since his fight with the Dunce. But the little people knew that the mouse had been around the shoe house, for they found where Ginky had upset the rain water thimble under the spout near the kitchen door. One morning they found that the Teenie Weenie garbage pail had disappeared from the back porch and they discovered it hanging among the topmost branches of a blackberry bush. Mouse tracks under the bush plainly told that Ginky was the guilty mouse.

Tilly Titter, the sparrow, told the Teenie Weenies that she had it straight from a chipmunk, who heard it from a house wren, that Ginky had told a blue jay that he would get even with the Teenie Weenies for putting him out of the dance on the night of the Teenie Weenies' big party. It was reported that he was especially angry at the Dunce, and that he would give the Dunce a good thrashing if he ever caught that Teenie Weenie alone.

"Is that so!" bellowed the Dunce, when he heard the news. "If that mouse wants his ears pounded down, all that's necessary is for him to start something. I'll tie his tail in a double knot and pull out his whiskers."

"That's pretty big talk," said the General, "and I don't want any more of it. There will be no fighting around here, and I want you to remember that."

Nothing more was heard about Ginky. Then one day he appeared, much to the embarrassment of four prominent Teenie Weenies. The Dunce, Gogo, the Cook and the Cowboy had gone to the creek in search of meat. The Teenie Weenie Winter supply of smoked frog ham was almost gone and the little men hoped to get some fresh meat. Although they hunted for several hours they did not see a single frog.

"Say!" exclaimed the Dunce, mopping his round head with a Teenie Weenie handkerchief that was about as big as a postage stamp. "Let's go in for a swim."

"That's a fine idea," said the Cowboy, and he began to pull off his clothes. The rest of the Teenie Weenies quickly undressed and hung their tiny garments on the leaves of a plantain which stood on the shore of the creek. They all plunged into the cool water and paddled about with the ease of minnows. Presently the little swimmers heard a squeaking laugh from the shore. There was Ginky in the act of gathering up their clothes. They shouted at the mouse and made for the shore, but before they could climb the bank, the mouse had disappeared into some tall grass with most of their clothing.

In his haste Ginky had overlooked a few things. The Cowboy's shoes had been overlooked and so had one of the Dunce's shoes. They found one of Gogo's stockings and then the Cowboy caught sight of his hat, halfway up the bank where Ginky had dropped it.

"We'll have to stay here until night and then sneak home in the dark," said the Cook.

"I'm going to get a shirt from that tree," said the Cowboy, and grasping a small leaf that hung from a low-growing bush, he pulled it off and wrapped it around his plump little body. The other three Teenie Weenies gathered leaves and when they had wrapped themselves they all set off for home.

They had gone only a short distance when a friendly chipmunk informed them that Ginky had hidden their clothes under some wintergreen leaves nearby. The chipmunk showed them the place and there they found their clothes. Everything was there except Gogo's other stocking.

"That wasn't losin' much," the little colored fellow said, "fo' it was mostly a hole in de toe."

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY

Gogo's Bad Luck

THE TEENIE WEENIES decided it would be nice to take their lunch and eat it in the woods. The Cook made a thimbleful of lemonade while the Teenie Weenie women made frog ham sandwiches and packed them neatly into an acorn basket. They filled another basket with cookies and a whole baked raisin with cinnamon sauce.

"Will you and Gogo please carry the lemonade?" the Lady of Fashion asked the Dunce.

The two Teenie Weenies caught the string handles which had been tied about the thimble, and as the Dunce backed through the kitchen door he broke into a Teenie Weenie song.

"DON'T DO THAT!" shouted Gogo.

"Don't do what?" asked the Dunce.

"It's mighty bad luck fo' to back through a door singin'," answered Gogo.

"Shucks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "You don't believe in signs like that, do you?"

"Yas, sah, Ah do b'lieve in scientifics," said Gogo solemnly. "There's an ol' poem what says,

'Backin' and singin' through de doorway
Is fetchin' bad luck to' all de day.'"

"Ah, that's rice pudding!" snorted the Dunce, and he backed through the door singing at the top of his voice.

"Yo' all will see Ah is right," warned Gogo. "Ah can heah ol' Bad Luck flappin' his wings right dis minute."

The two little men hadn't gone far when the Dunce stubbed his toe on a safety pin, tumbled over and spilled half the lemonade.

"SEE!" said Gogo. "Dat's ol' Bad Luck's doin's."

"Rice pudding!" answered the Dunce as he picked himself up and brushed some spots of lemonade off his sweater. "We spilled only a little lemonade."

"Well, dat's bad luck if there ever was bad luck," said Gogo, who was very fond of lemonade.

The Teenie Weenies finally stopped beneath the shade of a low growing bush where they decided to eat their lunch. The Teenie Weenie women spread out the food, and the little folk soon ate every last crumb and drank every drop of lemonade.

They had just finished eating when they heard footsteps coming near. All the Teenie Weenies quickly hid, for it is mighty dangerous for such tiny folk to be near when big people are moving around. The little folk, peering through the leaves, saw a boy going by. He was peeling a banana and, jerking off a large piece of the skin, he threw it into the bush under which the Teenie Weenies stood. It dropped dangerously near them, but fortunately no one was hurt.

"See dat," muttered Gogo to the Dunce as the boy passed on. "Dat's Ol' Man Luck's doin's again."

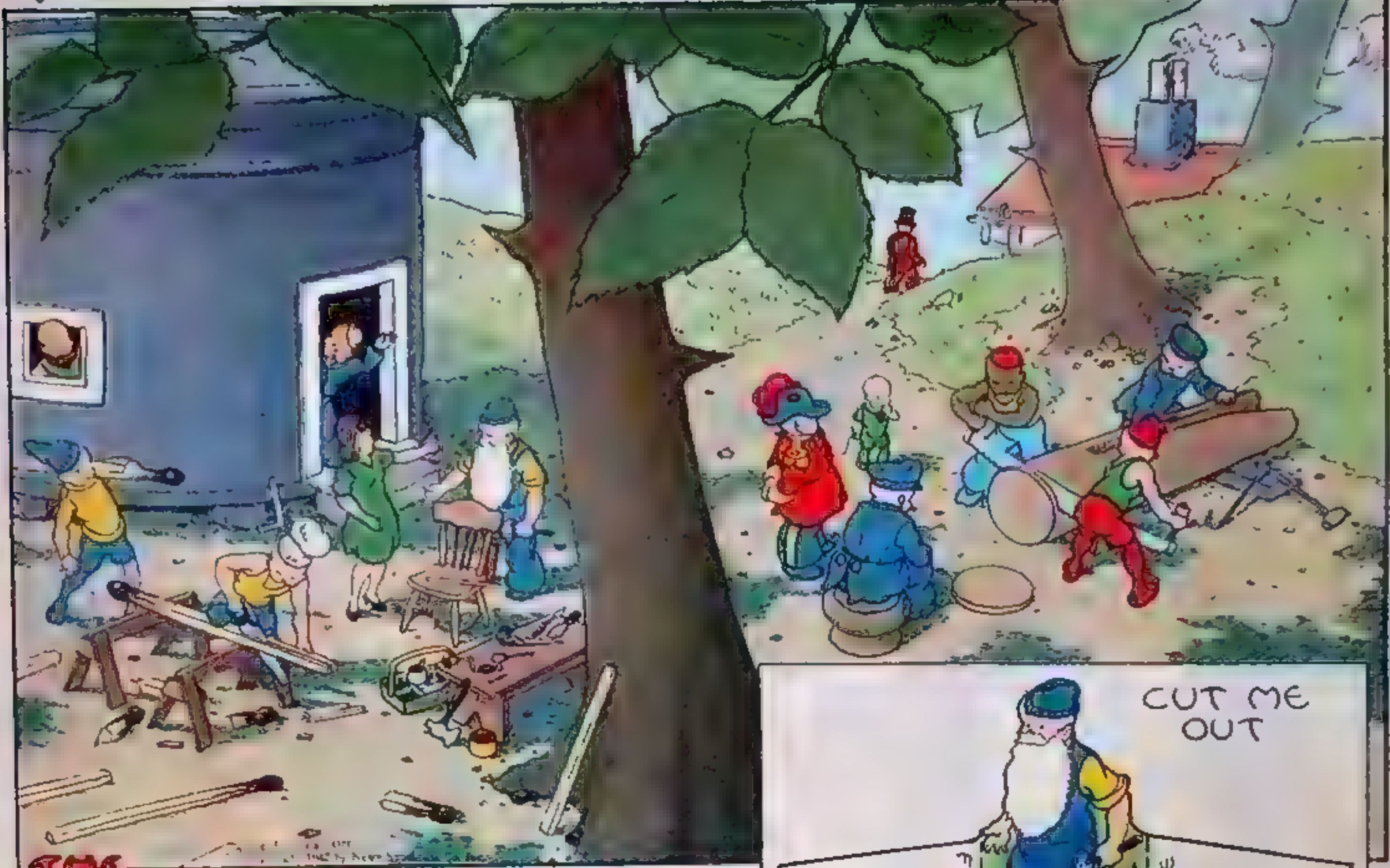
"You're all wrong!" exclaimed the Dunce. "That's the best of luck. That banana skin will make a dandy slide and we can have a lot of fun on it."

For once the Dunce was right. It made a wonderful slide and some of the Teenie Weenies had a lot of fun sliding on the slippery skin. Once the Dunce slid into Gogo and they both tumbled over and over to the great amusement of the rest of the Teenie Weenies. They spent most of the afternoon sliding and they were a very tired but happy crowd when they picked up the empty baskets and thimble and trudged off to the shoe house.

"Where's all that bad luck you were hollerin' about?" the Dunce asked Gogo as they walked towards home. "We had plenty of lemonade—or at least enough to go around—and that banana skin gave us a lot of fun."

"Well," said Gogo thoughtfully, "Ah didn't get all de lemonade Ah wanted and yo' all done bump into me and knocked me down. Dat's plenty of bad luck."

"Yeh," laughed the Dunce, "but that's your bad luck. I had a swell time."



THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY

THE OLD SOLDIER WITH A WOODEN LEG.

Teenie Weenie Chairs

THE largest room in the Teenie Weenie shoe house was used as both a dining room and living room. Most of the little people ate there and it required the use of two tables, two inches long in our measurement. These two tables were usually placed at either end of the tiny room, but at mealtimes they were put together, making a dining table four inches long.

Two benches, four inches long, were used for seating the little folk, and these were very satisfactory to all the Teenie Weenies except the Lady of Fashion. That dainty little person wanted dining room chairs. She had mentioned the fact a number of times, but none of the men paid much attention to her hints. The Teenie Weenies continued to use the tiny benches until one day one of the benches broke down, spilling Teenie Weenies all over the floor.

"It looks as though we shall have to make a new bench," said the Old Soldier with the wooden leg, after he had examined the broken bench.

"I won't have another bench in the house!" said the Lady of Fashion firmly. "With all the clever workmen we have here in our family, it's a pity we can't have some decent dining room furniture."

"Of course, chairs would be nice," remarked the Old Soldier, "but it would take a lot of hard work to make enough to go around."

"Of course, it would take work," said the Lady of Fashion. "Everything nice takes work, but I should think you men would take pride in having nice things in your home. A set of chairs would be much more comfortable to sit in than those hard benches and much prettier."

"I quite agree with you," said the General. "Chairs would be much better."

"All right," said the Old Soldier, who is a skilled workman, "we'll make a set of chairs."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the Lady of Fashion. She threw her arms around the Old Soldier's neck and kissed him on the top of his bald little head.

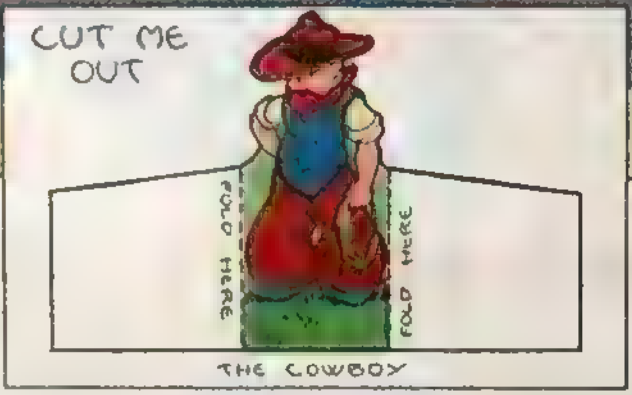
The men started to work at once, and the Teenie Weenie workshop, which had been made from a coffee can, fairly bustled with excitement. A clothes pin was dragged up and Gogo and the Turk, who were very expert with the Teenie Weenie crosscut saw, cut off many thin slabs for chair seats. Burnt matches, which big folk had thrown away, were brought in and ripped up into suitable sizes for legs, rungs and backs.

As fast as the chairs were built, they were carried into the shop. There they were made smooth with fine sand, stained and then rubbed down with beeswax by the Cowboy and the Sailor.

When the chairs were carried into the shoe house and set about the Teenie Weenie dining room table, they made the tiny place appear very stylish. All the little people were proud of the chairs, and the Cook prepared a special meal to celebrate the occasion. The tiny women put on fresh, pretty dresses in celebration. For once, the Dunce washed his face and hands without being told to do so.

"I believe the food tastes better since we are sitting in these nice chairs," the Doctor declared.

"Of course it does," answered the Lady of Fashion. "Comfortable and lovely chairs make you feel good, and when you feel good your appetite is good and," the Lady of Fashion whispered to the Doctor, "table manners are improved. Look at the Dunce. He hasn't slumped in his seat or once rested his elbows on the table."



In a Sugar Bowl

GINKY was a mischievous mouse. He was in the habit of getting into big people's houses, where he thought nothing of nibbling through cream bottle caps and gnawing into breakfast food packages on pantry shelves.

The Teenie Weenies were polite to the mouse, but they had little to do with him. However, the Dunce seemed to spend considerable time with Ginky, and the General warned that happy-go-lucky Teenie Weenie that he would get into trouble sooner or later if he continued to run around with the mouse.

"Ah, Ginky is all right," the Dunce insisted. "He's lots of fun, and besides, I know enough to take care of myself."

"Well, time will tell," smiled the General, and time did tell very shortly.

One morning the Dunce and Ginky sat down behind the tool house to talk. The Dunce, who had a large sweet tooth for such a small person, complained about the shortage of sugar.

"Bunk!" exclaimed Ginky. "I know where there is enough sugar to fill this tool house. It's in a sugar bowl and there is no top on the bowl."

"Yeh, but it's not my sugar," said the Dunce.

"Well, you just said that you Teenie Weenies didn't have enough sugar, and here's this bowl with stacks in it. Why should those big people have all that sugar while you haven't any?" asked Ginky with a sly look. "Do you think that's fair?"

"Well, I don't know," the Dunce said doubtfully.

"Of course, it's not fair," Ginky came back. "Let's go over there and get some. I'll let you down into the bowl and you can get a hatful. Those big folk would never miss a hatful."

"No, that wouldn't be right," said the Dunce. "It would be stealing."

"Aw, cat's whiskers!" exclaimed Ginky. "We could go over to that house and look at it, couldn't we?"

After much argument, Ginky finally talked the Dunce into going to see the sugar. The mouse led the way to the house, and they climbed up onto the table where the big sugar bowl stood. It was easy to climb up one of the handles, and the Dunce and Ginky were soon staring down into the bowl, which was about one-third full of sugar.

"Jinks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "I wish I had a hatful."

"Jump in and get some," suggested Ginky with a wicked grin, "and I'll pull you out with my tail."

"No, you won't get me into that bowl," said the Dunce.

"Oh, yes, I will," laughed Ginky, and he gave the Dunce a push and sent him tumbling headlong into the bowl. Fortunately, the Dunce was not hurt by the fall. But he was very angry at Ginky. "Hey, you bum! You get me out of here!" he yelled.

"Get yourself out," sneered Ginky. With that he disappeared, leaving the Dunce a prisoner, for it was quite impossible to climb up the hard, smooth sides of the bowl.

The poor Dunce was a prisoner for hours before the Teenie Weenies found him. The Cowboy pulled him out with his tiny lasso, while Ginky snickered from a safe place.

"I'll get even with you!" shouted the Dunce when he saw Ginky leering at him from the top of a box that stood on the table.

The mouse only thumbed his nose and disappeared.

"There will be no need of getting even with Ginky if you keep away from him," said the General.

"Yes, sir," answered the Dunce, meekly.

TAILORED A VERY NEAT RIDING SUIT.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM DONAHEY

Mouseback

THERE are no stores in the Teenie Weenie village. When the little people need supplies, they cannot buy them as big folk do, and so they are forced to make what they need. They watch for various things which big folk throw away and if those things could be of any possible use to the Teenie Weenies, they are carried to the village, where they are stored for future use.

One day several of the little men found a woman's soft leather glove. Since the Teenie Weenies were in need of leather, the glove would be useful until the frog skins which the little hunters had secured could be cured and tanned.

Three of the glove fingers were in good condition and these were cut off and made into Teenie Weenie sleeping bags. One piece was used to upholster the Teenie Weenie davenport. With the other pieces the Old Soldier made several mouse saddles and some harness.

Now, the Lady of Fashion was very fond of mouseback riding, and when she saw the handsome little saddles the Old Soldier had made, she set to work at once cutting out a riding habit from the end of a man's necktie. With her tiny needle she soon tailored a very neat riding suit.

The Teenie Weenie Doctor loved to ride, too. One nice morning he and the Lady of Fashion hired two mice, at one grain of corn an hour, to take them for a ride. When the mice were saddled, the two Teenie Weenies set off in high spirits.

The Dunce, with a very mischievous look in his eyes, watched the Lady of Fashion and the Doctor mount the mice. As they rode off, he followed them down the path to the woodland until he was well out of sight of the Teenie Weenie shoe house. Then he darted from the path and sprinted along a short cut to hide among the big leaves of a plantain where he knew the riders would pass.

The Dunce had just stopped panting after his run when he heard the riders coming.

"I can see so many lovely things, sitting away up here on a mouse's back!" he heard the Lady of Fashion exclaim.

Just as she and the Doctor rode by, the Dunce mewed like a cat at the top of his Teenie Weenie voice. Instantly, the terrified mice dashed off!

The Lady of Fashion was left sitting on the ground and the Doctor was unmoused a few seconds later.

The Dunce was so scared when he saw the Lady of Fashion fall off the mouse, he lit off for the shoe house as fast as his legs would carry him. But the foolish fellow was not to get away so easily.

The Policeman, who knows the Teenie Weenies who are most likely to get into trouble, happened to be watching the Dunce when that Teenie Weenie set off down the path as soon as the Doctor and the Lady of Fashion rode away.

"Mark my words, he's up to mischief," the Policeman told himself. So he came puffing along to see what was afoot.

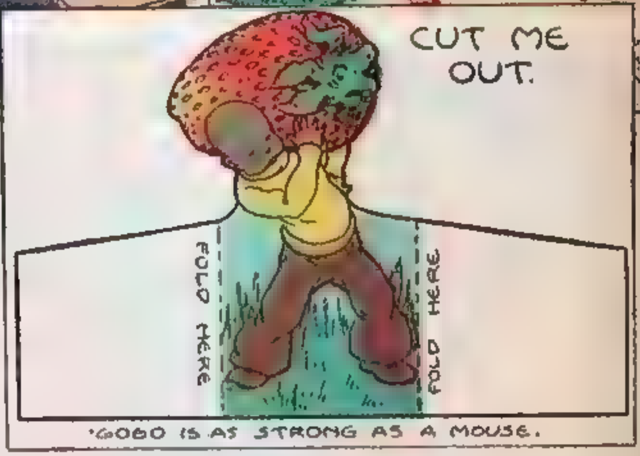
That's how the Policeman happened to be there to grab his man when the Dunce started to run away.

The Doctor and the Lady of Fashion were not hurt, but they were angry at the Dunce for spoiling their ride. The mice completely disappeared, and it was many hours before the Teenie Weenies found them and recovered the bridles and saddles.

"Well, sir," said the General when the Policeman brought the Dunce to the shoe house, "you may go to bed. You'll get only bread and water for your supper."

Being sent to bed was a great punishment for the active Dunce, but it was especially hard on this occasion, for the Cook had announced that for supper there would be a baked lima bean stuffed with hickory nut, and that was a favorite dish of the disgraced Dunce.

The Dunce isn't really a bad Teenie Weenie. He is just thoughtless and sometimes a little dumb. The Teenie Weenies are usually quick to forgive his foolish pranks, and the Lady of Fashion soon forgot her anger. She felt sorry for the poor fellow, and after dinner she begged a piece of lima bean from the Cook and carried it up to the Dunce, who was so overcome with her kindness he shed a couple of enormous Teenie Weenie tears.



Strawberry Shortcake

TILLY TITTER, the English sparrow, is the Teenie Weenies' newspaper. She flies all about the country and her sharp eyes see everything. She gathers a great deal of news from squirrels, mice and birds, and then carries the information on to the Teenie Weenies.

One afternoon she flew down in front of the shoe house and began talking to Gogo and the Dunce, who were resting on the moss beneath the rose bush under which the Teenie Weenie village stands.

"A robin told me this morning that the strawberries are getting ripe," she reported. "He says he found some very nice ones on a farm near the big river."

"Jiggers!" exclaimed the Dunce. "I wish we could have one. A strawberry shortcake would taste mighty nice for supper tonight."

"Ah'd jus' as soon have a nice, big, juicy slice of berry fo' mine," said Gogo.

"Well, strawberry is good almost any way," the Dunce admitted.

"Is dis heah fahm pretty fah from heah?" asked Gogo wistfully.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Tilly. "It's miles from here by wing and twice as far by mouseback."

"Oh, shucks!" grumbled Gogo. "What yo' all tell us about dat strawberry fo'? Mah mouth is waterin' right dis minute fo' a slice. Yo' done give me de strawberry blues from tellin' about dat strawberry."

Tilly winked at the Dunce and flew away while the two Teenie Weenies stretched out on the moss and stared up through the green rose bush leaves overhead.

"If it wasn't so fah, Ah would set mah feet in motion and go fo' to make de acquaintance of one of dem strawberries," Gogo said.

"Well, the strawberries will be ripe around here pretty soon," said the Dunce, "and then we can have one."

"Pretty soon is too fah from heah," Gogo answered. "Ah is pinin' fo' strawberry right dis minute."

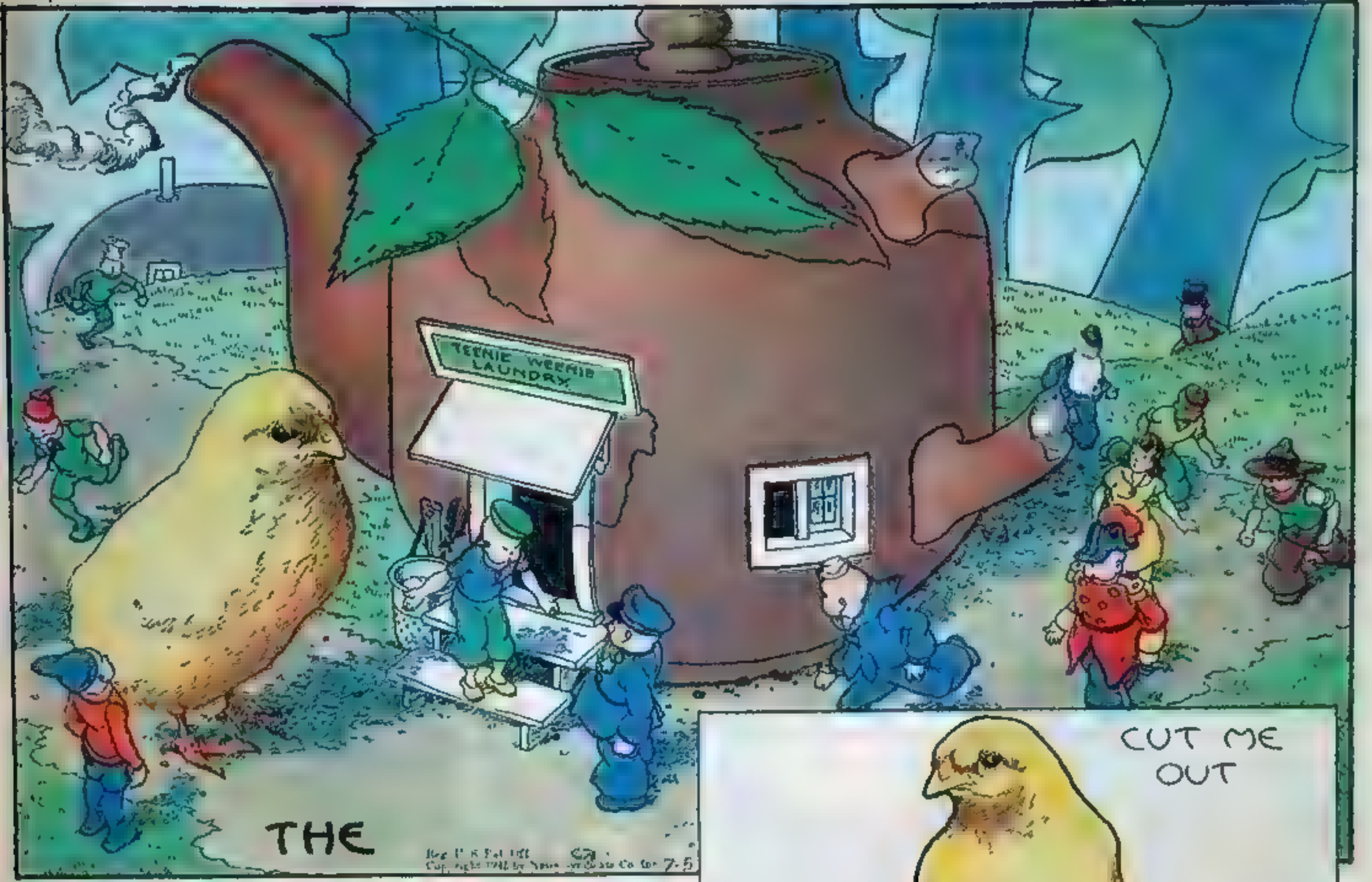
The Dunce became interested in watching a butterfly among the leaves overhead, and he soon forgot all about the strawberry. But Gogo lay on his back for a long time thinking about the berry until his tiny mouth fairly watered. Presently there was a sound of wings and Gogo glanced toward the shoe house just as Tilly settled down on the roof of the front porch. She held a huge strawberry in her beak, and the little colored chap's eyes fairly popped out of his head.

Teenie Weenies came running from all directions. The Dunce was so pleased at the thought of strawberry shortcake he walked on his hands and turned several somersaults.

"Here's a berry for your supper," Tilly said, and hopping onto the ground, she laid the berry down.

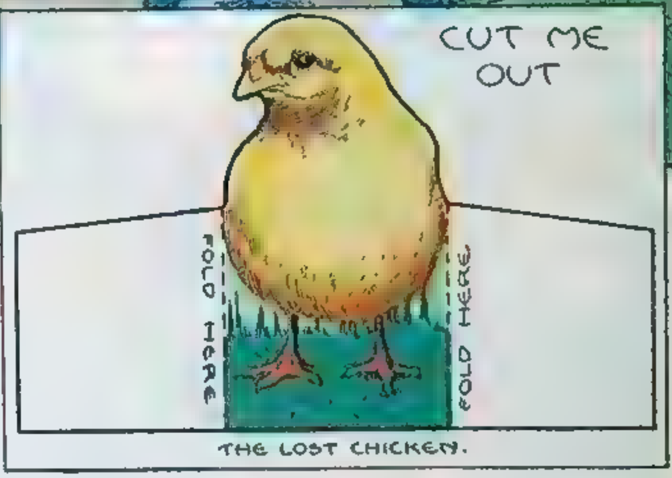
Gogo, who is as strong as a mouse, picked up the berry and carried it into the kitchen, where the Cook began preparations for a strawberry shortcake.

Shortcake was all the Teenie Weenies had for supper that night. Everyone had all he or she could eat, and some of the little folk had too much. It has been reported that several had Teenie Weenie stomach-aches, and the Dunce was forced to take a mustard seed to ease his pain.



THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY



A Lost Chicken

IT WAS a warm, lazy afternoon and few Teenie Weenies were in sight under the rosebush, where the Teenie Weenie village stood. Most of the little men were in the tool house, building canoes out of pea pods which they had found and had dried out for that purpose. The General was taking his afternoon nap. The Lady of Fashion was rolling up a ball of spider web with which she intended to knit a soft, Summer sweater. The Cook was beating up a raisin sauce for a Teenie Weenie pudding, and the Old Soldier and the Doctor were busy on the back porch hollowing out raspberry seeds to be used by the Doctor for his Teenie Weenie medicine bottles.

The Policeman sat nodding on the front porch, looking around occasionally for stray beetles or dangerous bugs that might wander into the little village. Suddenly, he saw a very young chicken coming toward the shoe house. He hurried down the steps to meet it, and the chicken began to make sounds as though it wanted to say something. The Policeman knew that it was trying to talk, but he was not able to understand a single thing it said.

Now, the Teenie Weenies can talk with some of the birds and animals, but very young chickens are often hard to understand. The Teenie Weenie Chinaman seems to understand birds and animals better than the rest of the little people, so the Policeman, motioning the chicken to follow, set off for the old teapot, where the Chinaman lived and did the Teenie Weenie laundry.

The Chinaman was busy with his ironing, but he quickly set down his tiny iron and answered the Policeman's knock on the teapot door.

"See if you can make any sense out of what this chicken says," said the Policeman. "I can't make out a single word of all its chatter."

The chicken began cheeping at a great rate and the Chinaman listened with much patience. When it finally stopped for breath, the Chinaman asked a few questions.

"Him say," reported the Chinaman, "that he went chasing a glasshopper and he get lost. He no find him way home."

"Ask him where he lives," suggested the Policeman.

"Him don't know," answered the Chinaman after questioning the chicken. "Him just a baby. Him no can tell."

News travels fast beneath the rosebush, and in a short time a crowd of Teenie Weenies had gathered around the chicken.

"Ask him what his mother's name is," put in the General.

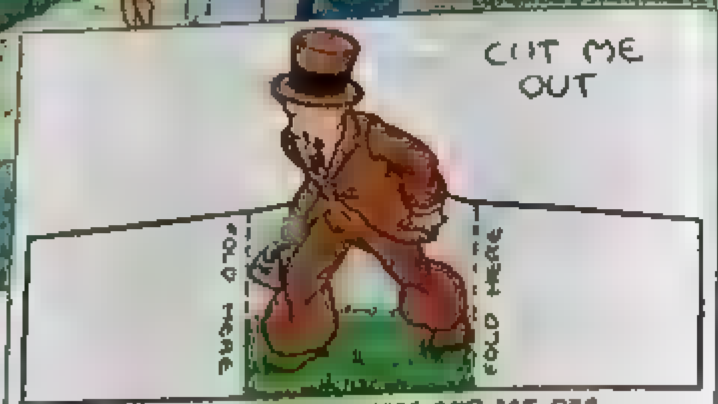
"He say him has no mother," said the Chinaman. "Him say he linnebater baby."

"Incubator chicken!" exclaimed the Policeman. "Well, that's a clue."

"I know where he lives!" exclaimed the Cowboy. "He lives in a chicken house over by the river. The people who live there have an incubator and they raise lots of chickens."

The chicken spread his downy wings and jumped for joy when he heard that the Teenie Weenies knew the way to his house.

The Chinaman brought out four grains of boiled rice, which he had cooked for himself, and gave them to the chicken who eagerly ate them. Then the Cowboy and several other Teenie Weenies took him home, where he was welcomed by more than a hundred brothers and sisters.



TOOK HIS MEDICINE CASE AND SET OFF

A Big Patient

TILLY TITTER, the English sparrow, flew down and settled on the ground in front of the shoe house one morning while the Teenie Weenies were eating their breakfast. "Where's the Doctor?" she asked.

The Doctor folded his tiny napkin and stepped out onto the front porch. "What can I do for you, Tilly?" he inquired.

"You can't do anything for me," chirped the sparrow, "but there's a dog in trouble, and Hi believe 'e's mighty sick. Growlin' and 'owlin' his 'ead off. That's what 'e is. Hi thought 'e might need a doctor's hattention."

"He's not vicious, is he?" asked the Doctor.

"No, 'e's not wicious," quickly put in Tilly. "'E's a wery good dog most of the time, but 'e's a fondness for chewin' up 'ats and hovershoes."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I'll go and have a look at him."

The Doctor asked the sparrow for directions to the dog's home. Taking his tiny medicine case, he set off immediately, followed by most of the curious Teenie Weenies.

The little people found the dog's kennel, which stood back of a big house. The dog was inside the kennel, and the Teenie Weenies could hear him groan. The Old Soldier with the wooden leg and the General boosted the Doctor up onto the board across the entrance to the kennel and then handed up his medicine case.

The dog lay stretched out on the floor, and it was plain to be seen that he was a very sick dog. The Doctor asked many questions, but the only answers he received were groans. Finally, the Doctor persuaded the dog to hold up his head and open his mouth.

"Open it wide," said the Doctor. "I want to examine your tongue."

The dog opened his mouth so wide that it somewhat frightened the little folk, but the Doctor stepped boldly near and looked at the huge tongue carefully.

"Looks to me as though you have been eating something that has not agreed with you," said the Doctor. "Have you been eating any overshoes lately?"

The dog nodded his head and mumbled something that sounded like "Yes."

"That's very bad for you," said the Doctor, "but we'll get you a dose of saw grass. You can eat that and I think you'll be better. Nothing is as good as a dose of saw grass for rubber eating."

At this moment there were loud yells from the Dunce, who had fallen into the dog's food pan. The Chinaman had given him a boost up to the rim of the pan with such a mighty push that the Dunce had gone on over the edge into the messy food that half filled the pan. He was fished out, ordered to go home and take a bath while the rest of the little men went in search of saw grass. They soon returned with several long blades of the grass, which they carried into the dog kennel.

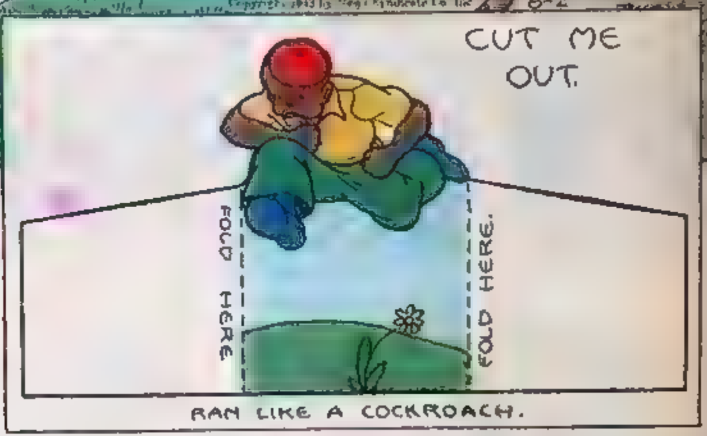
"Now you eat that grass," said the Doctor, "and I will come back this evening to see you."

That evening the Doctor returned to the dog kennel and found the patient much better. He had even eaten a little of the food in his pan.

"Feeling better?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the dog. "That saw grass fixed me up. I heaved up nearly a pair of overshoes."

"Well, don't eat any more rubber and you'll be all right," said the Doctor.



THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY

There's That Mouse

THE Teenie Weenies were very fond of ice cream, but they did not have it often, for they had to make it and they seldom could get ice.

The Old Soldier with the wooden leg had made a handsome freezer out of an old thimble and a piece of small tin tubing. It was a good little freezer, but it would not keep the ice cream long, because the ice melted fast. So, unless the Teenie Weenies had a great supply of ice to keep the ice cream packed, they always had to eat it in a hurry.

One hot day the Dunce found a piece of ice about the size of a baseball. It had fallen from an ice wagon, and the Dunce ran to the Teenie Weenie village with the news. A number of the little men brought out Teenie Weenie axes and picks and hurried to the piece of ice. They hacked off several large pieces and carried them to a cool, shady place beneath the rosebush.

"Get the freezer out," shouted the Dunce, "and we'll make some ice cream."

"Let's have a picnic," suggested the Lady of Fashion.

"Ah, shucks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "By the time you women get all the things ready for a picnic, the ice cream will be melted."

"We'll make sandwiches and have everything ready by the time you men have the ice cream frozen," said the Lady of Fashion. "We have plenty of cookies, and we can take along a jar of raisin sauce for the ice cream."

"I think that would be fine," put in the General. "We can take along extra ice and keep the ice cream frozen until we are ready to eat it."

"Well, I don't see why you want to keep ice cream," said the Dunce. "Ice cream ought to be et right away."

"Et!" cried the Lady of Fashion, glancing toward the Dunce. "That's terribly bad grammar. You should say eaten."

"O. K.," grinned the Dunce. "I'll eaten ice cream any time I get a chance."

"You're impossible!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion, and she hurried into the Teenie Weenie kitchen, where she began making great stacks of smoked frog ham sandwiches.

The Cook prepared the mixture which was to be frozen into ice cream, while some of the men shaved off the ice and put the freezer in shape. When the cream was frozen, the Teenie Weenie women had packed several acorn baskets with good things to eat.

The little people promptly set off for their favorite picnic place, the "Mushroom Grove," which was only a short walk from the Teenie Weenie village. As they drew near the place, the Lady of Fashion saw Ginky, the mouse, dodge behind a big stone.

"There's that mouse," she said. "We'd better watch him."

"Oh, Ginky won't bother us," the Dunce assured her. "Just don't pay any attention to him."

When the Teenie Weenies reached the picnic grounds they set the ice cream freezer in a shady place behind a big mushroom, and while the Teenie women spread out a big Teenie Weenie tablecloth on the soft moss, some of the men went back to the shoe house for an extra supply of ice to keep the ice cream in good condition. Gogo and the Dunce stayed with the women to help with the work. The Dunce didn't do much except eat cookies, but Gogo really helped with the work, and it was a mighty lucky thing that he was there, for he saved the ice cream.

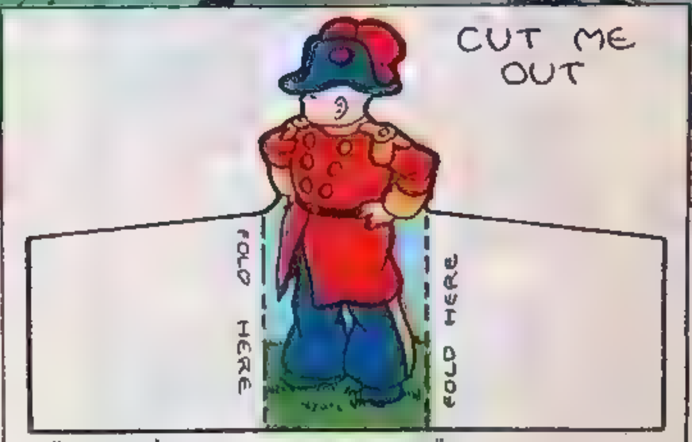
Ginky sneaked up behind a big stick that lay near by, and suddenly leaping over it he rushed in, grabbed the ice cream freezer and made off. Now, Gogo can run like a cockroach. In a few jumps he caught Ginky by his long tail and gave it a mighty twist. Ginky let out a squeal, dropped the freezer and disappeared.

There was no damage done to the ice cream except for the loss of a little cracked ice. That was soon replaced.

Thanks to Gogo, all the little folk had plenty of ice cream.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY



"WE DON'T WANT ANY ACCIDENTS," THE GENERAL SAID.

PEA POD CANOES

FOR several days there had been much activity under the rosebush where the Teenie Weenies lived. The peas which the little people had planted in their garden were ripe. The huge pods were cut away from the vine with Teenie Weenie axes and carried under the rosebush, where they were carefully slit open along one side and the fat green peas lifted out. Most of the peas were to be dried and put away for next Winter's use. However, the Teenie Weenies always eat some of the peas fresh, and how the little folk do enjoy them!

Peas are a very important crop to the Teenie Weenies. Of course, the food they supply is most important, but the big pods also supply the little people with transportation. When the peas are removed the pods are carefully dried and then coated with a waterproof liquid which is made from the milk, or sap, of the dandelion plant. Tiny seats, ribs and floor boards are then added to make a very nice little canoe that will safely carry two Teenie Weenies. Most of the Teenie Weenies know how to build pea pod canoes and they always try to see who can make the best boat.

It takes over a week to make one of the pea pod canoes. Of course, the little folk are always anxious to put them in the water at once to try them out. But for several days before the canoes were finished there came very hard rains, and the water was so high and swift in the creek that the General considered it unsafe for such tiny craft.

"You must wait until the water goes down," the General warned. "We don't want to invite any Teenie Weenie accidents."

"Yes, that's right," agreed the Sailor, who was an expert canoeman. "There are always lots of floating things in the creek when the water is high. A floating twig or a clothespin can very easily upset a canoe!"

"Why can't we try out the canoes in a pan of water?" asked the Dunce. "I know where there is a pan of drinking water in a chicken yard. The chickens who live there wouldn't care if we used it."

"That's not a very good place," said the Turk. "There's hardly enough room to turn a canoe around in a pan of water. The creek will settle down in a day or two, and then we can have a real place to try the canoes out."

"Well," urged the Dunce, who was always impatient, "couldn't we use the swimming pool?"

"That's silly!" exclaimed the Cook. "How in the name of common sense are you going to try out a canoe in a sauce dish? I agree with the General that we'd better wait until the creek is safe."

The Teenie Weenies watched the creek carefully. In a couple of days the water began to fall. Then it rained again and the water was higher than ever. The little people were greatly disappointed, but the very next day the Chinaman brought news that filled them all with joy.

"Me find place for canoe. Allee same hose makin' big lake over there," shouted the Chinaman, pointing with his tiny finger. "Muchie water for canoe."

"Where is this lake?" asked the Turk.

"Flollow me. Me show where lake is," said the Chinaman, and he set off, followed by several of the Teenie Weenies.

The Chinaman led the little men to a spot in the garden back of a big house, where they saw a garden hose lying on the ground. The little boy and girl who lived in the house had been playing you-spray-me-and-I'll-spray-you in their bathing suits and forgot to shut the water off carefully when they went to dress. Water was running from the hose in a small stream, but there was enough coming out to make a large Teenie Weenie lake.

"This is great!" exclaimed the Turk. "Come on, fellows, and let's get our canoes."

The Turk and his friends dashed off to the shoe house. In a short time they returned with the canoes and with the rest of the Teenie Weenie family tagging on behind.

While the water was scarcely deep enough to cover the toes of a wading boy or girl, it was quite deep enough to make excellent canoeing. So the little people had a fine time skimming over the smooth water in their pea pod canoes.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

THE SAILOR BROUGHT OUT SOME STOUT STRING.

NICK'S TOOTHACHE

"NICK the squirrel has a toothache," announced the Dunce one day as he took his place at the Teenie Weenie dinner table.

"Yes, I know it," said the Doctor. "He has been complaining for several days about a sore tooth. I offered to look at it but he wouldn't let me do it."

"He probably thinks that you might want to pull it," laughed the General.

"Well, he need have no worry about that," answered the Doctor. "I could never pull one of his big teeth. It would take a team of mice to get one out."

The next morning Nick was waiting in front of the shoe house when the Teenie Weenies awoke. The Doctor dressed and went out to see him.

"How's the sore tooth?" he asked.

"Oh, it's terrible," Nick answered. "It ached all night long."

"Open your mouth," said the Doctor, "and I'll take a look at it."

Nick opened his mouth and the Doctor carefully examined the sore tooth.

"This tooth ought to come out," said the Doctor. "It seems a little loose and I believe it would come out easily."

"I-I-I don't think it needs to be pulled," Nick put in. "It's not aching so bad now. No, I won't have it pulled."

"Just as you say," said the Doctor, "but it ought to come out before it causes you any more trouble."

"No, I would rather stand the ache than have it pulled out," said Nick and he walked off in the direction of the tree in which he lived. But in a couple of hours he was back.

"Can't you give me some medicine for this tooth?" he asked the Doctor. "It's aching worse than ever."

"No," said the Doctor. "Medicine won't do any good. That tooth will have to come out before you have any peace."

"But it will hurt to have it pulled," wailed Nick.

"Nonsense, Nick!" exclaimed the Dunce who was standing near by. "It won't hurt a bit. I had a tooth pulled once. It's easy. I just carried a peach seed up onto a berry basket, tied a string around the peach seed and then fastened the other end of the string to my tooth. Then I kicked the seed off the basket and out came the tooth—just like nothing."

"That's right, Nick," said the Turk. "It won't hurt. We can tie a string around your tooth and then you can climb up a tree a little way and we'll fasten the other end of the string to a limb. When you are ready you can jump out of the tree and you'll never feel the tooth come out."

After much urging, Nick finally agreed to have the tooth out. The Sailor brought out some stout string, and the Doctor securely tied it to Nick's sore tooth. Then Nick carried several of the Teenie Weenies up a small tree, where the Turk fastened the other end of the string to a stout limb.

"Now when you are ready, just jump off," said the Doctor, "and your toothache will be all gone in a jiffy."

"It doesn't ache now," Nick said. "Maybe we'd better wait a while."

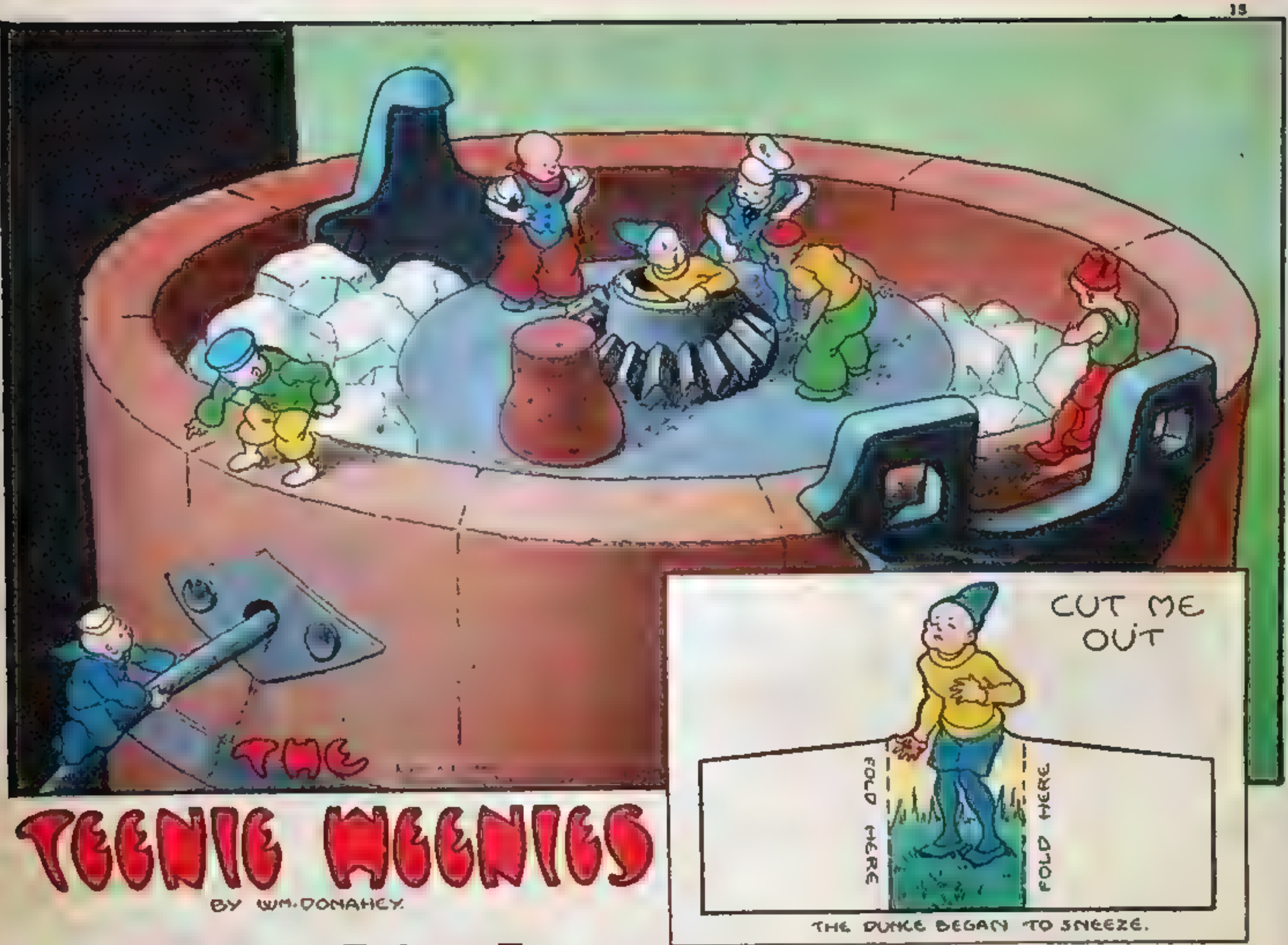
"That ache will come back again," warned the Doctor. "You'd better jump off now while you're all ready."

Presently the tooth began aching again and Nick finally decided to have it out. He gave a mighty leap off the tree limb to the ground, while the Teenie Weenies all cheered.

"Why, it's OUT!" he exclaimed as he saw the tooth swinging on the string above his head. "W-w-why, I never felt it at all. It didn't hurt a single bit. Hurray!"

"Of course it doesn't hurt to have a tooth pulled," said the Doctor. "It's just as easy as eatin' pie."

Nick was such a very happy squirrel to have the sore tooth out that he danced a jig, shouted and laughed all at the same time. He insisted on taking his tooth with him when he left, and he proudly showed it to all the squirrels, mice and birds in the neighborhood.



THE DUNCE BEGAN TO SNEEZE.

100 Degrees Below Zero

THE Teenie Weenies usually knew all the latest news for quite a distance around the shoe house. Being no taller than a match, it is mighty easy for the little people to keep out of the sight of big folk. Since they can dodge into handy mouse holes or hide behind any convenient small object, they sometimes hear and see a great deal of what big folk say and do. Then, too, they often get news from the birds, squirrels and mice.

One day the Dunce discovered there was to be a party for a little girl in the neighborhood. "They're going to have ice cream," the Dunce reported.

"Lawsy!" exclaimed Gogo. "Ice cream would be right tasty on a hot day like dis."

Other Teenie Weenies thought the same thing, but they knew that the General, who was the kindly head of the Teenie Weenie family, would not approve of their getting into big folks' things.

"I'll keep an eye on the party and let you know what turns up," the Dunce promised.

The Dunce faithfully watched the party all afternoon. He even saw the ice cream dished up, and he watched 12 little girls eat 12 big dishes of cream, each one of which would have been quite big enough for the Dunce to coast down on a Teenie Weenie sled.

"They've put the freezer on the back porch, and I think we may be able to get some," the Dunce reported late that afternoon.

"The General won't like it," the Turk warned.

"Ah, he won't care," said the Dunce, "and besides, he doesn't need to know anything about it."

It was a very hot day and a number of the little men found it hard to resist a taste of ice cream, so they followed the Dunce to the place where the ice cream freezer stood. It was easy to climb up the handle to the top of the freezer, and there, to their great delight, they found that they could get into the ice cream. It would have been utterly impossible for such little men to lift off the heavy metal lid of the freezer, but there was a hole in the lid where the paddle came through, and that hole was plugged with a cork.

"Some of you fellows get that cork out, and I'll go after a bucket and a long piece of string. Then one of you men can let me down through the hole and I'll fill the bucket with ice cream," said the Dunce, and he slid down the freezer handle and quickly disappeared.

It took some hard pulling to get the bit of cork out of the hole, but the little men tugged and pulled until they finally removed it. The Dunce soon returned with the string and an acorn bucket. Tying the string about his waist, he caught up the bucket and climbed into the hole.

"When I jerk three times on the string, you fellows pull me up," the Dunce said.

The Cook and Gogo slowly let the Dunce down into the dark freezer, but he had no sooner reached the bottom than they felt three violent jerks on the string. They quickly pulled him up, but the Dunce had left the bucket in the freezer.

"Why didn't yo' bring up de ice cream?" shouted Gogo.

"S-S-S-Say!" chattered the Dunce. "It's 100 degrees below zero down there."

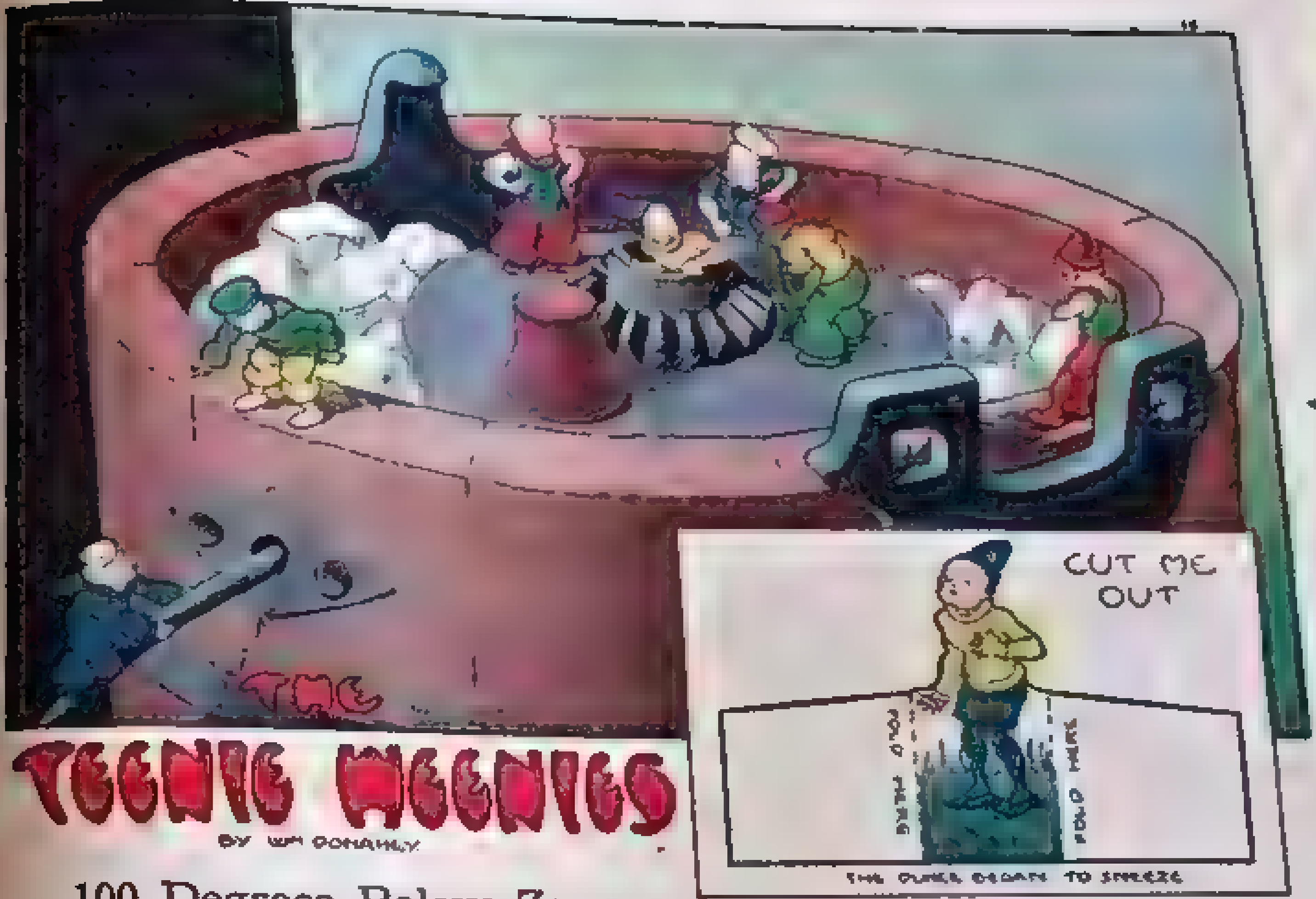
"No 100 degrees below zero is gwine fo' to keep me from gettin' dat ice cream," announced Gogo.

He slid down the handle and in a few minutes he returned clothed in Teenie Weenie mittens, overcoat, felt boots and ear muffs. The Cowboy and the Cook let him down into the freezer and in a short time he was hauled up with the bucket heaping full of ice cream. The little chaps hurried to a shady spot and licked up the last speck of ice cream.

That evening the Dunce began to sneeze and the Doctor sent him to bed with a very bad cold.

"I don't understand where the Dunce picked up that cold on such a hot day," said the Doctor.

Several Teenie Weenies grinned, but no one said a word about the ice cream freezer.



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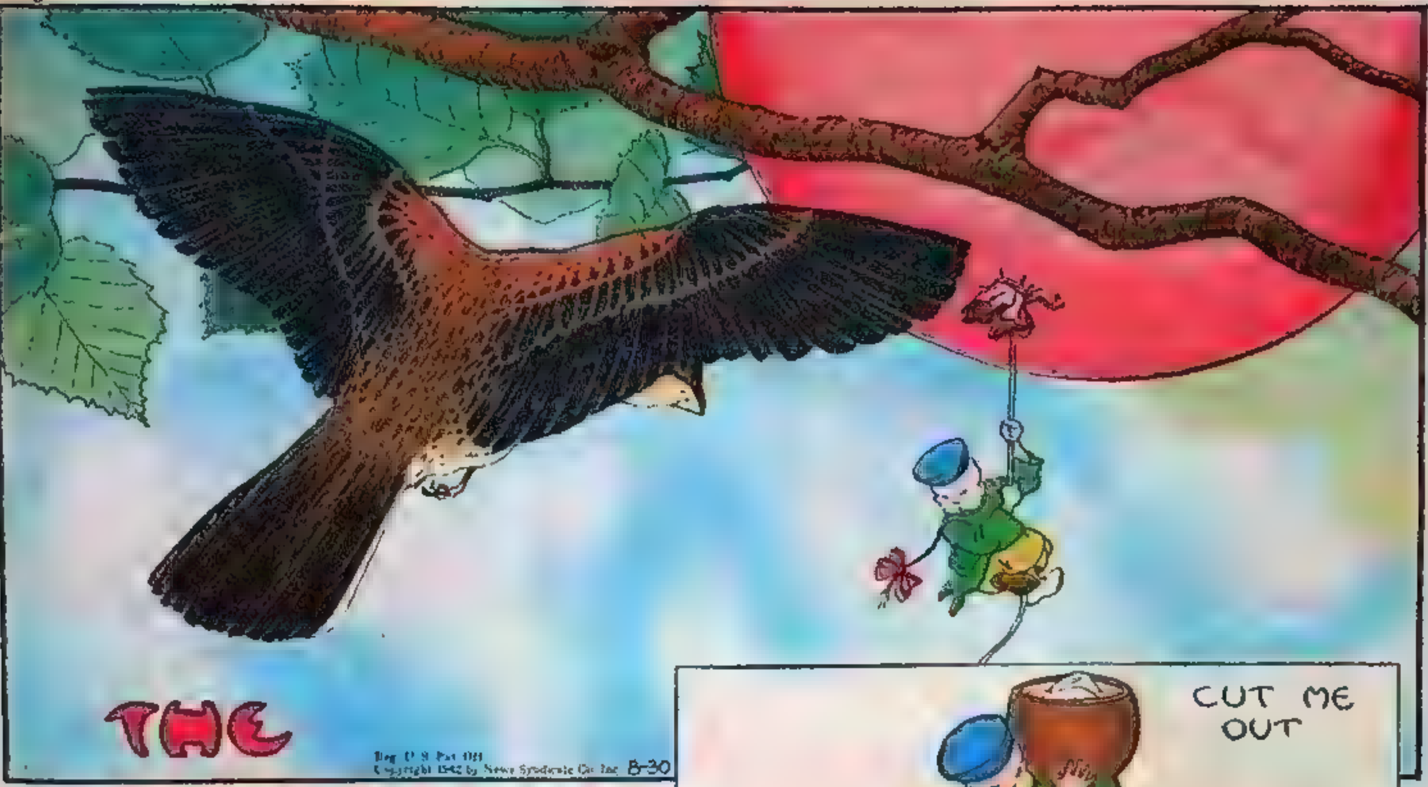
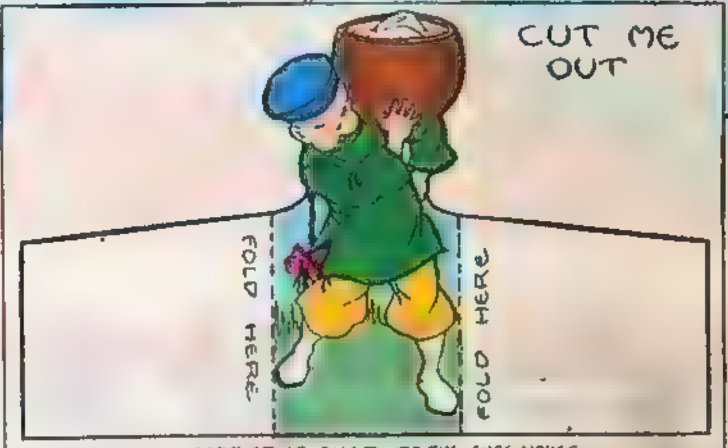


The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY.



CARRIED IT OVER TO THE SHOE HOUSE.

Chinaman in a Treetop

IT was a warm, lazy day under the rose-bush where the Teenie Weenie village stood. The Teenie Weenie Cook had washed the last pan after the noon meal, and he had gone off with the Sailor for a pea pod canoe trip on the creek. The Lady of Fashion and the rest of the Teenie Weenie women had taken their darning and sewing and had gone to a shady spot under some maiden hair ferns to gossip and to do the Teenie Weenie mending.

The Old Soldier with the wooden leg was taking his regular afternoon nap, and the Policeman, the Doctor and the General had gone to visit a ground squirrel that had been badly hurt in a fight with a red squirrel. The rest of the Teenie Weenie men had gone for a swim in the creek, so the Chinaman was the only Teenie Weenie left in the Teenie Weenie village.

He ironed the last of the Teenie Weenie dish towels and napkins, and packing them neatly, he carried them over to the shoe house and set them on the kitchen table. He went to the thimble where the Cook always kept a supply of doughnuts, took one and went out on the kitchen porch and sat down.

"Allie same, plenty lonesome with evely bodies gone," he thought. When he had finished the doughnut, he set off toward the dump where the big folk threw their trash.

"Me need new washie tub," he muttered. "Maybe me flind cap off catsup bottle. Him make vely fline washie tub."

Walking along, he happened to see something red high up in a big tree. He walked all around the tree trying to get a better view, but there were so many leaves on the tree he could not make out what the object was. Being a curious little chap, he decided to climb up and see.

Teenie Weenies are expert climbers. The rough bark on a big tree makes it easy for their tiny toes and fingers to grasp. The Chinaman went up the tree as easily as a mouse could have climbed it. When he drew near the object, he saw that it was a toy balloon. The balloon was caught under a limb. A short string hung from the balloon and it swung within reach of the limb on which the Chinaman stood.

"Allie same," muttered the Chinaman, "me clapture balloon. Me tie string to limb so balloon no get away, and then me get some Teenie Weenies to helpie haul down."

He crawled out on a slender limb and caught the string. But the cord would not reach far enough for him to tie it to the branch on which he sat. He gave the string a jerk and that freed the balloon. It shot up suddenly and jerked the Chinaman off the limb. He clung to the string and the balloon carried him up almost to the top of the tree. There the balloon stopped among some branches, leaving the Chinaman swinging in the air.

"Allie same, me in fline flix," he muttered.

He called loudly for help, but no Teenie Weenies heard his cries. There was nothing to do but cling to the string and hope for help. He wrapped the string around his legs and held on tightly with his strong little hands. After what seemed like hours to the dangling Chinaman, a bird perched on a limb near by and saw him.

"What's wrong down there?" called the astonished bird.

"Allie same, me try to clapture balloon and balloon clapture me," answered the Chinaman. "Maybe you helpie clapture me from balloon?"

"Sure," said the bird. "I'll fly under you and you can slip onto my back."

The bird flew under the Chinaman and seemed almost motionless under the swinging Teenie Weenie. The Chinaman held onto the string with one hand and with the other he caught some feathers on the bird's neck and slid onto its back. The bird flew to the ground.

The Chinaman thanked the bird and went on his way to the trash heap, fully convinced that a wash tub, even though it was only a catsup bottle top, was more important than a balloon.

THE POLICEMAN WARNED THEM.

A Teenie Weenie Explosion

A CERTAIN young lady would probably be interested in knowing what happened to the red balloon which she lost in the park some days ago. The string slipped from her hand and she burst into real tears as she watched it sail away over the treetops. Her tears would have quickly dried up and she would have laughed considerably had she seen what finally happened to that balloon.

It sailed through the air for a great distance before the string caught in the top of a tall tree which held it there. Now that tree was near the Teenie Weenie village, and the Teenie Weenie Chinaman noticed the balloon swaying in the treetop. He climbed up into the tree and tried to rescue it, but he came to grief and had to be rescued by a friendly bird.

Of course, the Chinaman told some of the other Teenie Weenies and they decided to capture the balloon, which still remained in the tree.

"We can make a basket and tie that to the balloon and go up for rides," said the Dunce. "We'll have a real balloon ascension!"

"Allie same, what 'scension mean?" asked the Chinaman.

"It means to go up," answered the Turk.

"Me no wantie go up," said the Chinaman. "Me stay down on ground where it all time safe!"

"Say!" exclaimed the Dunce. "We'd tie a long string onto the balloon and only let it go up a little ways, then we could pull it down again. Why, it's as safe as a safety pin."

"You fellows had better leave that balloon alone," advised the Policeman. "No good will come of foolin' with it."

Some of the Teenie Weenies decided to try to capture the balloon in spite of the Policeman's warning. They dragged a long string to the tree and Nick the squirrel offered to carry the string up to the balloon. Nick took the string in his mouth, and the Dunce climbed onto his back and held tightly to his long fur. Nick quickly ran up the tree and the Dunce slid off his back onto a limb near the balloon. The Dunce tied the end of the string to the twine which hung from the balloon and then yelled to the Teenie Weenies below to pull it free.

It was a hard task to get the balloon free from the tree, but with the aid of Nick, who remained up in the tree and kept the string untangled from small limbs, the little men finally hauled it down to the ground.

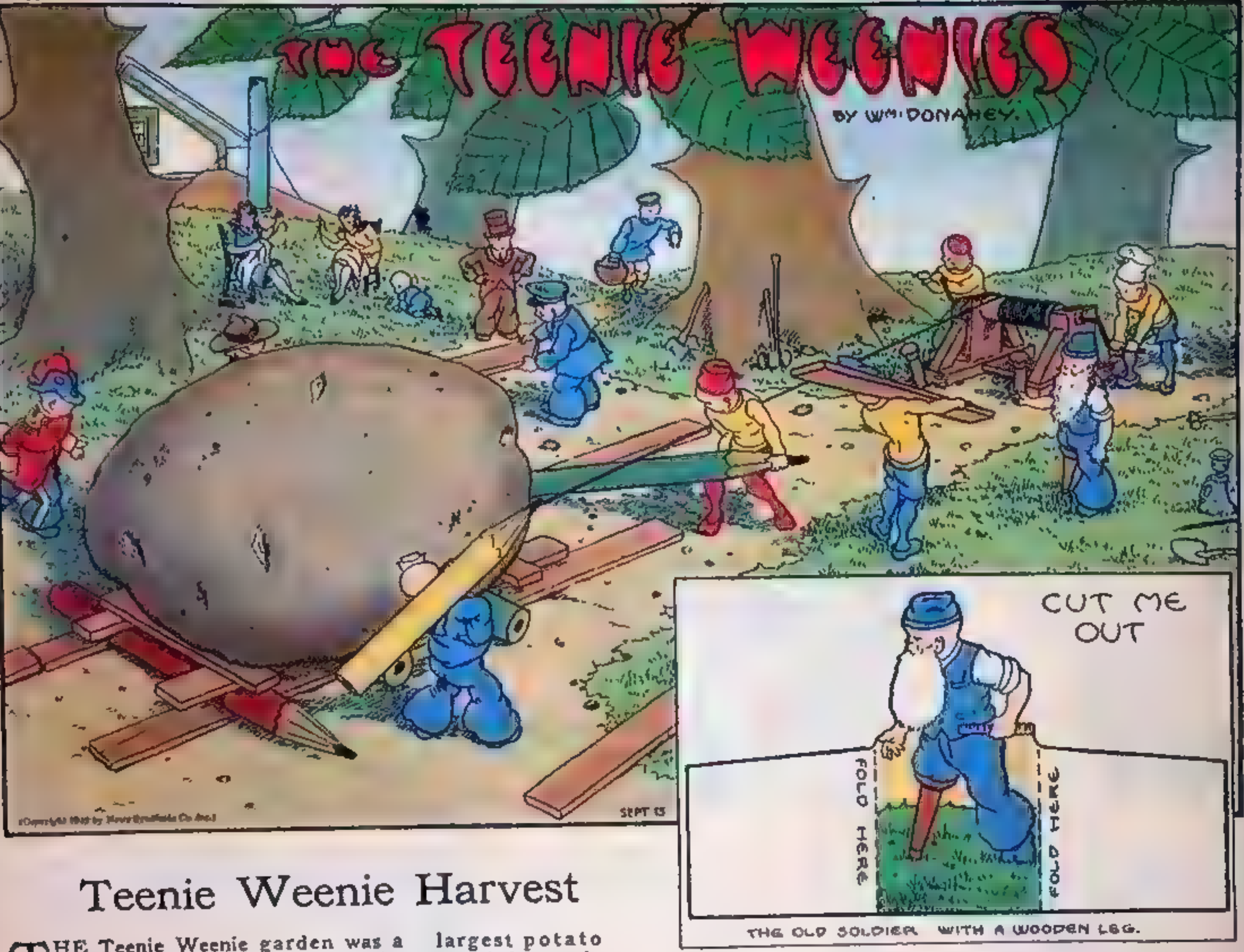
"We'd better take it over to the tool house," the Turk suggested. "We can make the basket there and fix it to the balloon. There is an opening among the bushes there, too, where we can let it up and down when anyone wants to take a balloon ride."

They had managed to move the balloon as far as the Teenie Weenie kitchen in the rear of the shoe house when a puff of wind blew it against a sharp thorn on the rosebush. The thorn punched a hole in the tightly stretched rubber and the balloon exploded with a great bang.

The Chinaman was blown into the air, where his shirttail caught on a thorn and held him swinging above the ground. The Dunce was knocked flat onto his Teenie Weenie stomach, and the Policeman was blown onto the Teenie Weenie woodpile. No one was hurt, but the explosion blew two panes of glass out of the kitchen window and knocked the kitchen chimney down.

"I warned you fellows not to fool with that balloon," said the Policeman, climbing out of the woodpile. "Now you men get the Chinaman off that thorn, pick up these pieces of balloon, repair the window and chimney, and we don't want any more balloons around here."

Now, young lady, you know what really happened to your lost balloon.



THE OLD SOLDIER WITH A WOODEN LEG.

Teenie Weenie Harvest

THE Teenie Weenie garden was a wonderful success. Never had the crops been so plentiful or the vegetables so big.

There were seven tomatoes on the tomato plant, but the Teenie Weenies used only half of one of the big tomatoes, because they ran out of Teenie Weenie jars to preserve it in. It filled 78 two-drop jars and 106 three-drop jars, and the Cook refused to use any more, as he wanted to have some left to put the Teenie Weenie apple butter in.

It took the Teenie Weenies more than two days to dig out the five carrots they wanted to store away for the Winter. They couldn't possibly eat five carrots themselves during the Winter, but they always stored three for the Rhyming Rabbit, who was old and so troubled with rheumatism that it often was difficult for him to find food during the cold, snowy weather.

The little people worked very hard getting the various vegetables out of their garden, preserving them for Winter use and storing them in the Teenie Weenie root cellar, which the little people had built near the shoe house. Teenie Weenies cannot buy food at the stores as big people do, so they are forced to store food to last through the long Winter.

It was extra hard work this year, because all the vegetables were unusually big, especially the potato. It was the largest potato the little people had ever raised, and it took them nearly a week to remove it from the ground and roll it into the root cellar.

Of course it was necessary to cut away the vine before the potato could be dug. This task required half a day with every single Teenie Weenie man working with might and main.

The huge vine was cut off with Teenie Weenie axes. Then the little men dragged it away. Next, they set to work with picks and shovels, digging down to the potatoes. Finally they uncovered one potato, and all the Teenie Weenie eyes nearly popped out of their tiny heads when they saw how big it was.

"LAWSY!" exclaimed Gogo. "Dat tater is as big as our kitchen!"

"We'll have to timber that hole," announced the Old Soldier.

"Allee same, what mean timber?" asked the Chinaman.

"Why, the potato is so big we'll have to dig a great hole around it and put boards around the sides to keep the dirt from falling in on the men who are down in the hole doing the digging," answered the Old Soldier.

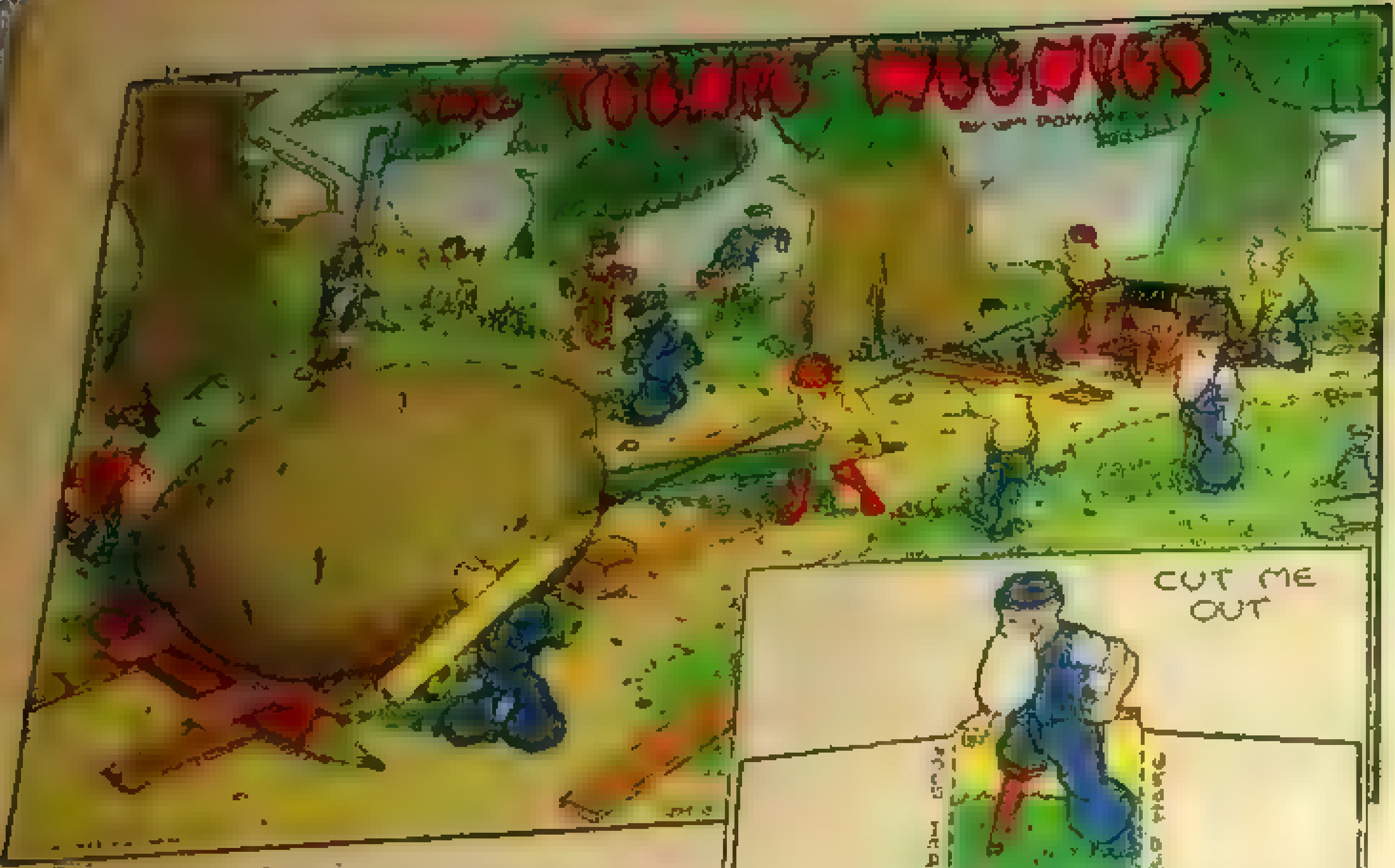
As the little men dug down deeper and deeper, stout boards were braced against the sides. They dug so deep they could no longer throw the earth out of the hole. This meant that the dirt had to be put into buckets and pulled up by ropes. At last the earth was cleared away around the potato, and then came the task of raising the huge vegetable.

The Old Soldier with the wooden leg is a good engineer, but it taxed his skill to manage such a tremendous task.

Finally, he rigged up a big derrick over the hole, tied a stout string around the potato and attached a heavy Teenie Weenie block and tackle to the string. After a great deal of puffing and grunting, the potato was raised and the Teenie Weenie planks were fixed under it. It was then attached to a Teenie Weenie windlass which slowly pulled it along on rollers, made of bits of old lead pencils, to the root cellar, where it was carefully stored away.

That potato was more than enough to supply the Teenie Weenies for the Winter, or as long as it would keep. Potatoes will soon spoil when the skin is broken, for the inner part of the vegetable is then exposed to the air, but the Teenie Weenies had learned how to take care of that difficult matter.

When the Cook needed potato for a meal, he would cut out a piece about as big as a navy bean, and then he would quickly seal the cut surface with hot wax. In that way the potato would last for a long time.



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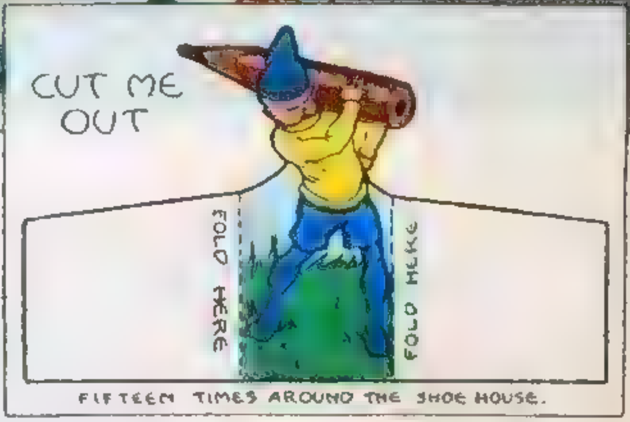


BOTTLED UP

SOME weeks ago Ginky the mouse pushed the Dunce into a sugar bowl. The Dunce couldn't crawl up the smooth sides of the bowl, and he was there for some hours before the Teenie Weenies found him and pulled him out.

The Dunce was very angry with the mouse for that trick, and he watched for a chance to get even.

One day the Dunce and Gogo had gone to the dump, where the big folk throw away their trash, to look for anything that might be useful to the Teenie Weenies.

They discovered a pint vinegar bottle from which they removed the metal screw top, for the Chinaman was in need of a new wash tub, and bottle tops make excellent wash tubs and cooking pots.

While the two Teenie Weenies were removing the bottle top, the Dunce happened to see Ginky peering around a piece of broken dinner plate. The Dunce never let on that he had seen the mouse, but he began to think of some trick to play on Ginky. Suddenly an idea popped into his head and he whispered to Gogo.

"Y'all had bettah leave that mouse alone," Gogo whispered back. "We allers get into trouble when we're so ciable with him! That mouse is a bad luck mouse if they evah was one!"

"Well, he can't go pushin' me into sugar bowls and get away with it," argued the Dunce.

The two Teenie Weenies dropped the top onto the ground and pretended to be interested in something inside the bottle. The Dunce crawled into the neck of the bottle and, pulling a piece of peanut about the size of a garden pea from his pocket, he threw it into the empty bottle.

He then crawled out, dropped to the ground and, motioning Gogo to follow, the two little chaps pretended to wander off. But they really hid behind a tin can near by.

Presently, they heard Ginky, who is very curious, come from behind the broken plate and move toward the bottle. Then the Dunce saw the mouse climb up and crawl into the bottle.

"Come on!" he whispered to Gogo. "We'll put that top on the bottle before Ginky has a chance to get out."

The two Teenie Weenies dashed to the bottle and, before the mouse discovered them, they had the top half screwed on.

"There!" shouted the Dunce as he made a face at the frantic mouse. "Now you'll see how it feels to be a prisoner!"

The next morning, while the Teenie Weenies were at breakfast, the Dunce told how he had bottled up Ginky.

"Was the top screwed on tight?" asked the Doctor.

"Sure!" laughed the Dunce.

"Well, we'd better get there quick and remove that top," said the Doctor. "That poor mouse may be a goner!"

"Goner?" gasped the Dunce.

"Why, certainly," answered the Doctor. "Nothing can live without fresh air!" Snatching up his tiny medicine case, he started toward the dump on the run.

The mouse was unconscious, but he still breathed.

"Get him out of here!" ordered the Doctor.

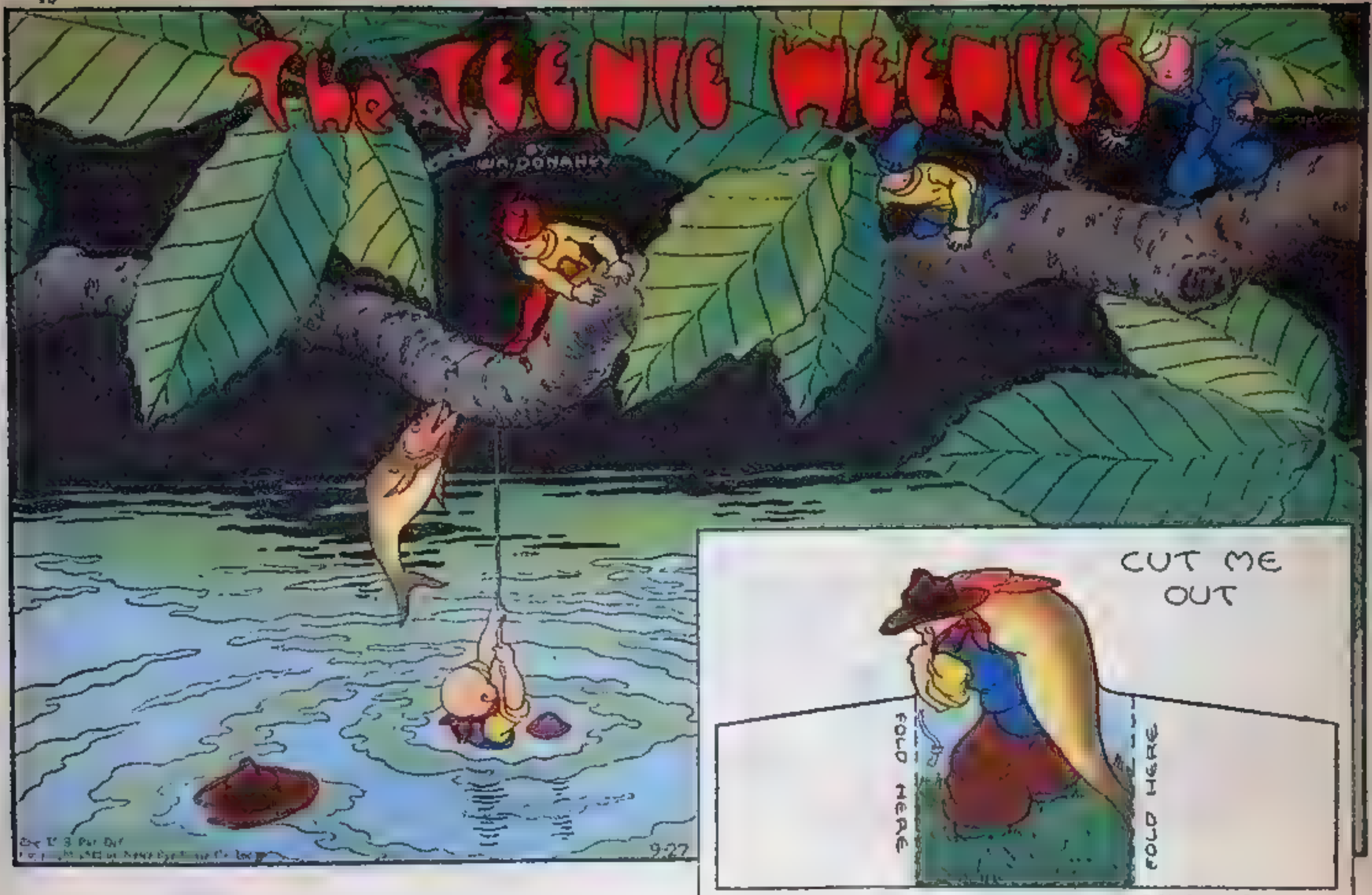
Several men lifted the mouse up to the neck of the bottle, and then they pulled him out by his long tail.

The Doctor gave Ginky first aid treatment, and presently he opened his eyes.

He was quite weak, but soon he was able to walk, and he went off after giving the Dunce a nasty look.

The General saw that the Dunce was sorry for what he had thoughtlessly done. He felt, though, that the Dunce ought to have some slight punishment, so he ordered him to carry a lead pencil stub on his shoulder 15 times around the shoe house.

"Just to help you remember that it's a very unwise thing to try to get even with a foolish mouse," the General said.



CARRIED IT HOME ON HIS STRONG LITTLE BACK.

WHO WAS CAUGHT?

It isn't often that a fish catches a fisherman, but that really happened to the Teenie Weenie Cowboy.

Several of the Teenie Weenies had expressed a wish for one of the Cook's famous baked minnows, but the little men had been so busy getting in their Winter's supply of frog hams they hadn't a minute to spare for fishing. Besides catching the frogs, the hams had to be dressed, salted and then smoked for several days so they could be stored away for future use. The little folk usually cured 40 hams and the same number of shoulders. That took a lot of work and every last Teenie Weenie man had to do his share, but one day the Cowboy found time enough to try for a fish.

He crawled out onto a beech limb which grew out over a deep spot in the creek, and baiting his hook with a piece of fresh frog meat, he dropped it into the water. He sat for a long time without a single nibble and, as it was a warm, lazy day, he dozed off to sleep. Suddenly a minnow grabbed the bait and gave such a hard pull it threw the Cowboy off his balance and he tumbled backward off the limb into the water. Being a trifle heavier than the fish, the Cowboy's weight pulled the fish out of the creek and it came to a stop on the limb from which the Teenie Weenie had just fallen.

The Cowboy was afraid to climb the fish line for fear that his weight might pull the fish over the limb and back into the creek. The line was far too short for him to swim to shore with it, and so there was nothing to do but hang onto the string and hope that someone would come to his help.

The fish fluttered and jumped. If the Cowboy had not been one of the strongest Teenie Weenies, the minnow soon would have been back in the creek with his fellows.

"I'm going to land this fish if I have to stay here all day," muttered the little fisherman, and he began to shout for help at the top of his small voice.

It was a lucky thing that the Turk, the Dunce and the Sailor happened to hear his shouts. They came running to the spot and their eyes fairly popped with astonishment when they saw the fish on the tree limb and the fisherman in the water.

"Help! I've caught a fish," shouted the Cowboy.

"You mean the fish has caught you," laughed the Turk, as he crawled out on the limb followed by the Dunce and the Sailor.

The three Teenie Weenies soon reached the line and made it fast to the tree limb, while the Cowboy swam safely back to the bank. It took a great deal of careful work to remove the fish from the limb without losing it, for the minnow wiggled and squirmed tremendously. Finally, they brought it to the shore and the Cowboy proudly carried it home on his strong little back.

All the Teenie Weenies laughed when they heard how the fish had caught the Cowboy, and for days afterward the little chap was nicknamed Fish by his friends.

The Cowboy likes a joke, so he was not cross when a Teenie Weenie would wink at the crowd and say, "Fish, tell us how it feels to be caught by a minnow!"

The Turk and the Sailor dressed the minnow while the Cook prepared the dressing with which it was to be stuffed. He mashed the soft part of three grains of hominy and to that he added finely chopped hazel nut and a quarter of a hickory nut kernel.

The fish was four and half Teenie Weenie feet long, or about two and a half inches in our measurement. Of course, it was much too long to go into the Teenie Weenie stove. The head and tail had to be removed so it would go into the tiny oven. After the fish had been stuffed with the dressing and sewed up, it was baked a golden brown. When the Teenie Weenies had eaten it, they all agreed that it was the best fish they had ever eaten.

THE DOCTOR VISITED HIM TWICE A DAY.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY

Bang! Bang!

THE Old Soldier with the wooden leg was always the first Teenie Weenie up in the morning. He usually climbed out of his Teenie Weenie bed at daybreak. He then built a fire in the Teenie Weenie cook stove, put on a 10-drop kettle of water for the breakfast tea and called the Cook.

Just as the Cook entered the kitchen one morning he heard a loud bang and, immediately afterward, another bang. "What's that noise?" he asked as he reached for his Teenie Weenie apron.

"Sounds like a big folk's gun," answered the Old Soldier. "I believe the hunting season opens today."

"I hope nothing happens to our friends," said the Cook, taking down an acorn mixing bowl.

The Cook did not sing as usual while he was getting the Teenie Weenie breakfast that morning. It made him feel sad to think that the hunting season was on, for the Teenie Weenies had many friends among the squirrels and rabbits throughout the neighborhood. He put on some frog ham to fry, and he had just finished mixing a batch of pancake batter when there was a loud knock on the kitchen door.

"Come in," he called.

The door opened and a frightened chipmunk popped his head through the opening and began chattering at a great rate. Now, the Teenie Weenies can make out much of what the animals say, and the Cook understood that Nick the squirrel had been shot.

The Cook immediately notified the General and the Doctor, for Nick was a close friend of the Teenie Weenies.

"We'd better go to him at once," said the Doctor. Grabbing his tiny medicine case, he rushed off after the chipmunk, who led the way to where Nick was hiding from the hunters.

A crowd of Teenie Weenies followed and soon they came to a big bush under which the squirrel lay. The Doctor quickly examined the wound and then, turning to the General, he said, "He's pretty badly hurt. We must get him to some place where he will be protected from the weather. He can't climb up the tree to his home, and he's too heavy for us to get him up there."

"We could build a shelter out of birch bark for him," suggested the Cowboy.

"That's a good idea," said the General. "Some of you men bring tools and we'll get to work at once."

"I'll need a lot of hot water," said the Doctor, "so you had better bring over a pot and some water."

In a short time the little men came back with the tools and the necessary pans and pots. The Old Soldier soon built a fire and hung over it the metal cap of a soda mint bottle which the Teenie Weenies used for a kettle. The kettle had to be filled many times, because the Doctor kept sending for more hot water.

The Teenie Weenies found a big piece of birch bark and some poles. With these they quickly built a roof over the wounded squirrel. The Dunce and the Policeman brought in armfuls of soft moss and carefully placed them around Nick. The Lady of Fashion brought some Teenie Weenie sheets which she tore up into long bandages. The little lady is an excellent nurse, and she kept the Doctor supplied with acorn bowls of hot water while he dressed the wound.

The Doctor removed two small bullets from the squirrel. That must have been very painful, but Nick never uttered a single sound.

The Teenie Weenies watched over Nick very carefully. Some of the little people were with him day and night for over a week. They brought nut meats to him, and saw that he always had a fresh supply of water on hand. The Doctor visited him twice a day, and under his watchful eye and the good care of the Teenie Weenies, Nick's wounds began to heal nicely.

The Teenie Weenies

By Wm Donahey

NICK'S [illegible] began to heal nicely. The Teenie Weenie Doctor kept a careful watch over the patient and the rest of the little people did everything they could to help the squirrel. Every morning the Lady of Fashion walked over to the birch bark hut which the Teenie Weenies had built for Nick and she always carried an acorn basket of nourishing and dainty food.

The little birch bark hut was very comfortable, but it soon became clear to the Doctor that Nick was not happy there.

"I suppose he wants to go to his own home," the Doctor told the Lady of Fashion, "but he isn't able to climb up the tree to his hole. Even though the bullets he got in his injured front leg have been removed, it will be a long time before he will be able to run up and down the trees."

"I think Nick is contented enough in his hut," said the Lady of Fashion, "but he is worrying about his Winter's supply of food."

"Why, of course!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I never thought of that. Well, we can cure that. I'll ask the General to have the boys get in a supply of nuts for him. They will be glad to help him, for Nick is always ready to help us."

When the Doctor spoke to the General about it, that kindly little chap agreed that something should be done, and all the Teenie Weenies were glad to help. Nick's home was high up in a big tree right in the middle of a grove of nut trees. The Teenie Weenies went to work collecting the fallen nuts. With Teenie Weenie axes the little men cut off the green outer husks and rolled or carried the nuts to the foot of the tree in which Nick lived.

Of course the nuts had to be stored in some safe place, so the Policeman made arrangements with a chipmunk who lived in a hole under the tree. The chipmunk's apartment was quite large and he was very glad to rent enough space to store Nick's supply of food.

For several days the Teenie Weenies gathered nuts and rolled them into the rented storage place. They gathered 160 hickory nuts and 111 black walnuts.

"We ought to take a few nuts up the tree to Nick's house," said the Doctor. "He won't be able to run up and down the tree easily for some time. If he has a few nuts stored there he will be able to get along nicely until he is well."

"We'd better crack them first, hadn't we?" asked the Dunce who loved the excitement of cracking hard-shelled nuts with Teenie Weenie dynamite.

"No," answered the Doctor. "Nick will be able to gnaw the nuts open. There is nothing wrong with his teeth."

"It's going to be a rather hard job to get the nuts up the tree," said the Old Soldier with the wooden leg. "Nick's hole is a long way up from the ground. We'll have to hire a mouse to pull the nuts up."

The Teenie Weenies hired a respectable field mouse who often acted as their horse when they had pulling to be done. The Old Soldier put on him a set of mouse harness which the little people kept for such occasions. Some of the Teenie Weenie men carried the end of a long string up the tree to a limb just above the entrance to Nick's house. Then they fastened a pulley to the limb and, running the string through the pulley, they let the end down to the ground where it was run through another pulley that had been secured to the base of a bush. The string was then hooked to the mouse harness, and when the nut had been tied securely to the end of the string, the mouse pulled it up to Nick's house. There Gogo and the Cowboy untied each nut and rolled it inside.

When the little people finished their task, a generous supply of nuts had been stored in Nick's house. Then they told the squirrel what they had done. Nick was pleased and he showed great improvement. In a few weeks he was able to go to his own home.

A Halloween Party

NICK the squirrel, several chipmunks and a woodpecker had warned the Teenie Weenies that the coming Winter would be long and cold. The little people had jammed their storehouse to the very top with all sorts of food, and the Teenie Weenie women were working day and night knitting mittens, sweaters and Teenie Weenie underwear.

"We won't have time to make witch costumes for our Halloween party this year," remarked the Lady of Fashion one morning as she sat knitting before the Teenie Weenie fireplace.

"We're going to have a party, though, aren't we?" asked the Dunce, who lay stretched out on the caterpillar fur rug before the crackling fire.

"Oh, we'll plan for some sort of a party," answered the Lady of Fashion. "We couldn't let Halloween go by without doing something."

The Lady of Fashion tried hard to think up some simple plan for a party, but most of her ideas meant a lot of work for the men and they were all busy smoking frog hams and getting in the Winter's supply of firewood. "Oh, well," she said to herself, "something will turn up before Halloween."

Something did turn up the very next day. The Sailor, who had been searching for firewood, came running at top speed to the shoe house with the news that he had found a marshmallow. He had found it in a candy box some big person had thrown away, little thinking it would make a feast for the Teenie Weenies.

"We'll have a marshmallow roast," cried the Lady of Fashion. "That will be a fine way to celebrate Halloween."

The Cowboy and the Dunce helped the Sailor carry the marshmallow to the shoe house. They had considerable trouble squeezing it through the kitchen door, but they finally got their prize inside. Although it took up a great deal of space in the tiny kitchen, the Cook agreed to let it remain there until the day of the party.

The Teenie Weenies invited several of their friends to the party, for they knew that they could never eat a whole marshmallow. Nick the squirrel was still suffering from his wounds and he decided he had better not venture out in the night air. Two chipmunks also declined the invitation, because the party was to be held at night. There had been several owls about the neighborhood and the chipmunks thought it would be dangerous to venture out after dark. Two respectable mice who had accepted the invitation hastily sent their regrets when they discovered that the tactless Dunce had invited Tomkins, a black cat that lived in one of the big houses near the Teenie Weenie village.

It was decided to hold the party in the big woods, and several of the men went there during the afternoon before Halloween and cut a lot of firewood for the camp fire. After the Teenie Weenies had eaten their supper and the dishes had been washed and put away, the little folk all set off for the party. When they arrived at the woods, the Old Soldier with the wooden leg built a big fire and the Teenie Weenies sat around it and told stories until there was a bed of hot coals to roast the marshmallow.

The marshmallow was stuck onto the end of a long twig and the twig was placed on a forked stick which had been driven into the ground. The Cowboy turned the marshmallow around and around until it had roasted to a beautiful golden brown. The Teenie Weenies ate all the marshmallow they could hold, and Tomkins had a lick or two although he said he didn't care much for sweets.

After the marshmallow had been roasted the Old Soldier built up the fire again until it burned brightly. Then the Teenie Weenies told more stories, sang songs, and listened to Tomkins purr several delightful tunes.

Several times during the evening the Teenie Weenies saw fiery eyes gleaming at them from the dark woods, but no one was alarmed, for they all knew that it was the Dunce trying to frighten them with a jack-o'-lantern which he had made out of an acorn shell.

At a late hour Tomkins carried all the Teenie Weenies home on his back, and all the little folk agreed that it had been a nice Halloween party.

Airplane Delivery

IN THE Teenie Weenie village there are four tiny stoves and a fireplace to keep supplied with wood The stove in the town hall and the one in the toolhouse are not used very often, but the Teenie Weenie cook-stove in the shoe house kitchen burns a great deal of wood The Chinaman's stove in the old teapot uses considerable wood too for he needs a lot of hot water when he does the Teenie Weenie laundry A fire burns in the shoe house fireplace most of the time, for it must keep the entire shoe warm in cold weather

In the fall, before the really cold weather begins, the Teenie Weenies are mighty busy getting in their supply of firewood for the winter It is necessary to get a great store of wood ahead, for when the snow falls and covers the ground it is hard indeed to find twigs, burned matches and the clothespins which the little men cut into lengths for their tiny stoves

The Teenie Weenie men spend a great deal of time hunting wood. When they discover it, they usually hire a team of mice to drag clothespins and other heavy logs up to the Teenie Weenie woodhouse There it is cut into short pieces and split with Teenie Weenie axes into firewood.

Nick the squirrel and several woodpeckers had warned the Teenie Weenies that the coming winter would be long and cold, and the Teenie Weenies decided to lay in an unusually large supply of firewood. The men found considerable wood but it lay quite a distance from the woodhouse The General went to a den of mice and tried to hire a team of respectable mice to pull the logs, but one of the mice was sick with a bad case of ptomaine poisoning The other mouse was forced to nurse the sick one and couldn't work for the Teenie Weenies.

Nick the squirrel would have been glad to help the Teenie Weenies, but he had not fully recovered from a gunshot would. The General tried to hire one of the many chipmunks in the woods, but they were all too busy getting in their winter's supply of nuts.

"Well," the General told the Teenie Weenies, "we'll have to drag in the wood ourselves."

The little men worked hard for several days carrying in twigs on their tiny backs or dragging the heavier pieces But they found this mighty slow work, for it took them almost a day and a half to drag in a couple of clothes pins which they had found some distance from the shoe house.

THE GENERAL WENT TO A DEN OF MICE

"Jinks!" exclaimed the Dunce after he and the Chinaman had brought in an especially heavy log on their tiny shoulders. "We've been working like mice and we haven't enough wood in to roast a marshmallow "

"We'll never get enough wood at this rate," said the Turk. "The first thing we know it will be snowing and we'll be without wood"

Although the Teenie Weenies worked from daylight to dark, the woodpile did not seem to grow fast enough. The little men were greatly discouraged. One day Tilly Titter the sparrow flew down and rested on the limb of a bush which grew near the woodhouse.

"I 'ear you're 'avin' trouble gettin' in your wood?" she said

"Yes, we are," answered the General "Wood is scarce around here We have to go a great distance to find it, and we can't get any mice to pull the logs in"

"I'll give you a lift," said Tilly. "I know where there is lots of wood, and I'll bring some in for you."

Tilly flew off and in a short time she was back with a big twig in her bill. She dropped it on the ground and flew off again. Tilly made over a hundred trips during the day and she brought in all sorts of firewood, from burned matches to lead pencils. She helped the Teenie Weenies for several days, and she supplied wood faster than the little men could saw it up with their tiny crosscut saws.

In less than two weeks the Teenie Weenies had cut and split enough wood to fill the tomato can which they used for a woodhouse, and all the little people agreed that getting firewood by air was much faster than pulling it by mice in the old-fashioned way

A HUNGRY DUCK

THE weather had turned cool. There was a touch of frost at night, and the leaves of the sugar maples along the creek bank had begun to take on their Autumn coloring. Flocks of geese and ducks flew high overhead on their way to the South, and that told the Teenie Weenies that Winter would soon be along.

The Teenie Weenie Sailor loved to look at the colored foliage, and one morning he carried his tiny pea pod canoe down to the creek. He was paddling along under the red and yellow branches, enjoying the pretty colors, when he was suddenly startled by a rustling of the leaves near the shore. A big mallard duck popped his huge head out and began to jabber.

The Sailor was a little startled at first, but he soon saw that the duck was friendly. He tried to make out what the duck was saying, but he couldn't understand a single quack, although he did see that the bird was in trouble.

"I'll get the Chinaman," the Sailor said to himself. "He'll know what the duck is trying to say."

The Sailor paddled to the shore and hurrying to the Teenie Weenie village, he soon returned with the Chinaman. As soon as the two Teenie Weenies appeared, the duck began quacking again, and the Chinaman, who is quick to understand what the birds and animals say, listened carefully to the chatter.

"He say," the Chinaman told the Sailor, "he have hurt wing and can no fly much. He say he hungry but can no go out for food because a duck hawk is waiting to pounce on him. He want for us to bring him something to eat."

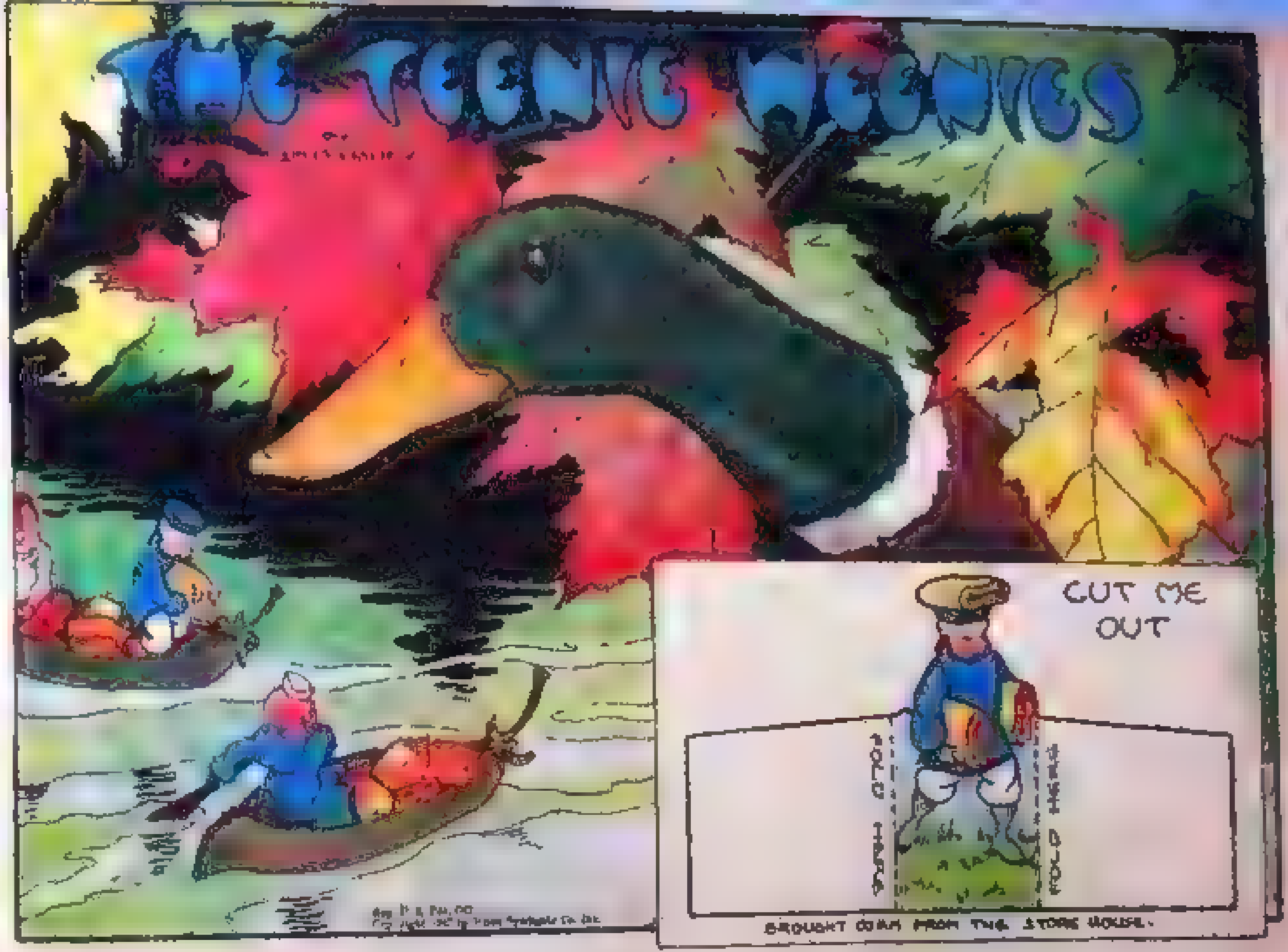
"Sure!" said the Sailor. "We'll get him some corn."

The duck seemed to understand what had been said, and he began to nod his big head up and down.

The two Teenie Weenies hurried to the shoe house where they told the General about the duck. That kindly little man immediately ordered several canoe loads of corn to be taken to the hungry bird.

The Turk carried his pea pod canoe down to the creek while several of the other Teenie Weenies brought corn from the storehouse to fill the two little boats. When the canoes were filled, the Teenie Weenies paddled across the creek to the duck, who stretched out his long neck. In his hurry to get the corn he would have sank the canoes if the Chinaman hadn't warned him to stop.

"Takee time! Takie time!" shouted the Chinaman. "You upset us tryin' to get big beak in little canoe. Me hand you corn so you no upset canoe."



The duck gobbled up the corn as fast as the Chinaman could hand the big grains to him, and in no time both canoes were empty.

"Him still hungry," the Chinaman said when the duck had swallowed the last grain.

"Well, we'll get some more," said the Turk, and the little men carried six canoe loads of corn to the duck before the General stopped them.

"We can't give that duck all our corn," the General said. "We must save some for ourselves or we won't have anything to eat this Winter. You men ought to find some scraps here and there that could be given to the duck. We can't spare any more of our corn."

The Teenie Weenies fed the duck for nearly a week. He was so big and he ate so much it was about all the little people could do to keep him supplied with food. They worked from morning until dark collecting food and even then the duck acted as though he had not had enough.

One morning the duck tried out his wounded wing and found that he could fly. He thanked the Teenie Weenies for what they had done, and he promised to stop and see them when he came North again in the Spring. Spreading his great wings, he raced across the water and soaring into the air, he flew straight toward the South.

CATCHING A THIEF

THERE were no beechnuts on the trees near the Teenie Weenie village. The little people had bought a few nuts from a chipmunk by trading him some of their own, but they needed more to last through the Winter. They were very fond of the nuts, and the Cook used powdered beechnuts in various ways in preparing the Teenie Weenie meals.

A sparrow had told the Teenie Weenies that some beechnuts were still on a tree some distance from the Teenie Weenie village, and the Dunce and Gogo decided to gather some. They set off one morning, found the tree and hired a ground robin for two shelled nuts, to fly them up to a limb where they had spied clusters of burrs. The two Teenie Weenies crawled out onto the limb and chopped off burrs with Teenie Weenie hatchets. They hacked off more than 60 nuts, which fell to the ground beneath the tree.

"Well, we done have enough nuts fo' now," said Gogo. "By de time we all get de nuts out of de burrs and toto dem home, it's gwine fo' to be suppah time."

The little chaps climbed down to the lowest limb of the tree, where they tied a string, which most Teenie Weenies usually carry with them, and let themselves down to the ground. To their surprise, they found only a few nuts lying under the tree.

"Say!" exclaimed the Dunce. "Somebody has been stealing the nuts."

"Yes, sah," answered Gogo, who had been staring at some tracks in a sandy spot beneath the tree. "Dat Ginky has done been heah."

Gogo pointed to several mouse tracks. "Dat's Ginky's track. Ah can tell dat, fo' dat track is done made by Ginky's left hind foot. Dat am de foot he done hurt once in a mouse trap. But he's one fellow dat won't evah learn to stay out oh mischief!"

"We'll fix that mouse so he won't steal any more nuts," the Dunce promised.

While the two little men cut the few remaining nuts from the burrs, they made plans for getting even with Ginky for robbing them. Then they put their beechnuts into two sacks, and each slung a sack over his shoulder as they started for home.

"Let's watch for Ginky," said the Dunce, "because he may be hiding somewhere along the path to the shoe house just to see how angry we are."

But the thief was nowhere to be seen.

That night while the Teenie Weenies sat around the Teenie Weenie fireplace, the Dunce explained his plan to catch Ginky.

"This is the way we'll do it," said the Dunce. "If the Cowboy and some of you other fellows will go over to that nut tree early in the morning and hide there, Gogo and I will follow and we'll go along a path where Ginky will be sure to see us. He'll follow us, and then I'll climb the tree and cut off some nuts. I'll shout to Gogo, so that Ginky will hear me, to hide the nuts under a birch bush near the tree.

"The Cowboy will be hidden on a limb up in the bush with his lasso right above where Gogo piles the nuts. Then I'll come down out of the tree and pretend that we are going home to get some of you boys to help us carry the nuts away. We'll walk away and hide nearby. When Ginky comes to steal the nuts, the Cowboy will lasso the mouse and the rest of us will come out of our hiding places and give him a good scolding."

"Now you boys mustn't hurt Ginky, even though he is a bad mouse," said the Lady of Fashion, who was mending one of the Dunce's sweaters.

"We won't hurt him," said the Dunce. "We'll just teach him a few manners."

GOGO CARRIED THE NUTS AND PILED THEM UNDER THE BUSH

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM DONAHEY

Everything worked out just as the Dunce had planned. The Cowboy caught Ginky with his lasso at the very moment he was in the act of picking up a nut. He squealed and pulled frantically at the string, but it was stout and held him a prisoner. The Teenie Weenie men came running from their hiding places, and they gave the mouse a scolding that fairly scorched his ears.

"Yo' is a rumskullion no account mouse," Gogo told Ginky. "Yo' ought to have yo' no-account tail tied into a double knot."

"We ought to turn him over to Tomkins, the cat," growled the Turk.

Ginky was thoroughly frightened. He made the Teenie Weenies understand that he would never steal again. But the little men did not believe a single promise, for no one can count on Ginky's word. Finally the Teenie Weenies let Ginky go. He lost no time in getting out of sight, and the little folk have seen nothing of him for a long time.

A Thanksgiving Gift

THANKSGIVING DAY is a mighty busy time for the Teenie Weenies. The little people usually start several days ahead of the holiday in order to make the feast a success. Every single Teenie Weenie helps with the work, and things fairly buzz under the rose-bush where the little village stands.

Of course, the Cook is the busiest of all, for he has to prepare all the good things to eat. It is necessary to cook a great deal of food, for the Teenie Weenies usually entertain several of their bird and animal friends.

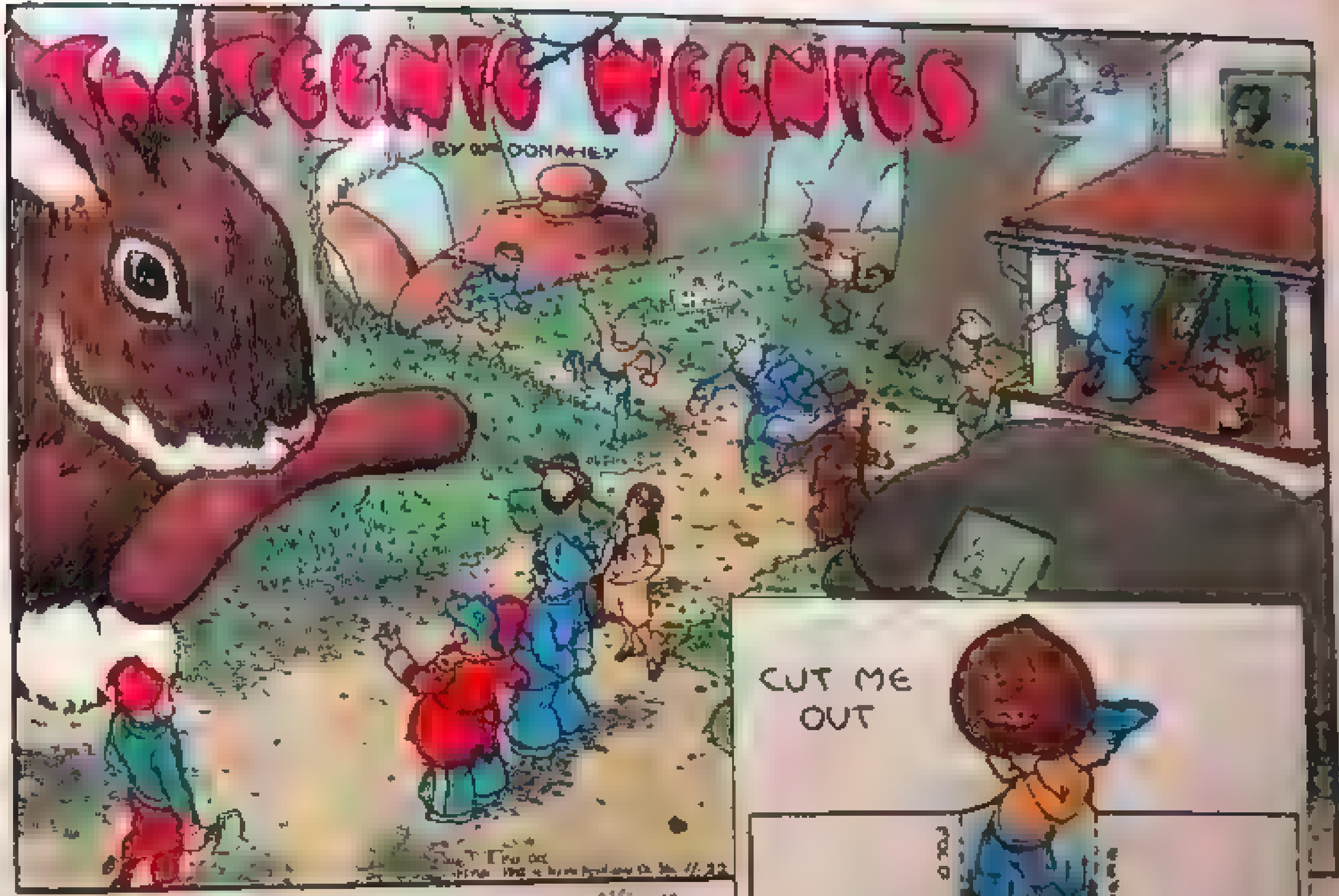
The little people always set up a long table near the shoe house and eat outdoors because it is quite impossible for Nick, the squirrel; several chipmunks; Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, and a couple of friendly mice to get inside the old shoe where the little people live. However, this year the Teenie Weenies decided to have the Thanksgiving feast inside the shoe house. The weather had been cold and wet. Then, too, the Old Soldier with the wooden leg and the Policeman had a slight touch of rheumatism.

"We'll set a table outdoors for our guests," said the General.

The Old Soldier and the Turk spent almost a whole day blasting hickory nuts and walnuts open with Teenie Weenie dynamite. They took out the nut meats and carried them to the Teenie Weenie kitchen, where the Cook chopped them into bits and made several huge nut pies for Nick and the chipmunks. The two respectable mice had been invited, and the cook made their favorite dish, a nut and cheese loaf. He also made escalloped hominy for Tilly Titter, and he made it in his biggest kettle, which was the metal top of a catsup bottle.

The Cook prepared the usual Thanksgiving frog ham for the Teenie Weenies. He selected the largest and nicest ham hanging in the Teenie Weenie smoke-house, and then he soaked it in wild grape juice for two days before Thanksgiving. There were many other dishes for the Teenie Weenie table, and the Cook was kept busy from early morning until bedtime for several days.

The Lady of Fashion and the other Teenie Weenie women scrubbed and swept the shoe house until it fairly shone. For decorations, the Dunce made several jack-o'-lanterns out of acorn shells. This work helped to keep him out of mischief, but he did manage to get into the thimbleful of doughnuts which the Cook had been saving for the feast.



The rhyming rabbit had been invited, but he was very old and seldom came to their Thanksgiving dinners. They carried half an apple over to his hole the day before Thanksgiving so the old fellow would have something good to eat. He was away, so they left it near his hole where he would be sure to find it.

Not long afterward the Teenie Weenies were surprised to see the old fellow hopping toward the shoe house. He carried a wiener in his mouth, and when the Teenie Weenies gathered around him, he dropped it on the ground. He told the little people, in very bad rhyme, that some big people had had a wiener roast in the woods near his hole the night before and that he found the wiener where they had left it in a paper bag.

"You know I never taste or eat
Anything that's made of meat,
But you, my friends, I thought, might care
To have it on your bill of fare."

The General thanked him for his thoughtfulness, and then the old rabbit hopped off toward his hole.

"We can't eat that wiener after that rabbit has had it in his mouth," said the Lady of Fashion.

"We will give it to Tompkins, the cat," said the General. "It will make a fine Thanksgiving dinner for him."

Thanksgiving Day was a great success. All the Teenie Weenies and their guests ate their fill of the good food. Everybody was happy except one of the respectable mice, who ate so much he had a stomach-ache. The Doctor had to give him a couple of mustard seeds.

Teenie Weenie Soap

MOST of the Teenie Weenies like to be clean. The Lady of Fashion is very neat, and she spends a great deal of her time in cleaning and scrubbing. She washes her tiny garments so constantly she really wears them out that way. The Cook, too, is very neat, and he scrubs his tiny pans and kettles until they fairly shine.

Now, soap is most necessary to the little people and they use a great deal of it. They make most of their soap, but occasionally they find a piece which some big person has thrown away. Such a treasure is carried to the shoe house and used with care.

The Lady of Fashion says that big people's soap is too strong, and she will not wash her tiny stockings and dainty underwear with it, for most of her garments are woven from spider's web and they are very fragile.

The Teenie Weenies usually make their soap every Fall. They save their grease all year long, for grease is used in making Teenie Weenie soap. The Cook had collected several acorn shellfuls of grease, but he decided there wasn't enough to make soap, and the Teenie Weenies were nearly out of soap.

"We haven't enough grease to make our supply of soap," the Cook told the General. "We'll need ten acorn cups of grease before we can start making soap."

The General told the Teenie Weenies to hunt for grease, and the little people searched all day. They found only about a thimbleful, but the next morning they were lucky enough to find a whole strip of raw bacon. The Dunce discovered it in a garbage can, and it took six of the strongest Teenie Weenie men to drag it under the rosebush back of the shoe house kitchen.

The Cook brought out his largest kettle, which was the metal top of a catsup bottle. He set it up in the yard back of the kitchen, and the Old Soldier with the wooden leg built a fire under it with wood the Sailor and the Chinaman carried to him. Gogo and the Cook cut off huge pieces of the bacon fat with Teenie Weenie butcher knives, scraped off the dirt and tossed them into the kettle.

"We can save that lean meat," said the Old Soldier, who was most careful about throwing anything away. "That will come in mighty handy this Winter."

"That dirty meat!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion.

"If we wash it off, it will be fit to eat," said the Old Soldier.

"But it came out of a garbage can," argued the Lady of Fashion.

"Ah, you're fussy," said the Old Soldier. "That meat is perfectly good."

"Well," said the Lady of Fashion, "you can eat it, but I shall not touch it."

"Why, it would be terrible to waste good meat," the Old Soldier insisted.

"There is no need of wasting it," put in the General. "We can give it to that dog that comes around here occasionally, and the respectable mice like meat. We have plenty of frog hams hanging in the smokehouse to last us all Winter. We don't really need this bacon, as I see it," said the General.

The Old Soldier was satisfied with the plan to give the lean bacon to their neighbors.

Gogo and the Cook cut most of the fat from the bacon and fried it until all the grease had been cooked out. Then, when the kettle had cooled a little, they drained off the grease into acorn shells and cleaned out the kettle. Next, they dumped in the fat a lot of lye, which they had made from hardwood ashes. The fire was then built up and the mixture was cooked until it was done. When it had cooled and hardened, the Cook cut the soap into cakes with his biggest knife. These cakes were set out on boards to dry. In a few days they were stored away for Teenie Weenie use.

The General sent word to the dog and to the respectable mice to come and get the lean meat. The dog came first, and before the Teenie Weenies could stop him he had gobbled up most of the meat. However, there were some cracklings left from the fat meat and the respectable mice were overjoyed to get that.

THE Teenie Weenies are very fond of a certain seed which grows on a tall weed. This plant has a tiny sweet seed which the little folk use for breakfast food. They had gathered some during the early Autumn, but it was nearly gone. When the Cook announced that fact, the little people were much disturbed.

"I know where there are some weeds," said the Turk, who especially liked this Teenie Weenie food. "Maybe there are some seeds still left in the pods. I'll go out and have a look at them after breakfast."

"I doubt that you'll want to go out after breakfast seed this morning," said the General, as he passed the platter of fried frog ham to the Turk. "It's mighty cold outside."

"Well, said the Turk, "the seeds won't come to us and so there is nothing to do but go after them. I'm going to try to get some."

After breakfast the Dunce, the Sailor and the Chinaman agreed to help the Turk. Taking bags to which they had tied strings so they could be hung from the shoulders, the four little chaps set out to find the seeds. They found plenty of the right kind of weeds, but the wind had blown away many of the seeds and the little men had to climb many weeds before they were able to fill the bags they had brought with them.

While they were at work a dog came trotting by. He spied the Teenie Weenies climbing the weeds and came up and stared with wide eyes.

"What are you doing up there?" the dog asked.

"We're picking some seeds," answered the Turk, who understood dog's talk fairly well. "We use the seed for breakfast food."

"Do you really eat them?" asked the dog.

"Certainly," said the Turk. "They're good."

"Lawsy!" exclaimed the dog. "I wish I had something good to eat. I'm nearly starved and the worst part of it is that I have a fine bone buried with a lot of meat on it."

"Why don't you dig it up then?" asked the Dunce.

"Can't," answered the dog. "The ground is frozen solid and I can't get at it."

"Shucks!" said the Turk. "We can fix that for you. Show us where the bone is buried and we'll build a fire over the spot and thaw out the ground so you can dig it up."

The dog gladly led the Teenie Weenies to the place where he had buried the bone, and the little men began gathering small twigs to build a big fire. The

TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY

Turk started a tiny blaze with his flint and steel, and in a short time he had a roaring fire burning.

"Now," said the Turk, "we must be going home, but when this fire burns down and cools off, all you'll have to do is to dig up the bone."

"You'd better stick around and I'll give you some," said the dog. "It's good meat."

"Say!" said the Dunce. "That meat will be all covered with dirt after being buried in the ground."

"A little dirt won't hurt you," the dog insisted.

"A little dirt on a cold morning like this might not do any harm behind the ears or on the neck," grinned the Dunce, "but I won't want to eat any."

"Well," laughed the dog, "thanks for your help, and if there is anything I can do for you just let me know."

The Teenie Weenies went off with their bags of seed and the last they saw of the dog he was sitting beside the fire waiting for it to burn out so he could dig up his bone.

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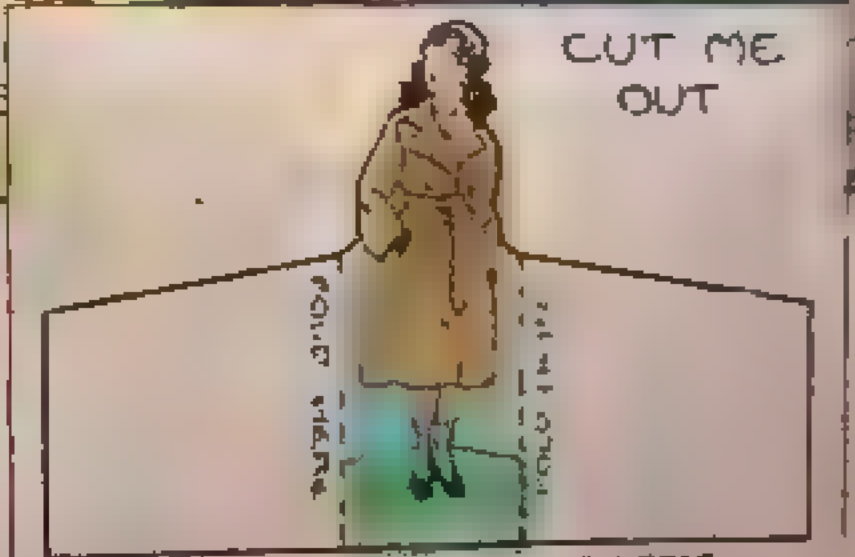
The Teenie Weenies

By Wm Donahey



THE LADY OF FASHION MADE A NEW COAT

THE Teenie Weenies are careful to keep out of the way of big people. The reason for that is because big people are so very big and Teenie Weenies are so very little. Big people wouldn't willingly hurt a Teenie Weenie, but an accident could easily happen should a big person toss an apple core into some bushes where a group of the little people happened to be at the moment.

An apple core would be about as large to the Teenie Weenies as a piano would be to big people, and just as dangerous. Then, too, the big people would be delighted to capture a Teenie Weenie, for it would be a great curiosity. They probably wouldn't hurt the Teenie Weenie, but the big people would very likely put it in a cage and exhibit it to other big folks, and a Teenie Weenie wouldn't like that any more than a big person would like the same treatment.

The Teenie Weenies are very curious about big people, and they often go into big people's houses. Though they are careful to keep out of sight, they sometimes have narrow escapes, and that is just what happened only a short time ago.

One cold Sunday the little people became bored while sitting around their tiny fireplace in the old shoe house, and the Lady of Fashion suggested they all go for a walk.

"It will be good for us to go out and get some fresh air," she argued.

"And a chance for you to wear that new coat you've just made," laughed the General.

"Well, yes," smiled the Lady of Fashion.

Most of the Teenie Weenies were always ready for a walk. Some of them set off running and skipping over the crusted snow. It was cold outdoors and soon Teenie Weenie toes began to sting.

"Let's go into that house and get warm," suggested the Dunce, pointing toward a big house near by.

The General agreed. When the little people found a crack under the back door big enough to crawl through, the Turk went through first to see if it was safe for the little people to go in. Soon he returned and motioned them to follow him.

"There are a man and a woman in here," he whispered, "but they are busy reading."

The Teenie Weenies silently crawled through the crack and began walking around examining everything. Now the Teenie Weenies are very fine climbers and it wasn't long until the Dunce managed to climb up to the top of a table where he had heard strange sounds. He popped his head over the top of the table and motioned the rest of the little people to come up. In a remarkably short time the rest of the Teenie Weenies joined the Dunce. Once on the table, they began to examine all the objects there. A big alarm clock, ticking away, was the chief attraction.

Of course the curious Dunce had to climb on top of the clock. In spite of the General's warning, he began to try the various handles and keys on the back of the clock. Finally he pushed a small lever and an alarm bell went off with a terrific ringing. Immediately there was a great scattering of Teenie Weenies. They disappeared like magic.

The Dunce was frightened half out of his wits and he leaped off the alarm clock without looking where he might land. He jumped right into the middle of an ash tray, but, fortunately, he wasn't hurt except for a bruise on his Teenie Weenie shin when he bumped it against a burned match.

The ringing bell brought the big people into the room, but the Teenie Weenies were safely out of sight.

THE
TEENIE WEENIES
CUT ME
OUT

ICE SKATING

"WE'RE going to have a cold snap," said the Old Soldier with the wooden leg while the Teenie Weenies were waiting for the Dunce and the Sailor to clear off the Teenie Weenie dinner dishes for the Teenie Weenie dessert.

"It's pretty cold right this minute," said the Cook, who came in at that moment carrying a dried service berry pudding. "The thimble of water under the kitchen spout is frozen solid."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the Old Soldier. "My big toe has been aching all day long, and that is always a sure sign of a cold snap."

"There's another sign," said the Doctor, pointing toward the tiny dining room window, which was covered with thick white frost.

The Lady of Fashion brought out extra Teenie Weenie blankets and comforters, and it was a lucky thing she did, for it was well below zero when the Teenie Weenies awoke next morning.

The Old Soldier was always the first Teenie Weenie out of bed in the morning. It was his duty to build the fires in the sitting room and in the kitchen cookstove. The Teenie Weenies were especially thankful that morning, for it was bitter cold. All the Teenie Weenie men grabbed their clothes and ran for the kitchen, where they dressed by the cookstove. The Teenie Weenie women put on their tiny dresses in front of the roaring fire in the sitting room.

The Cook beat up half an acorn mixing bowl of pancake batter, and after a hearty breakfast of hot cakes and fried frog ham the little folks felt quite comfortable.

THE POLICEMAN HAD TO MAKE HIS REGULAR ROUNDS.

Most of the Teenie Weenies were quite contented to spend their time in front of the warm fires, but the Policeman had to make his regular rounds in order to be sure everything was in order about the Teenie Weenie village. He put on an extra heavy suit of spider web underwear, warm mittens, and a scarf made of molehair before he ventured out. In spite of his warm clothing, he was back in a short time to announce that it was terribly cold outside.

"I saw Nick the Squirrel," he told the Teenie Weenies, "and Nick says the creek has frozen solid and it is as smooth as glass."

"Let's go skating!" cried the Lady of Fashion.

Her suggestion met with immediate approval. The little folk began hunting skates and warm clothes. Soon they hurried down to the creek and there they found the ice fine for skating. They enjoyed the skating for a short time and then Teenie Weenie fingers and toes began to ache with the cold.

"We ought to build a fire and get warm," said the Policeman.

"And make some tea," added the Lady of Fashion. "That will keep us good and warm."

The Cook and Gogo ran to the shoe house and soon returned with a thimble and a Teenie Weenie ax. In a short time they had a roaring fire going and the Cook melted enough snow to make sassafras tea. He had brought along an acorn basket filled with tiny cups and some bread and butter sandwiches. Teenie Weenie fingers, toes, and tummies were soon warmed and the little people returned to their skating.

They had a wonderful time gliding over the smooth ice. Occasionally, a Teenie Weenie slipped on the ice and took a tumble, but since no one was hurt the little people laughed when any one fell. Even Nick the Squirrel enjoyed the sport as he squated by the warm fire and watched the fun.

"You ought to put on a pair of skates and try your skill," said the General.

"You mean I ought to put on two pairs of skates," Nick joked, as he stretched his paws out to warm over the fire. "I'd need 'em fore and aft if I tried to skate."

TOO MUCH CAKE

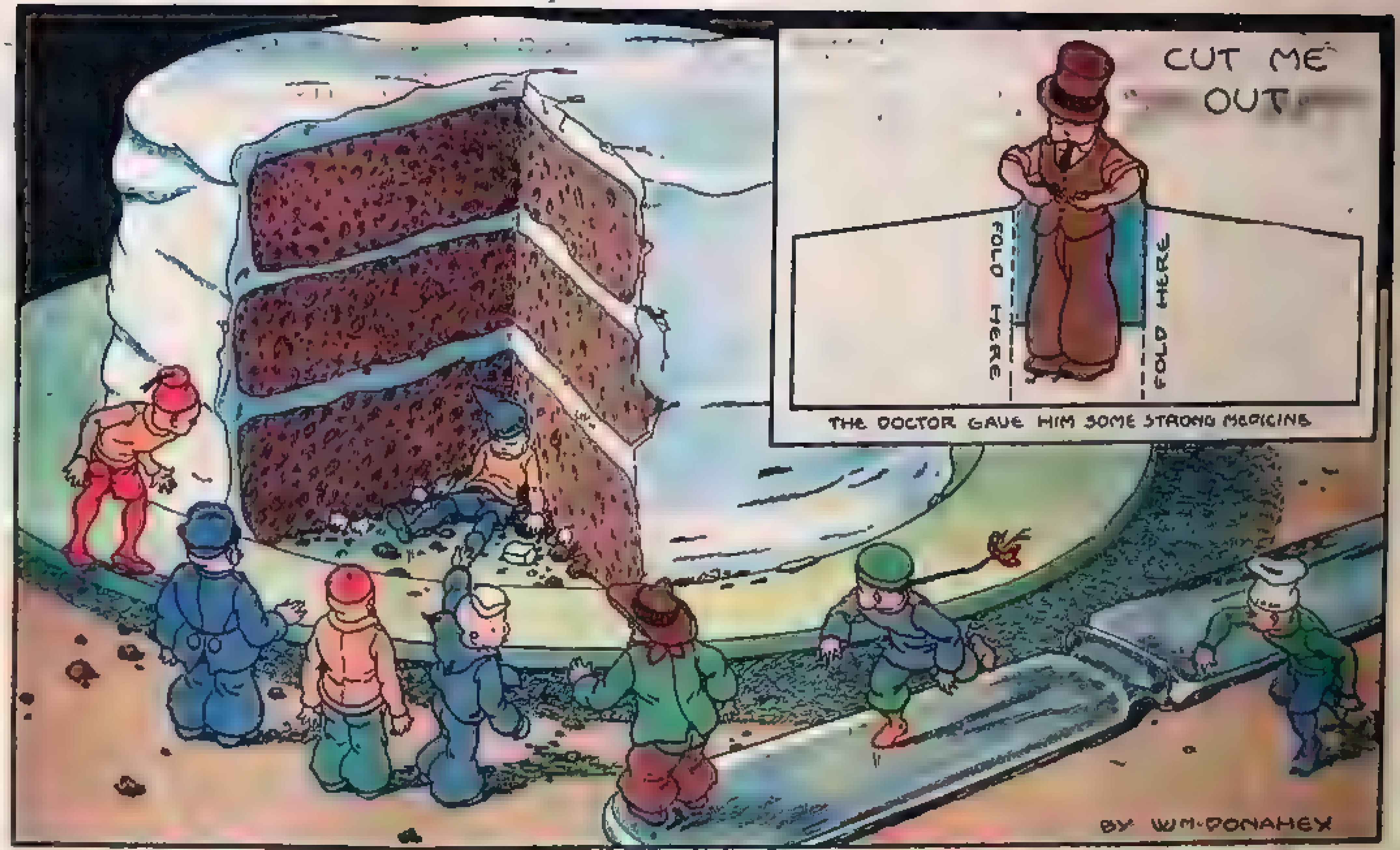
THE Teenie Weenies had been short of sugar for some time. The thimble, which the Cook always kept filled with Teenie Weenie doughnuts and cookies, was as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Only two grains of sugar were permitted to each Teenie Weenie cup of sassafras tea and that's about all the sweets the little people had.

Gogo and the Dunce missed the sugar more than the rest of the Teenie Weenies, especially the Dunce, who had a very large Teenie Weenie sweet tooth. These two little fellows spent most of their time prowling around big folk's houses looking for stray grains of sugar. They often looked at cookies and other sweet food in these houses, but the General was very strict about touching big folk's things and the little men did nothing more than stare.

One morning Gogo and the Dunce went into a big house near the Teenie Weenie village and there, on a shelf, they discovered a huge chocolate cake. One great piece had been cut from the cake, and the two Teenie Weenies stared at the spot until they fairly watered at the mouth.

"LAWSY!" sighed Gogo, "I's gwine fo' to get out of heah befo' ah done somethin' reckless," and the little colored chap hurried from the shelf leaving the Dunce staring at the cake.

When the Dunce failed to show up for luncheon the Teenie Weenies were rather worried, but when he hadn't appeared by 5 o'clock the General sent several of the men out in search for the missing Teenie Weenie.



THE TEENIE WEENIES.

"Who saw him last?" asked the Policeman.

"Ah done see him ovah neah dat house," answered Gogo pointing toward the house where he had left the Dunce.

The Teenie Weenies crawled thru a crack under the door and began searching thru the house. Presently they heard peculiar sounds coming from a shelf in the pantry and they sounded very much like Teenie Weenie snores. Some of the men made their way up to the shelf, and there they found the Dunce sound asleep right in the middle of the cake. He was snoring at the top of his Teenie Weenie lungs, and the Turk was forced to shake him hard before the sleepy Dunce awakened.

"Well, what's the meaning of this?" said the Policeman glancing at the big crumb of cake in the Dunce's hand.

"It means," said the Dunce sleepily, "that I'm full of cake."

"I can see that," said the Policeman, "and you can tell that to the General."

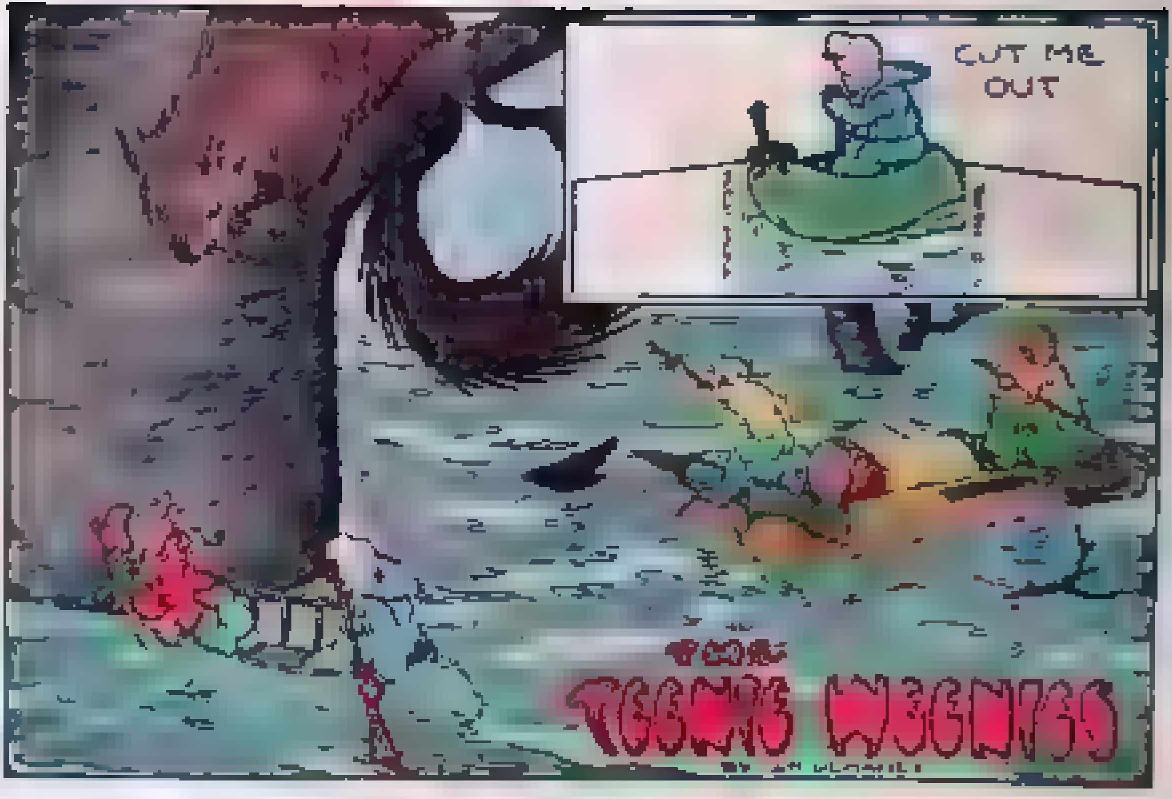
"I'm ready to take my punishment," said the Dunce with a sickly grin. "I figured it all out before I climbed into this cake. I was hungry for cake and I thought it was worth the punishment I'd get, and so I lit in and filled myself clear up to my ears."

The Dunce was so full of cake he was groggy and some of the Teenie Weenies had to help him down from the shelf. By the time they reached the shoe house he was a very sick Teenie Weenie. The General ordered him to bed and told the Doctor to examine him. The Doctor found that the foolish fellow had developed a temperature and that he was indeed sick.

"Well," said the General when the Dunce had recovered from his sickness. "I think you have been punished enough this time, and let this be a lesson to you in the future."

"Yes, sir," the Dunce said weakly. And for more than a week now the Dunce has been a model Teenie Weenie.

A Teenie Weenie Flood



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AN EASTER EGG

THE Teenie Weenies always celebrated Easter Day with a big egg dinner to which they invited, from around the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village, a number of birds and small animals. The meal was generally served from a table which the little people set up outdoors, but if it was rainy or too cold to do that the Teenie Weenies themselves ate inside and their guests ate outside. That arrangement isn't as impolite as it seems, for it would be quite impossible to crowd Nick, the squirrel, three or four chipmunks, several birds and a few respectable mice into the old shoe house where the Teenie Weenies live.

It was always necessary to supply a great amount of food for such a large party. The General usually bought an egg from a hen in the neighborhood. This was boiled and then cut into convenient slices with a Teenie Weenie cross-cut saw. Of course, there were other good things to eat, but the main dish was boiled hen's egg. All the Teenie Weenies and their friends looked forward to the Easter feast.

As Easter drew near it began to look as though the Teenie Weenies might not be able to have a hen's egg for their celebration. Eggs were scarce and extremely high priced. In fact, the Teenie Weenies found only one old hen who thought she might be able to lay them an egg, and she asked the unheard of price of 200 grains of corn. That was more corn than the Teenie Weenies had in their storehouse, so there was nothing to do but look forward to an eggless Easter.

The Teenie Weenies were mighty mournful over the fact that they faced Easter without their usual egg feast. Then Saturday morning the Turk came staggering up to the shoe house carrying a big door key and some good news.

"I found this old key and thought we might use some of the metal to make into ax heads," the Turk said, "and so I boosted it onto my shoulder and was walking home when I happened to see a bird sitting on a bush. It was a red-eyed vireo, and she seemed to be in trouble. I stopped and asked her what was the matter, and she told me that she had just finished building a new nest where she was going to lay her eggs and raise a family. Then when she went off in search of some soft material to line the nest, a cow bird came and laid an egg in the vireo's nest."

"Oh, the nasty thing!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "Cow birds are always doing that. They lay their eggs in other birds' nests and let the other birds hatch and raise their young. As if that vireo hadn't enough to do without bringing up the lazy cow bird's young ones, too!"

"Well," continued the Turk, "I told the vireo we'd be glad to take the egg off her hands, and she said we could have it. She'll be so glad to be rid of the egg that we wouldn't have to pay for it!"

"Three cheers!" shouted the Dunce, waving his peaked cap. "We can cook it and have it for Easter."

Several of the Teenie Weenies followed the Turk to the tree in which the bird lived. She took them on her back and flew them up to her nest.

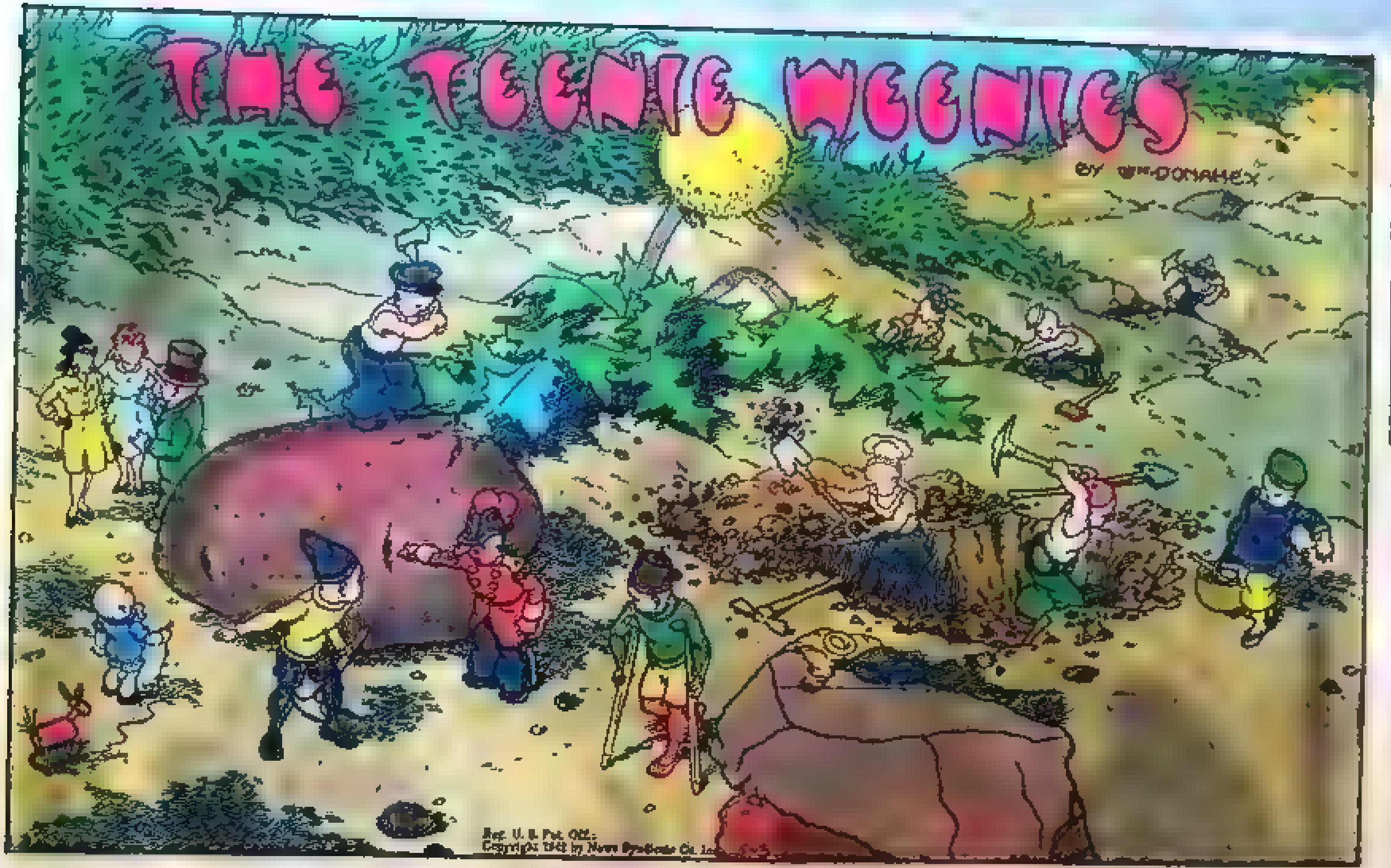
The little men lifted the cow bird's egg up to the edge of the nest, tied a stout string about it and then lowered it carefully to the ground. After the vireo had flown the Teenie Weenies down from her nest, they carried the egg to the shoe house.

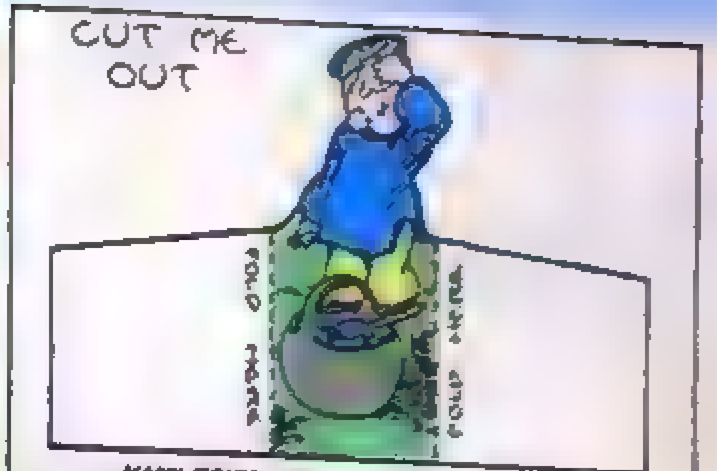
The next morning the Teenie Weenie Cook got up before daylight and began making ready to cook the egg. Even though it was a bird's egg it was too big to cook on the Teenie Weenie stove and a place had to be rigged up outside to boil it.

After the egg had been cooked it was taken out of the water and left to cool. Then it was rolled onto a clean piece of paper and the shell removed. Next, Gogo and the Turk cut the egg into convenient slices ready for the feast.

Of course, it wasn't nearly as big as a chicken's egg and no one had all he or she could eat, but all the Teenie Weenies and their guests said that they never had tasted a better Easter egg.

The cow bird never knew how much she had helped the Teenie Weenies and their friends because she never again went near the vireo.





MANY TRIPS WITH AN ACORN BUCKET

A Lesson in Arithmetic

THE WEATHER suddenly had become warm. The hot sun brought the green grass fairly popping out of the ground, and dandelions nodded their blonde heads in the warm breeze. Those signs told the Teenie Weenie General that it was time to plant their potato. So he told the little people to make ready for that great event.

"Ah, shoot!" grumbled the Dunce, when he heard of the order. "I was going tadpole fishing."

"Well, sir," said the General, "if you expect to eat potato you'll do your share of the work in planting it. The fishing can wait until later."

The Dunce grumbled a great deal, but he joined the rest of the Teenie Weenies in the work, for he was especially fond of potato—particularly when minced frog ham was mixed with mashed potato and the Cook had fried it in tiny brown cakes.

The Teenie Weenies brought out the potato they had saved for seed and moved it to the spot where they expected to plant their garden. The little men were set to work digging four holes, for the General said they would need four hills of potatoes.

The Policeman climbed to the top of the potato and began chopping out the parts which were to be planted. The Sailor and the Old Soldier started on the great task of removing a dandelion from the garden patch. The Chinaman had a hard task, too, for it was his duty to keep the thirsty workers supplied with drinking water. The poor Chinaman was forced to make many trips to the creek with his acorn bucket, for the day was warm and the Teenie Weenie workers were always shouting for water.

The Turk, who had stepped into an ant hole and hurt one of his legs, was hobbling about on his tiny crutches, fuming because he could not help with the digging.

"You're lucky to have a sprained ankle and get out of all this hot work," the Dunce told the Turk.

"You're all wrong," answered the Turk. "I'd rather work any time than go around on crutches."

"Well, I wish I had something sprained so I wouldn't have to work in this hot sun," the Dunce complained.

"It seems to me as though you have something sprained to make a wish like that," said the Turk.

"What have I that is sprained?" asked the curious Dunce.

"Your brain," answered the Turk, and he hobbled off to watch the Policeman cut the eyes from the potato with a very sharp Teenie Weenie ax.

The Dunce wiped the sweat from his little head and glanced toward the hole where the Cook and Gogo were digging. "I wonder what's the idea of digging so many holes," thought the Dunce, and he decided it would give him a little rest if he went over and asked the General that question.

"General," said the Dunce, "we're digging four holes and we've only one potato. May I ask how we're going to get one potato into four separate holes?"

"See this," answered the General, pointing to a spot in the side of the potato. "That's what is called a potato eye. Every one of these eyes is a seed. There are eight eyes in the potato, and the Policeman is cutting them out so that we can plant two seeds in each hole; then, when the potatoes grow, we will have a great many potatoes out of this one. That is a lesson in division and multiplication which you will do well to remember."

"Oh," said the Dunce meekly, and he went back to his work with a feeling that he was not nearly as bright as he thought he was.

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TOO MUCH DOUGHNUT

FOR once the Dunce has had his fill of doughnut. In fact all the Teenie Weenies are sick and tired of it for they have been eating doughnut for days and there is plenty left to last for weeks. The little people offered Nick the squirrel some but he doesn't like doughnut and they also presented a big hunk to the two respectable mice who sometimes work for the Teenie Weenies when a strong team of mice are needed for heavy hauling. The Teenie Weenie Cook has been offering the birds doughnut but they say they have been eating bread crumbs all winter and they prefer the bugs which are now plentiful.

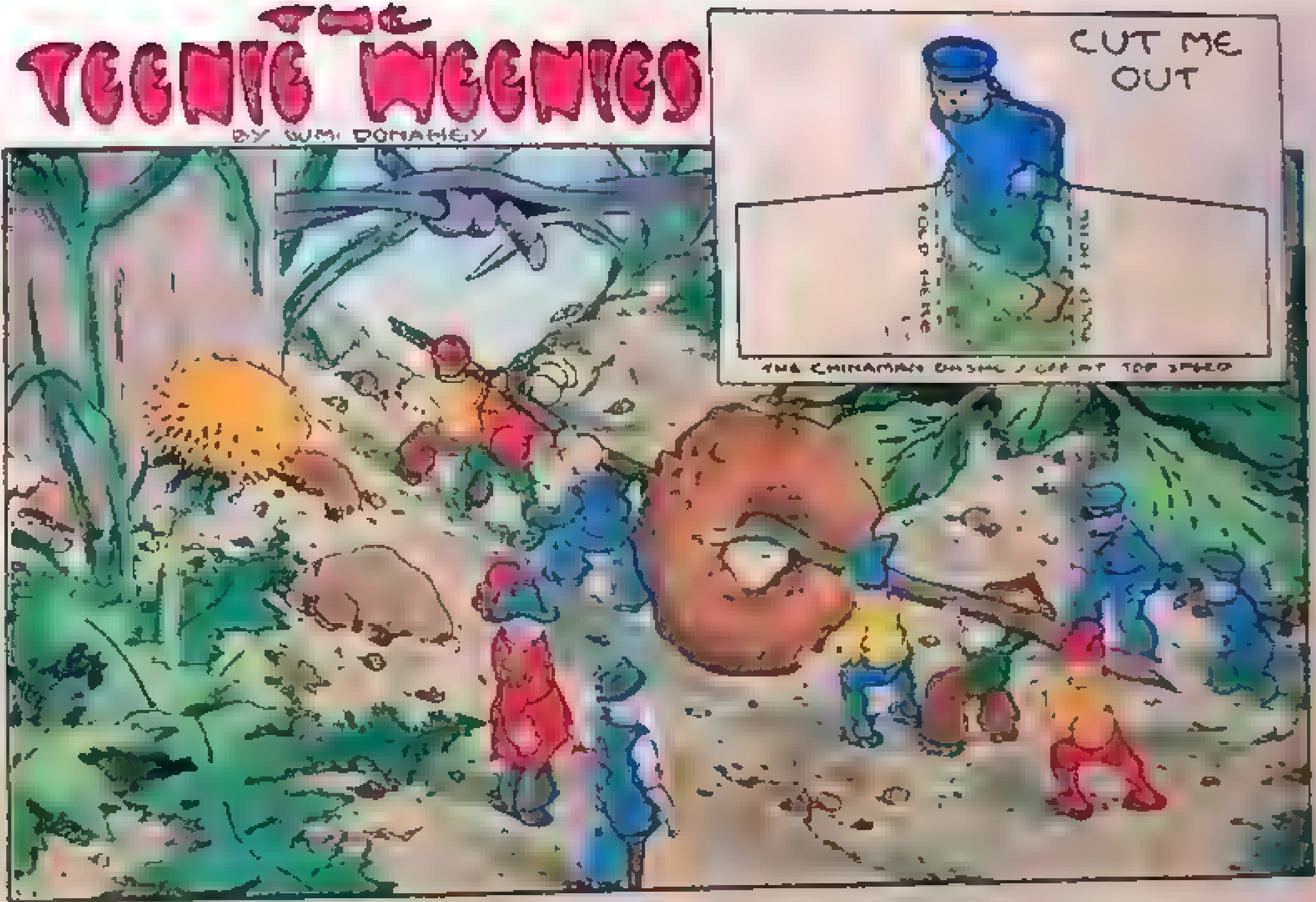
The little people were greatly pleased when the Chinaman found the doughnut. They were running very short of wheat, corn, and rice and the General had told everybody to be on the lookout for food.

"We won't have enough grain to last through until the next harvest," the General told the Teenie Weenies at a meeting in the old felt hat which served the little people for a schoolhouse and town hall. "Any food that is clean and wholesome can be used to help save the grain we have left."

The Teenie Weenies spent much time searching for scraps of food which could be served on the Teenie Weenie table. They kept a very close watch around the big houses for big people will throw out what they consider a mere scrap and which would be enough to feed the Teenie Weenies for weeks. The big people had been saving food too and the little folks found mighty little to choose from. Once the Dunce brought home a small piece of cheese but it was so hard the Cook couldn't hack off enough to make a Teenie Weenie sandwich with the sharpest Teenie Weenie ax.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY



THE CHINAMAN DASHES OFF AT TOP SPEED

One day the Chinaman found a paper bag lying under some bushes. He crawled into the bag and found a doughnut big enough to last the Teenie Weenies for several weeks so he dashed off at top speed with the good news.

"Well, that's quite a distance from here," said the General when he had listened to the Chinaman's report, "but we need food and we will find some way to get that doughnut to the village."

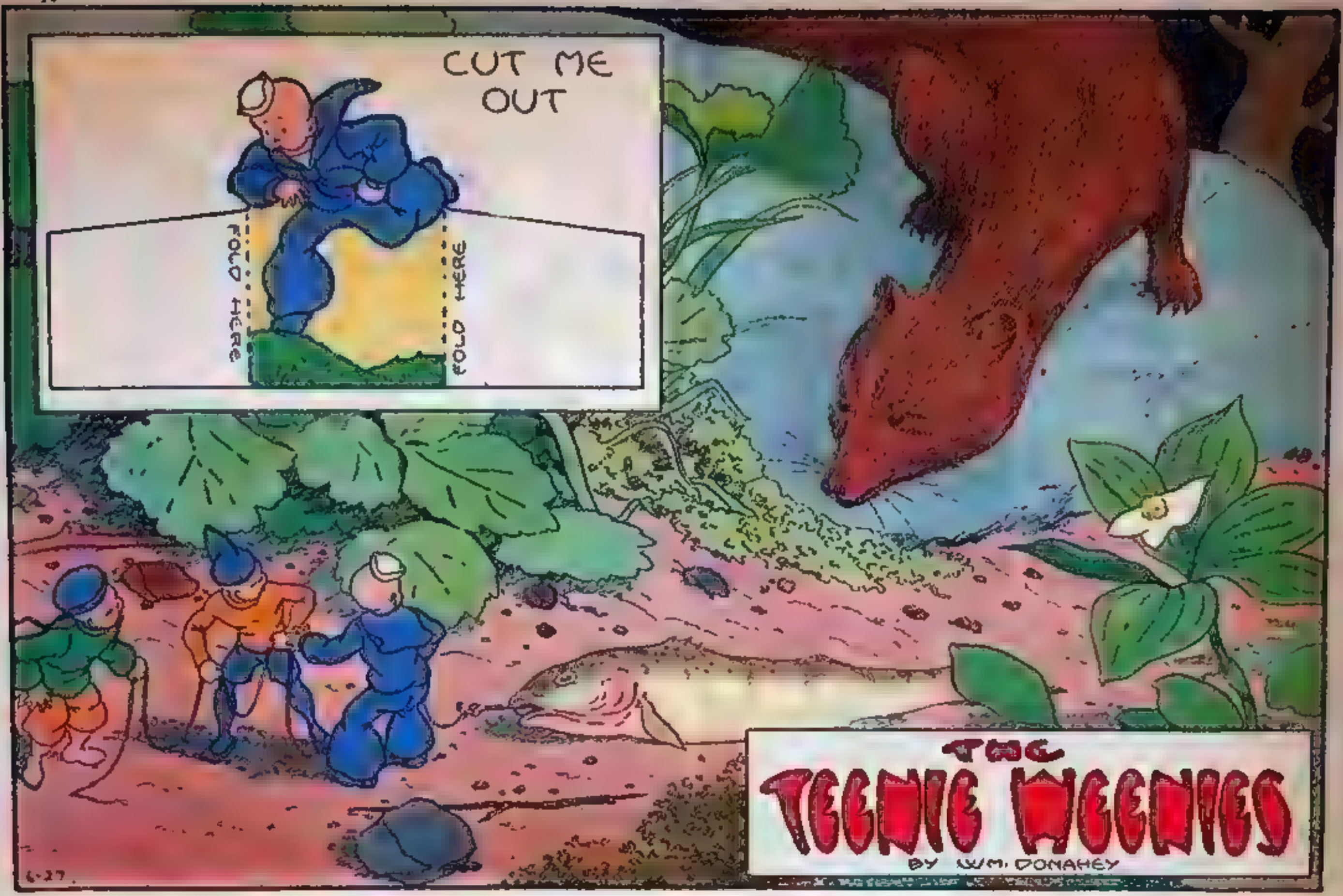
"Is there a hole through the center of the doughnut?" asked the Old Soldier with a wooden leg.

"Allie same hole big 'nough to jump through," answered the Chinaman.

"I believe we can bring that doughnut here in one trip," the Old Soldier told the General.

The Teenie Weenies set off at once for the doughnut. After a long walk across several fields they found the bag and soon dragged the doughnut out. Then the Old Soldier found a long slender stick which he trimmed with a Teenie Weenie ax. Several of the little men lifted up the doughnut so that the stick could be passed through the hole in the center and when six of the strongest Teenie Weenies had hoisted the stick to their tiny shoulders they set off for the Teenie Weenie village. It was a long tramp home and the doughnut was heavy but the little men finally got it to the village.

The doughnut was rather dry and hard but the Cook hacked off small pieces which he dampened with water and freshened up in the Teenie Weenie cook stove. For several days the Teenie Weenies ate little but doughnut. They soon began to tire of it and then the Cook had to invent other ways of serving it in order to get the little people to eat it at all. He made bread puddings and cottage puddings. He made a sort of Teenie Weenie brown betty but in spite of all his thought and work the Teenie Weenies would not eat doughnut unless they were very hungry.



A MINK

REPORTS had reached the Teenie Weenies that a mink had been prowling about the neighborhood. The little people hadn't seen the mink, but several birds claimed to have seen him, and Nick the squirrel told of having met him several times. Two young chipmunks had been reported missing from the neighborhood, and a few feathers were all that remained of an oven bird who had built a nest near the creek. Several bird nests had been raided and the eggs eaten. Tilly Titter the sparrow told the Teenie Weenies that the mink had broken into a chicken coop in the neighborhood and had carried away two young chickens.

"This mink comes out mostly at night," Nick the squirrel told the Teenie Weenies. "But I did see him one afternoon looking for fish along the creek. He'll eat anything from fish to chipmunks."

"Well," the General told the little people, "a mink won't bother Teenie Weenies if they keep out of his way."

"I'll bet he won't bother me," boasted the Dunce. "I'll go armed with a stout club and if he comes for me, I'll give him such a drubbing he won't want ever to see me again."

The Dunce whittled a burned match into a handy club and for days he carried it with him everywhere he went. But as time passed and the little people saw nothing of the mink, the Dunce stopped carrying his club.

"Who wants to be bothered with an old stick all the time?" he complained.

"That mink is a sly rascal," Tilly Titter the sparrow warned her little friends. "He never tells where he intends to hunt."

"Oh, he's probably left the neighborhood," the Dunce said, "so there's no use carrying this club."

However, the mink had not left the neighborhood as three Teenie Weenies soon discovered. The Dunce, the Chinaman and the Sailor had gone to the creek to fish. They found a deep hole, baited the hook with half a worm and threw it into the water. All afternoon the little men patiently fished but without catching any fish. They had just decided to give up and go home, for it was nearly supper time, when they hooked a fish. It was a large fish—a perch nearly four and a half inches long—and it was all the little men could do to hold the line.

Finally, after a long struggle, the Teenie Weenies pulled the fish out of the water. It was nearly dark and the little men decided it would be best to drag the fish home. While it was only a short distance to the Teenie Weenie village, it took a long time to drag the heavy fish through the dense woods, for the little men were forced to stop and rest occasionally.

"Wouldn't you think they'd know we needed help when we didn't get home by supper time?" the Dunce grumbled. "Why don't they come out to look for us?"

"If we're big enough to catch this whopper, we're men enough to get it home," the Sailor argued stoutly.

As the Teenie Weenies were dragging the fish past a big stone, they heard a noise. They all turned and glanced in that direction and, to their horror, they saw the mink slinking over the stone, only a few inches away. Now Teenie Weenies are very fast on their feet but on this occasion they could easily have passed a flying hummingbird in a race to get away from that mink. The Sailor says that the Chinaman and the Dunce ran so fast they went right over a dandelion without ever touching the blossom.

"Well, something passed me and the Chinaman," retorted the Dunce. "Something went by us so fast we couldn't see what it was, but it certainly did smell like a Sailor burning up the road."

"That mink wouldn't have hurt you," laughed the General. "All he wanted was your fish."

Next day several of the Teenie Weenies, hoping to find their fishhook, which had been tightly caught in the perch's mouth, went to the spot where the three had met the mink. The hook was there but little else. The mink had eaten every last scrap of fish. There was nothing left but a few scales and some well-picked bones.

"Wow!" the Dunce exclaimed. "I never want to meet that robber again."

"I told you to carry your club," Tilly Titter reminded him.

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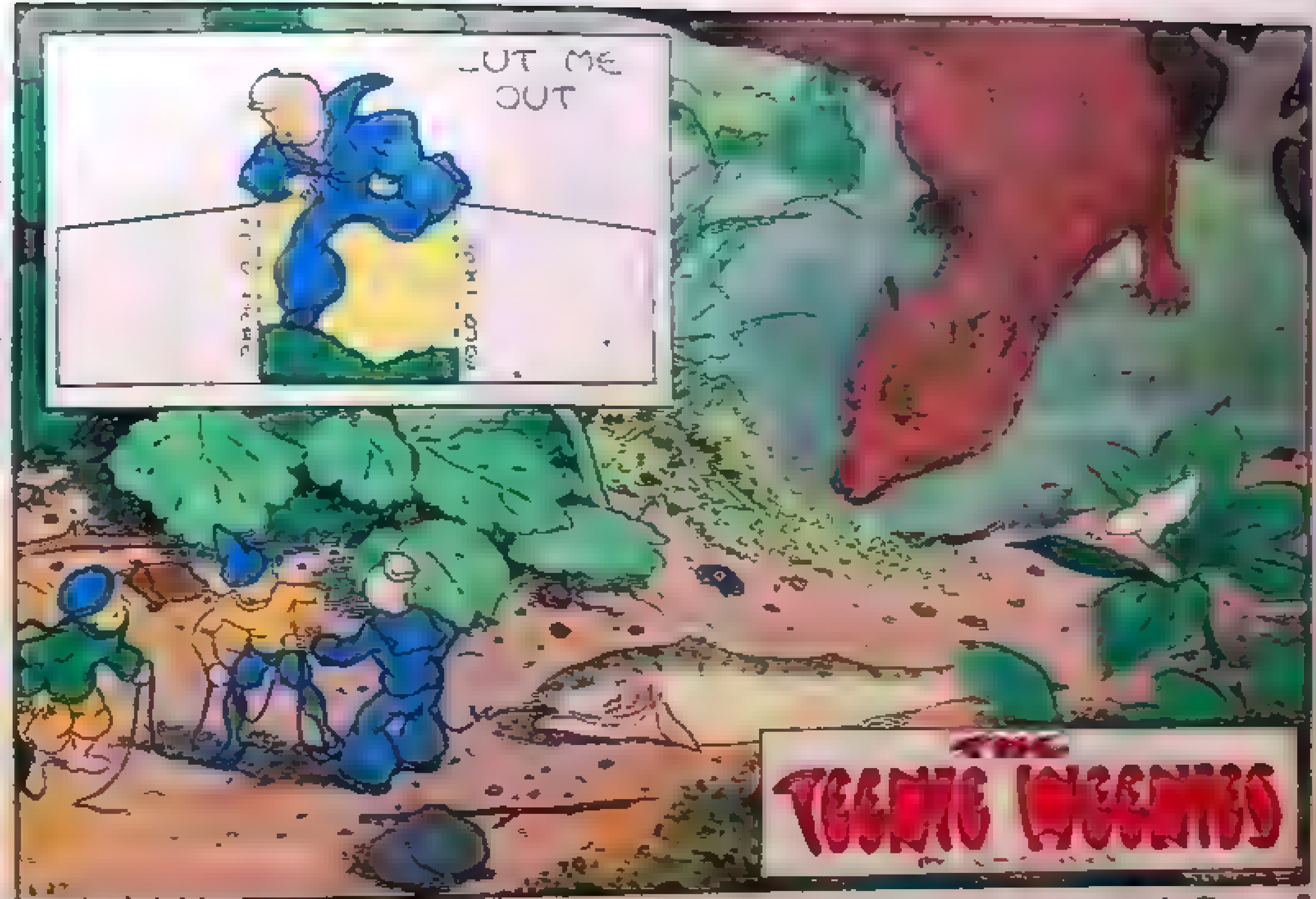

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A PICNIC

"GENERAL," said the Lady of Fashion one morning, "[illegible] have a picnic [illegible] the woods [illegible] the Fourth of July?"

"That would be fine," answered the General. "Especially fine for those who have been doing their share of the garden work and even those who have been getting out of their share of the work might enjoy the picnic, too, if they set to work and made up for lost time."

"Do you mean me?" asked the Dunce with a sheepish grin.

"Well, I don't know who else it could be," said the General. "Everyone else has been doing their work regularly."

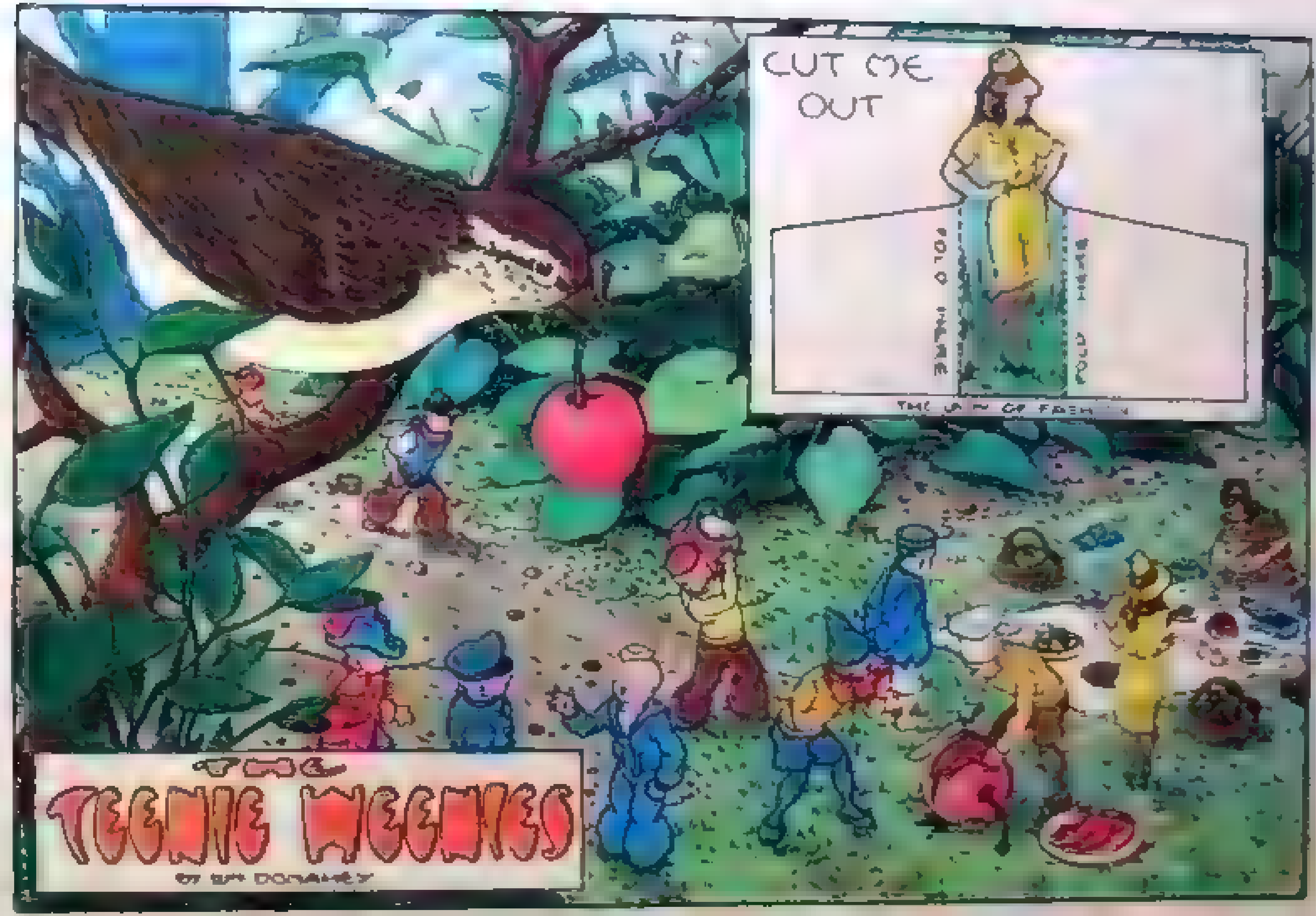
"Shucks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "Didn't I kill seven potato bugs yesterday?"

"I believe you did," said the General, "but you spent the day before at the creek fishing for tad poles while everyone else was working."

"Didn't I help carry eight thimblefuls of water to the tomato plant last week?" argued the Dunce.

"That's probably true," answered the General, "but the Policeman had to drive you out of the swimming pool to help dig up that dandelion which started growing near the beans. Now Dunce, if you want to go to the picnic you'll have to show a little more interest in your work."

During the next few days the Dunce really worked hard. He spent a great deal of time in the garden with his Teenie Weenie hoe, and the General said that he had earned his right to go to the picnic.



On the morning of the picnic the Teenie Weenies started off early for the picnic grounds. They carried three large acorn baskets of sandwiches, salads and many other good things to eat. The Lady of Fashion had made one of her famous cakes and the Chinaman proudly carried that on his head. The little people chose a mossy spot beside a clump of Canada white violets for their eating place. They carefully hid the baskets and cake under the violet leaves and then set off exploring thru the woods. They spent several hours wandering thru the woods and when they came back to eat their lunch they found that the cake was missing. The Cowboy found some mouse tracks near where the cake had been hidden and he said they looked very much like Ginky's tracks. Several of the men hunted thru the woods but they could not find any signs of Ginky or the cake.

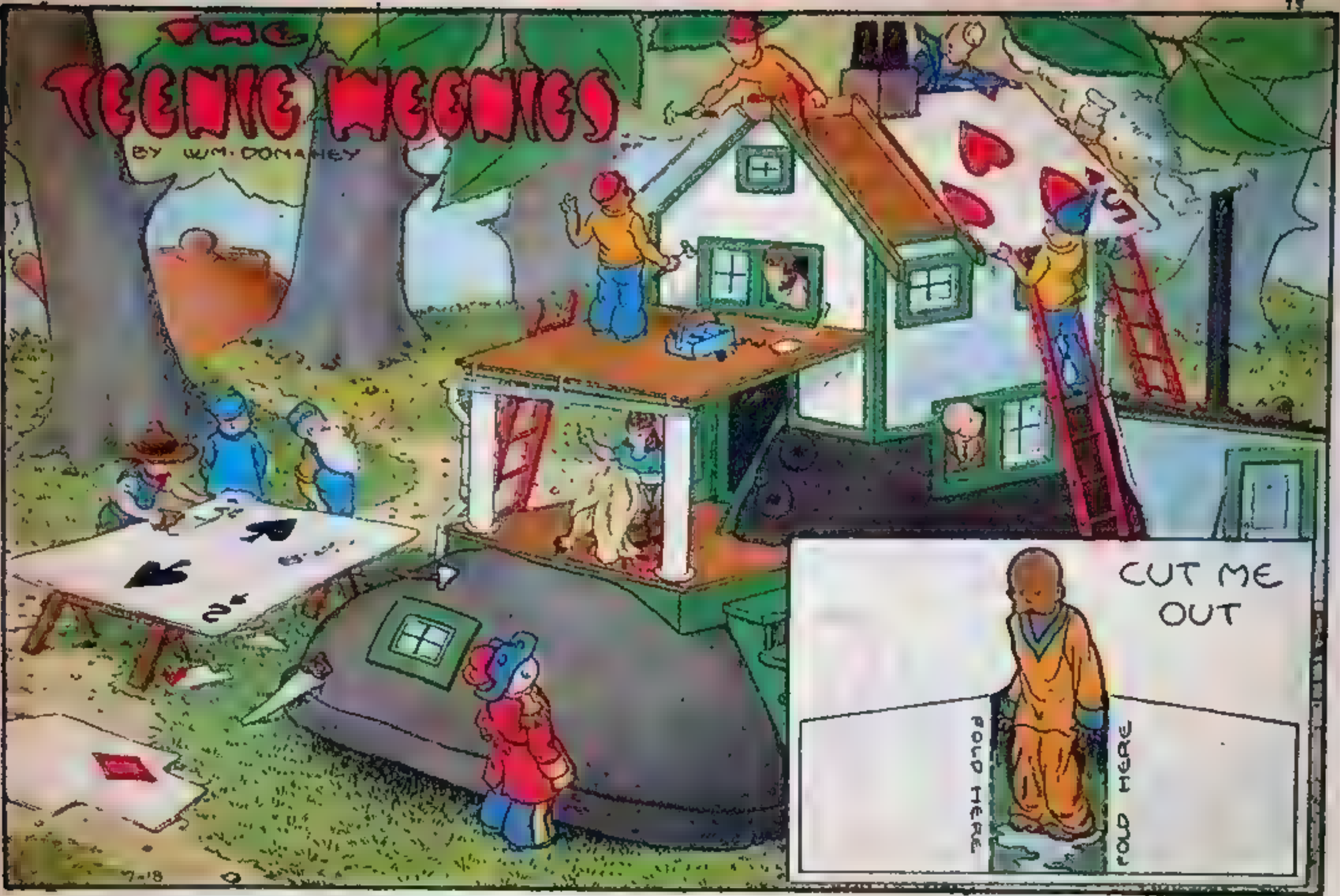
"Well," said the Lady of Fashion, "that cake was to be our only dessert and so we will have to do without it."

The Teenie Weenies were very much upset over the loss of their dessert for they all loved the Lady of Fashion's cakes. While the little women were setting out the good things to eat a chirping sparrow flew down and settled on the lower limb of a bush near by. It held a big ripe cherry in its beak. "I happened to be flying by and I saw that you folks were having a picnic," said the bird. "I thought you might like a cherry for your lunch."

"We'd love it," said the Lady of Fashion. "A mouse has stolen our cake and now we can have sliced cherry for dessert."

"I'll bring another one," said the bird dropping the cherry onto the ground. "I have found a cherry tree not far from here and I'll bring you as many as you can eat."

The Teenie Weenies are all very fond of cherries and the Cook began cutting their gift into large slices with a Teenie Weenie butcher knife. The bird soon returned with another cherry and that was more than enough to satisfy the little people. They all said that they had never tasted better cherries, and it made them quite forget their lost cake. The Dunce almost made himself sick, for he ate five big slices of cherry in addition to nine sandwiches and several helpings of salad.



A NEW ROOF

"GENERAL," said the Old Soldier with a wooden leg, "I looked over the roof today and I believe we ought to put on a new one. One of these days the old roof will spring a leak and the house should have a new covering before that happens."

"I don't see how we can spare the time just now," answered the General. "We have a lot of work to do in the garden. Won't the roof hold out for a while? We've had nice weather for several days now and it looks as though it would last a little longer."

It had been nice weather. The sun had shone brightly for many days and not a single drop of rain had fallen, but one night when the Teenie Weenies were asleep in their tiny beds it began to rain. At first, there were a few scattered drops; but in a short time it came down by the thimbleful. It dripped from the rosebush overhead and fell with a loud splash onto the shoe house roof. Some of the Teenie Weenies woke and listened to the rain for a few moments. However, most of the little people turned over in their beds, pulled the tiny bedclothes closer around themselves and went off to sleep again. Suddenly they were aroused by loud shouts from the little room up under the roof where Gogo and the Dunce slept.

"I's bein' leaked on! I's bein' leaked on!" shouted Gogo. "De roof has done sprung a leak."

The Old Soldier came into the room carrying a Teenie Weenie candle. By its tiny light he saw Gogo standing in the middle of the room, and the little Negro Teenie Weenie looked as though he had fallen into a teacup of water, for his pajamas were soaking wet.

Gogo pointed toward the roof directly over his bed. The Old Soldier saw a big drop of water form and then drop directly into Gogo's bed which was thoroughly soaked.

"Put on some dry clothes and get a thimble, quick," said the Old Soldier. "The whole house will be flooded if we don't put something under that leak to catch the water."

Gogo quickly dressed and ran downstairs to the kitchen. He found an empty thimble and hurried back to the Old Soldier.

"You'd better get another one," said the Old Soldier. "This thimble will be full in a short time, then we'll need something else to put under the leak while we empty the thimble."

Gogo made another trip to the kitchen and soon returned with the metal top of a catsup bottle which was one of the Teenie Weenie Cook's best cooking pots. By the time he arrived, the thimble was nearly full of water. The two Teenie Weenies put the catsup bottle top under the leak and then emptied the thimble out one of the windows. In a very short time, the catsup bottle top was full and they replaced it with the thimble. Then they emptied the catsup bottle top. The two Teenie Weenies—the Old Soldier and Gogo—kept this up all night long, but they did awaken the snoring Dunce and made him help with the work.

The rain kept up all the next day. This meant that the Teenie Weenies were kept busy, because someone had to be on hand to empty the pot and thimble as fast as each was filled with rain.

Of course the roof couldn't be mended until the rain stopped, but when the skies finally cleared, the Teenie Weenies set to work at once putting on a new roof.

The little people had almost a whole pack of playing cards which they had found and had stored in their workshop for future use. They brought out some of the cards and set to work on a new roof. The old roof was taken off and then the playing cards were cut into shingle size with Teenie Weenie saws. Next, the Teenie Weenie shingles were fitted neatly to the shoe house roof and fastened securely with Teenie Weenie nails.

When the roof was entirely covered with the cards, it was then given several coats of waterproof paint. At last the shoe house was ready for the next rain. It did rain not long afterward and the Teenie Weenies were glad to see that no water came through, although it rained hard for most of the night.

A TROUBLESOME CAT

"IT'S too hot to work out in the sunshine," said the General when the Teenie Weenies had gathered around the Teenie Weenie luncheon table. "We'll take a vacation this afternoon."

"HURRAY!" shouted the Dunce. "I'm going swimming. Who wants to go in for a dip?"

"I'll go with you just as soon as I finish washing and putting away the dishes," said the Cook.

"It's too hot fo' to go swimmin'," yawned Gogo. "I's gwine fo' to fine me a nice soft spot what is cool and do a heap of restin'."

"You'll get cooled off swimming," argued the Dunce.

"No sah," answered Gogo. "Dat's too much work. I's too hot and tired fo' to even talk," and he sauntered out of the kitchen door and lay down in a cool mossy spot near the shoe house.

Most of the Teenie Weenies agreed with Gogo—it was just too hot to do most anything. The General, the Teenie Weenie ladies, the Doctor and the Old Soldier strolled down to the creek where it was shady and pleasant to sit and watch the sparkling water flow by. The Policeman dozed in a tiny rocking chair on the front porch of the shoe house while the Cowboy, the Sailor and the Chinaman joined Gogo on the moss.

The Dunce helped the Cook wash and dry the Teenie Weenie dishes and then the two little chaps hurried into their tiny bathing suits and set off for the Teenie Weenie swimming pool, which had been made out of an old saucer and which stood under the rosebush not far from the shoe house.

"SAY! Look at that!" exclaimed the Dunce as the two Teenie Weenies rounded a huge plantain and came in sight of the swimming pool.

A big ugly cat sat beside the saucedish drinking the water from the pool. The two Teenie Weenies ran up the steps to the diving platform and they saw that the pool was half empty.

"SAY!" shouted the Dunce. "You can't do that. This is a swimming pool and you're drinking it up."

The cat merely sneered at the Dunce and went on drinking and that made the Dunce mad. "I'm going to call the Policeman," he said and he ran off towards the shoe house yelling, "Police," at the top of his small voice.

"HEY!" shouted the Dunce when he came within sight of the shoe house porch where the Policeman sat. "An old tomcat is drinking up our swimming pool."

The Policeman ran down the porch steps and joined the Dunce followed by Gogo, the Sailor, the Chinaman and the Cowboy who had all heard the racket made by the Dunce.

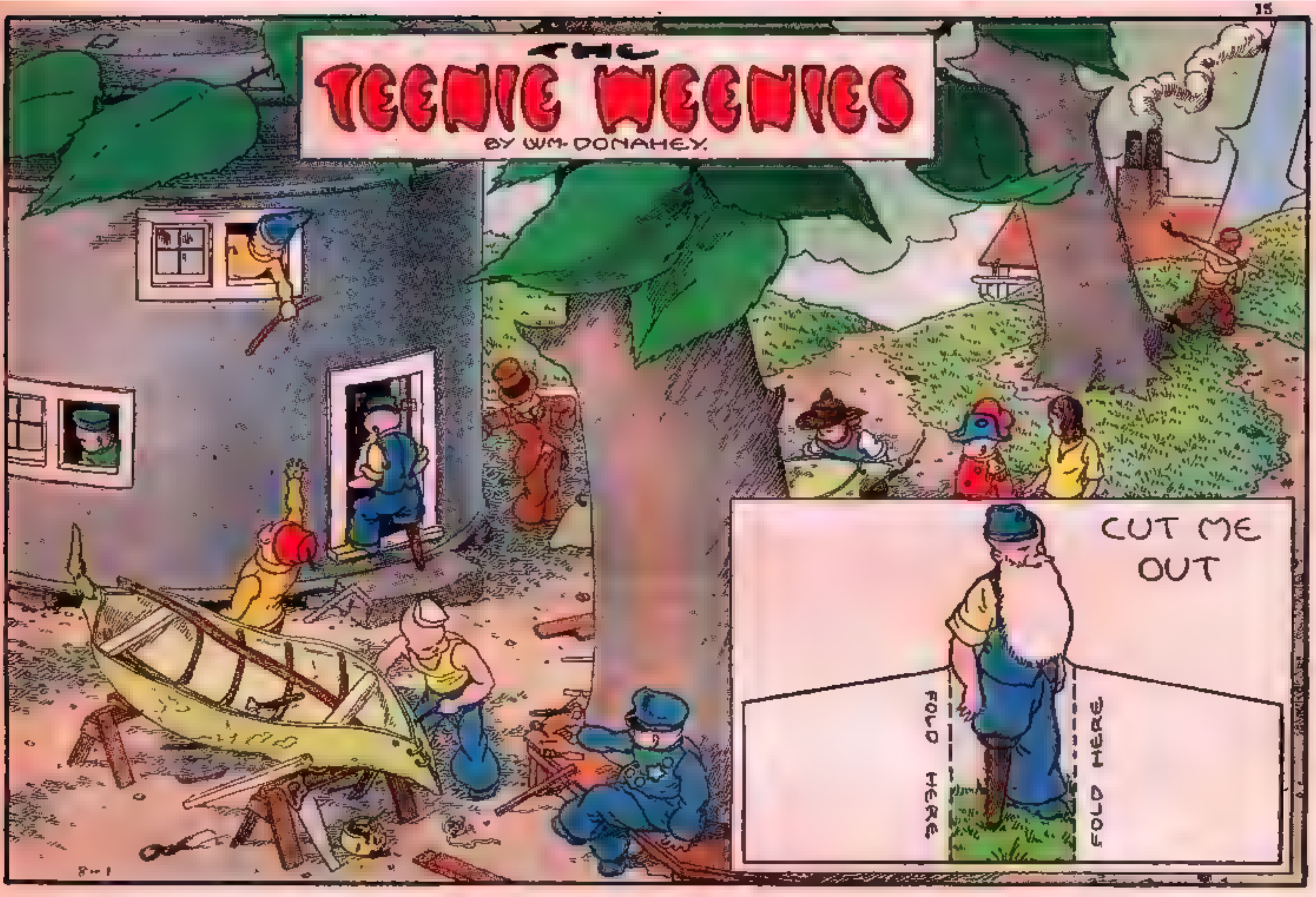
"Say!" exclaimed the Dunce. "I'm sick and tired of all the birds, dogs and cats in the neighborhood drinking out of our swimming pool. Why can't they go to the creek for their drinking?"

"Just calm yourself," said the Policeman, "and I'll talk to the cat."

The Policeman climbed the steps to the diving platform and pleaded with the cat not to drink any more water. The cat simply frowned at the Policeman and went on drinking. The more the Policeman talked the more the cat drank and the water began to go down at an alarming rate. Finally the Cook joined in the talk. He jumped into the water and by motions and many words he tried to show the cat what damage he was doing. "Look!" shouted the Cook, "the water is not up to my neck and if you drink much more we won't be able to swim."

It's hard to tell whether the cat understood the Cook or maybe it was just because he had had enough to drink, but anyhow he gave the Teenie Weenies a nasty look and walked off without ever saying a word.

"I'm going to put up a sign saying no one is to drink out of this swimming pool," said the Dunce when the cat had disappeared, "and it's going to be printed in dog, bird, and cat language, too."



PEA-POD CANOES

NOW that the vegetables in the Teenie Weenie garden were ready to eat, the little people were kept mighty busy. The vegetables had grown well and some of them were so big it became a problem for such little people to handle them.

The carrots were so huge it took a week to get five of them out of the ground and moved to the Teenie Weenie storehouse.

First, the great tops had to be chopped off with Teenie Weenie axes and dragged away. Then the little men had to dig around each carrot, and they had to dig down so deeply that the hole had to be timbered to keep the earth from falling in on the workers. When the carrot had been uncovered, it was then necessary to put up a derrick and slowly pull the big vegetable out of the ground with a Teenie Weenie block and tackle.

The Teenie Weenies seldom use more than two carrots, but they like to store away a few extra for their friend, the Rhyming Rabbit, who is quite old and so crippled with rheumatism that he can't always get food when he needs it during the Winter.

The little people dry most of their vegetables, although the Cook does put up a number of two- and three-drop cherry seed jars of berry jam and tomato preserves. Corn, beans and peas are always dried for Winter use and some of the little men are impatient for the coming of the time when the peas are ripe. Peas are much prized by the Teenie Weenies, for they not only supply the little people with food, but with canoes. Pods in which the peas grow can be made into trim little canoes. Several of the Teenie Weenies are fine canoe makers, and these little men watch the vines grow. They study the pods and select the ones which they believe will make the best canoes.

After the pea pod is cut from the plant, it is opened with much care along the back of the pod. The peas are then removed, and work starts on the canoe. The pod is carried to the Teenie Weenie workshop. (This is really an old coffee can, but it makes a fine work place for the little men.) There the canoe is placed on Teenie Weenie work horses outside the shop, if the weather is nice, for the Teenie Weenies love to work outdoors.

First, the pod is given a coat of a certain paint which the Teenie Weenie Doctor has invented. This keeps the pod from drying too quickly. Next, the Old Soldier with the wooden leg carefully takes measurements for the wooden framework which must be built inside the canoe to make it sturdy. The Old Soldier is a fine workman, even though he is no taller than a common safety match, and he usually plans the work for the rest of the little men.

When the measurements for the pea pod have been taken, the little men set to work cutting out the various wooden parts which are needed to strengthen the canoe. Burned matches and other lumber is cut up to furnish the wood necessary for making the canoe seaworthy. As soon as the wooden parts are in place, the canoe is given several coats of waterproof paint, and when that is thoroughly dry, the boat is ready for the water.

Almost all the Teenie Weenie men build pea-pod canoes. The Sailor is very particular about his canoe, and he spends a great deal of time over the work. The Dunce is always in such a hurry to get his canoe done he never makes a very good one. So after he has used it a few times it has to go to the workshop for repairs.

The Teenie Weenies enjoy building their canoes, and the tiny workshop fairly buzzes when the season is on. While the little men work, they are so happy that they often sing an old Teenie Weenie song which runs like this:

"Come take a ride in my little canoe
And we'll sail away on the morning dew.
My boat is the pod of a garden pea
And there's plenty of room for you and me.
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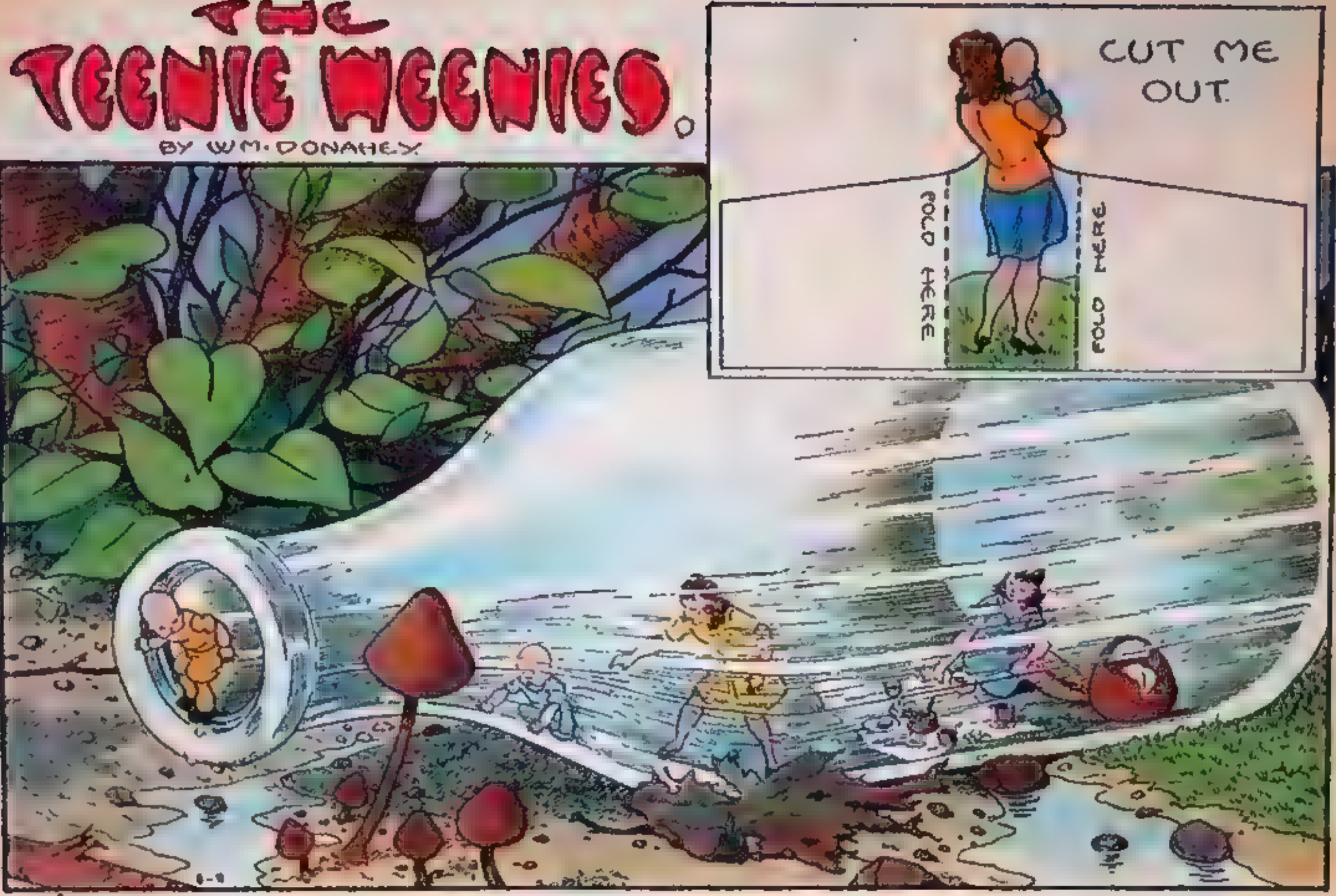
THE TEENIE WEENIES.

BY WM. DONAHEY



A RAINY PICNIC

THE Teenie Weenie women were rather lonely in the old shoe house under the rosebush. The Teenie Weenie men were busy from morning until night working on their pea-pod canoes, so the little women only saw them at mealtimes. Even then the men talked of nothing but canoes, and that wasn't very interesting conversation for the little women. The men worked almost every night, too, in the coffee can which served the Teenie Weenies for a workshop. Then they were so tired when they returned to the shoe house that they went straight to bed—sometimes, it has been reported, without even brushing their teeth.

"I wish the men would get those canoes finished," remarked the Lady of Fashion one evening as she and Tess, one of the Teenie Weenie women, sat sewing in the living room of the shoe house. "We never see much of them any more, and when we do, they talk of nothing but canoes."

"We won't see much of them after they have finished building their canoes, either," Tess reminded her. "After their boats are finished they'll have to try them out, and for a week or more they'll be paddling on the creek from daylight until dark."

"Well, I'm tired of staying around here," complained the Lady of Fashion. "Let's take the children and go for a picnic tomorrow."

"Oh, that will be nice!" exclaimed Tess. "Let's go to the big woods. I'll make a lot of sandwiches out of chopped frog ham for our lunch."

"I'll make a salad and we'll take along lemonade and some cookies," put in the Lady of Fashion.

The next morning was cloudy and it looked very much as though it would rain.

The little women decided it might be unwise to go on the picnic, for Teenie Weenies don't like rain, especially when big drops fall. One big raindrop falling on a Teenie Weenie would completely soak the little fellow to the skin. When the little women talked about giving up the picnic, the Teenie Weenie children began bellowing, and Teenie Weenie tears fell in a Teenie Weenie shower.

"It certainly looks like rain," said the Lady of Fashion, glancing through one of the shoe house windows, "but I hate to disappoint the children."

"Let's go anyhow," said Tess. "We can find some sort of shelter if it does rain."

The two Teenie Weenie women packed an acorn basket with the food they had prepared for the picnic, not forgetting a dainty luncheon cloth and napkins, Teenie Weenie knives, forks, spoons and a cherry-seed jar of thimbleberry jam.

When the Teenie Weenies left the shoe house it began to look as though the day might be nice after all. But as they came near the big woods, the sky grew dark and a few raindrops began to sprinkle down.

"We must find shelter quickly!" cried the Lady of Fashion.

"There's just the place," shouted Tess, pointing to a spot under a bush where a big milk bottle lay. "We'll be dry in there."

The women hurried to the bottle, boosted the children and the lunch basket in, and then climbed in themselves just as it began to rain hard. The bottle was clean and the ladies decided it was an ideal place for a picnic in a rainstorm. It was lots of fun to eat their lunch and watch the big raindrops splash on the bottle. Except for the fact that the children had to be constantly watched to keep them from climbing out of the bottle, the little women had a most enjoyable day.

One of the boys did fall out of the bottle, and he fell right in the middle of a puddle of water. He wasn't hurt, but he did get a thorough soaking and a good Teenie Weenie scolding.

When the rain had stopped, the little folks set off for home. At supper they told the other Teenie Weenies that a milk bottle is a wonderful place to hold a picnic lunch in a rainstorm.

A RAINY PICNIC

THE Teenie Weenie women were rather lonesome in the old shoe house under the rose bush. The Teenie Weenie men were busy from morning until night working on their pea pod canoes and the little women only saw them at meal times. Even then the men talked of nothing but canoes and that wasn't very interesting conversation for the little women. The men worked most every night, too, in the coffee can which served the Teenie Weenies for a workshop, and they were so tired when they returned to the shoe house they went straight to bed, and sometimes, it has been reported, without even brushing their teeth.

"I wish the men would get those canoes finished," remarked the Lady of Fashion one evening as she and Tess, one of the Teenie Weenie women, sat sewing in the living room of the shoe house. "We never see much of them any more and when we do they talk of nothing but canoes."

"We won't see much of them after they have finished building their canoes either," said Tess. "They'll have to try them out after they are finished and for a week or more they'll be paddling from daylight until dark on the creek."

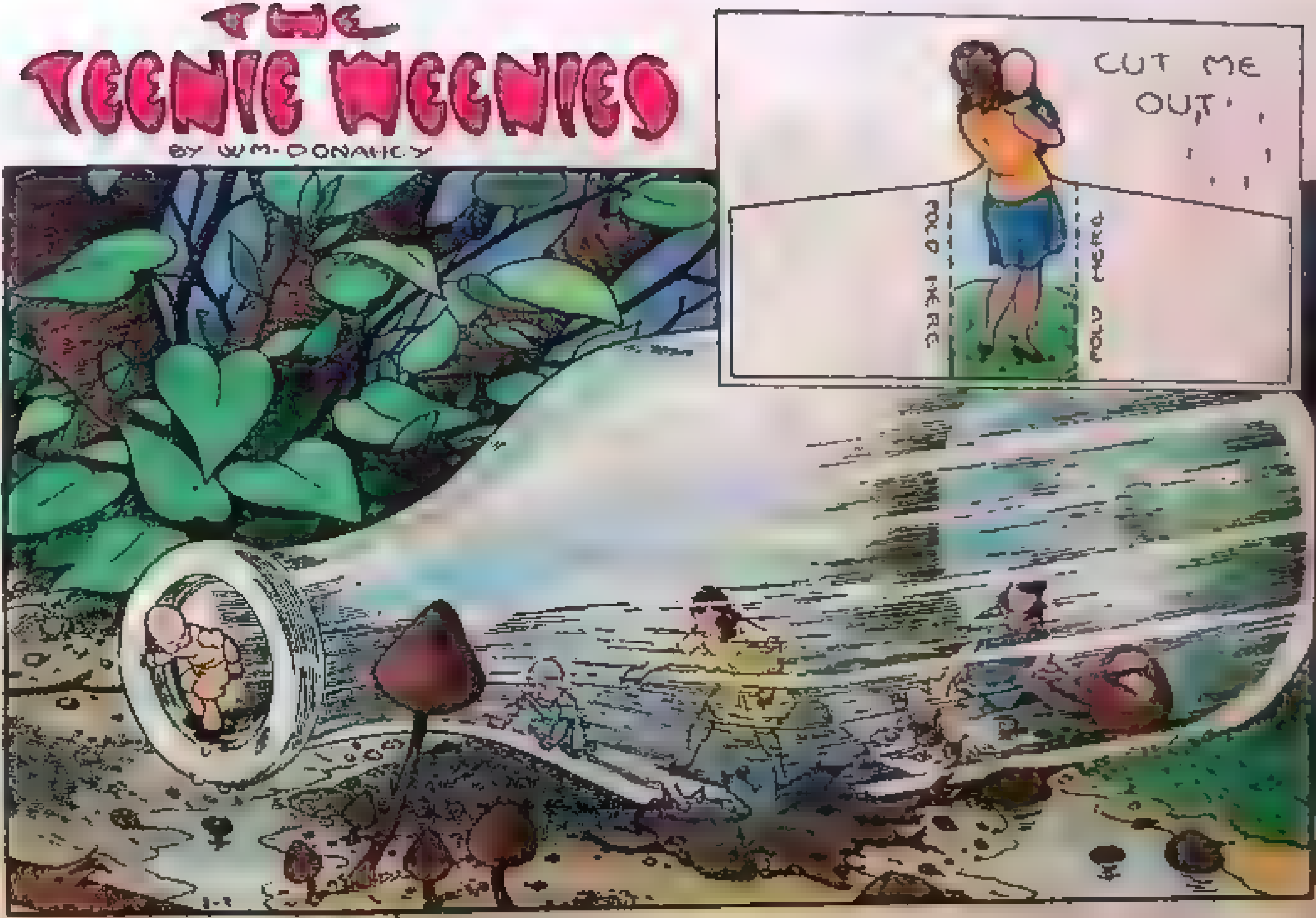
"Well, I'm tired of staying around here," complained the Lady of Fashion. "Let's take the children and go for a picnic tomorrow."

"O, that will be nice!" exclaimed Tess. "Let's go to the big woods. I'll make a lot of sandwiches out of chopped frog ham for our lunch."

"I'll make a salad and we'll take along lemonade and some cookies," put in the Lady of Fashion.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY



The next morning was cloudy and it looked very much as tho it would rain. The little women decided it might not be wise to go on the picnic for Teenie Weenies don't like rain, especially when big drops fall. One big raindrop falling on a Teenie Weenie would completely soak it to the skin. When the little women talked about giving up the picnic the Teenie Weenie children set up a loud bellowing and Teenie Weenie tears fell in a Teenie Weenie shower.

"It certainly looks like rain," said the Lady of Fashion glancing thru one of the shoe house windows, "but I hate to disappoint the children."

"Let's go anyhow," said Tess. "We can find some sort of shelter if it does rain."

The two Teenie Weenie women packed an acorn basket with the food they had prepared for the picnic, not forgetting a dainty luncheon cloth and napkins, Teenie Weenie knives, forks, spoons and a cherry seed jar of thimble-berry jam.

When the Teenie Weenies left the shoe house it began to look as tho the day might be nice after all, but as they came near the big woods the sky grew dark and a few raindrops began to sprinkle down.

"We must find shelter quick," said the Lady of Fashion.

"There's just the place," shouted Tess pointing to a spot under a bush where a big milk bottle lay. "We will be dry in there."

The women hurried to the bottle, boosted the children and the lunch basket in and then climbed in themselves just as it began to rain hard. The bottle was clean and the ladies decided it was an ideal place for a picnic in a rainstorm. They spread the tiny luncheon cloth and set out the food. It was lots of fun to eat their lunch and watch the big raindrops splash on the bottle. Except for the fact that the children had to be constantly watched, for they were forever trying to climb out of the bottle, the little women had a thoroly good time. One of the little boys did fall out of the bottle and he fell right in the middle of a puddle of water. He wasn't hurt but he did get a thoro soaking and a good Teenie Weenie scolding.

When the rain had stopped the little folks set off for home and they said that a milk bottle was a wonderful place to hold a picnic lunch in a rainstorm.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY

A GOOD CANOE

CANOE-BUILDING had been going on for several weeks. The coffee can, where the Teenie Weenies had their workshop, was in use most of the time. The little men burned up a great many Teenie Weenie candles, for some of the Teenie Weenies who were very particular about their canoes worked many nights long after bedtime. It takes a lot of very careful work and a long time to make a seaworthy canoe out of a pea pod.

Of course, the men had to leave their canoe-building occasionally to look after the Teenie Weenie garden. As the vegetables were ready to be gathered, they had to be taken from the garden to the Teenie Weenie storehouse for Winter use.

Most of the men were careful to make good canoes, but the Dunce was always impatient. He wanted to get his canoe into the water first, and the result of this haste was a poorly made canoe which usually never lasted more than a week or two before it had to be repaired.

"Now, Dunce," said the Sailor, who was a careful workman and always made fine canoes, "I want you to take your time this year and make a really good canoe."

"Ah, shucks! What's the use of spending a lot of time over a canoe?" the Dunce argued. "They always break up sooner or later, and what's the use of doing a lot of work when you don't have to?"

"Your canoes always break up before the others simply because you don't do a good job in the first place," said the Sailor. "I'm going to help you this year, and I'll show you how to make a really good canoe."

The Sailor kept his word and for once the Dunce built a good pea-pod canoe. He wanted to put it in the water before the waterproof paint was thoroughly dry, but the Sailor made him wait. Finally, the Dunce could wait no longer. He boosted his canoe onto his head, for that is the proper way to carry a pea-pod canoe, and set off for the creek.

"I think it would be a good thing to keep an eye on that foolish Dunce," said the General as he watched him go off toward the creek. "He may get into trouble because the water is high after all the heavy rains we have had lately."

"I'll get my canoe and we'll follow him," said the Sailor.

The Sailor brought out his canoe and the two Teenie Weenies hurried after the Dunce. When they reached the creek, the Dunce had already paddled out into the stream. With the General in the front seat, the Sailor slid his canoe into the water and followed behind the Dunce. They hadn't gone far when suddenly a huge frog popped his head out of the water right beside the Dunce's canoe. The frog grabbed the canoe with his big front foot and tipped it over. The Dunce went out of the boat like a grasshopper. He swam to some arrowhead stalks which grew in the water and there he hung on while he yelled for help.

The Sailor scared off the frog and rescued the Dunce's canoe. It was partly filled with water, but the Sailor towed it over to the Dunce, who slid down the arrowhead stalk and paddled back to shore.

"Jinks!" cried the Dunce after he had examined his canoe. "It isn't hurt at all."

"Sure," said the Sailor, "your canoe isn't hurt a bit. But if you had been using one that had been stuck together in the usual way you build boats, that canoe would be a wreck."

"It sure would," the Dunce admitted. "Gosh, but that was a big frog! It's a wonder he didn't smash the canoe all to bits."

"Well, I've been telling you for years to take your time and do a good job on your canoes," the Sailor reminded him. "Now, maybe you'll believe me."

"You are right," said the Dunce. "I certainly have a frogproof canoe, and you can't get anything better than that. From now on I'm going to take my time building good canoes."

DANGEROUS WORK

WHILE the Teenie Weenies were trying out their pea pod canoes it was almost impossible to get any work out of the men. They neglected the garden, and even the Cook, who is generally reliable, was sometimes late getting the Teenie Weenie meals. However, the little men soon tired of canoeing and the General was able to get some of the necessary work done around the Teenie Weenie village. The beans had to be picked and that's no small job, for it takes five or six Teenie Weenies to remove a string bean from the plant. There was plenty of work to keep all the little people busy, for the Teenie Weenie garden crops were ready to harvest and to store away for the Winter.

"The apples are ripe," the Cook told the General one day. "I mean the apples we usually get early for our annual applesauce. Not the late storing apples."

"Well," said the General, "we'd better get one, and while we are at it we had better get one for the Rhyming Rabbit. He's been poorly lately, and an apple would be very good for him."

Applesauce is a favorite dish of the Teenie Weenies. One apple will last the little people for a long time when it is properly cared for. The Cook has discovered a very good way to keep an apple fresh for weeks by always covering the spot where he has cut out some apple with wax. The wax keeps the air out and the apple will remain in good condition until more apple is wanted to make into applesauce.

About half an apple is generally made into apple butter and stored away in two and three drop cherry seed jars for use during the winter, but the early apples can be used only for applesauce.

It is quite a task for Teenie Weenies to gather apples. The little men have to climb about the tree and lower the heavy apples with ropes, for an apple which has fallen from the tree is usually bruised and then it doesn't keep well. Only the most careful and the best climbers among the Teenie Weenies do this work. While most of the little people can climb like caterpillars it is very dangerous work and the General wants to be sure there will be no accidents.

Tilly Titter the sparrow usually carries the Teenie Weenies up into the tree on her back and one morning she safely delivered the General, the Cook, Gogo and the Sailor into a limb high above the ground where the best apples grew. The little men carried a long string, one end of which they tied to the stem of an apple and the other end was dropped to some Teenie Weenies on the ground below after being snubbed about a limb of the tree. When the apple stem had been hacked off with a Teenie Weenie hatchet, the men below lowered the apple slowly to the ground.

While the Sailor was tying the string to the stem of the second apple, the Cook, who was walking along a limb, suddenly slipped and, to the horror of the other Teenie Weenies, he plunged head first toward the ground. Fortunately the Cook fell [illegible] where he was able to grab a strong leaf stem and hang on. He was pretty badly scared but he was not hurt and he soon pulled himself up to a [illegible] was strong enough to [illegible] down to the ground.

"That sure was a narrow escape," said the Cowboy when the Cook got to the ground.

"Fortunate [illegible]!" exclaimed the Dunce. "If you hadn't caught it you'd have broken every bone in your body."

"I sure would," answered the Cook. "There wouldn't have been anything left of me but a Teenie Weenie grease spot."

DIGGIN' THAT'S DIGGIN'

THE Teenie Weenies had little time for play during the last few weeks. Every Teenie Weenie was up with the sun in the morning and they all worked until night. Sometimes it was really dark before they sat down to the Teenie Weenie supper table and by the time they had finished their meal they were ready for their tiny beds. In fact the Dunce was so tired one evening he fell asleep while he was eating his supper and he had to be awakened so he wouldn't miss his dessert.

The Teenie Weenies were right in the middle of their Teenie Weenie harvest. The vegetables in the Teenie Weenie garden were ready to be removed from the ground and that is quite a lot of work for such tiny people—expecially the potatoes. A potato is just as big to a Teenie Weenie as an auto would be to you. Just suppose you had to dig a potato as big as an auto out of the ground and pull it out of the hole. That's what the Teenie Weenies had to do, and there were four big potatoes.

"SHUCKS!" exclaimed the Dunce when the General announced that it was time to dig their potatoes. "I don't see why potatoes don't grow on trees so all we'd have to do would be to cut 'em off and let 'em fall to the ground and then we wouldn't have to do a lot of digging."

"Well, it is a bit of trouble to plant potatoes and get them out of the ground," said the General, "but for the amount of work we put in on them, which all together isn't more than three weeks, we get enough potato to last us for almost a year."

"Yes, that's so," said the Dunce thoughtfully, "but I still think they're an awful lot of trouble."

After a big breakfast next morning of ham cakes, which the Cook makes out of chopped frog ham and corn meal, the little men set off with their tiny tools to dig potatoes. First the great tangled potato vine had to be removed. The Teenie Weenies cut off the vine just above the ground and then cut it into convenient pieces which were dragged away. It took the little people all morning to remove the vine and then they started in with Teenie Weenie picks and shovels to dig a great hole down to the potatoes.

While they were digging Nick the squirrel came along. He stopped and watched the work for a time and then asked the Cowboy what they were digging for.

"We're getting our potatoes out," answered the Cowboy, who was shoveling away the dirt that Gogo and the Dunce were throwing out of the hole.

"What are you going to do with all those boards the Turk is piling up?" Nick asked, pointing with one of his paws towards a pile of lumber near by.

"O, that's to timber the hole when we get down a ways," said the Cowboy.

"What do you mean by timber the hole?" asked Nick.

"Well," answered the Cowboy, "you see when we get down pretty deep into the ground we have to put up those boards to keep the earth from caving in on the diggers."

"LAWSY ME," exclaimed Nick, throwing up his paws in horror, "that's an awful lot of trouble. Get your men out of that hole and I'll show you diggin' that's diggin'."

The Teenie Weenies climbed out of the hole and Nick jumped in and began digging with his powerful paws. The Teenie Weenies began running away in all directions for Nick worked so fast the dirt and pebbles were falling like hailstones. In five minutes Nick did the work that would have taken the Teenie Weenies three or four days to do.

"BOY," shouted the Dunce, when Nick tossed the potatoes up out of the hole. "That's better than having them grow on trees."

"Sure," answered Nick, as he wiped his paws on his furry sides, "whenever you folks want potatoes dug you just call on me and I'll get 'em out for you in a jiffy."

TEENIE WEENIE MEAT

NOW THAT the potatoes had been dug and put away most of the hard work of laying in the winter's supply of food was over. From now on the Teenie Weenies would be searching through the woods for wild cherries and black berries which would be made into jelly and juice. The Cook always made about two thimbles full of blackberry juice which the Little people used in making fruit punch for their winter parties. They gathered a number of mushrooms too, which were dried and a supply of Teenie Weenie dates. These Teenie Weenie dates are really service berries and they grow on high trees but Tilly Titter the Sparrow helps the little people to gather the fruit. When the service berries are dried they taste much like dates and they are used by the Teenie Weenies as big folks use prunes.

The laying in of the winter's supply of meat was one in which the little people took great interest, especially the Teenie Weenie men, for it was usually exciting. Three or four crawfish were generally caught and the meat preserved. Several minnows were pickeled, but the most exciting of all was the capture of frogs whose hams were the main meat supply of the Teenie Weenies.

The Teenie Weenies had to use a great deal of skill in capturing these great creatures and it was sometimes dangerous for frogs are powerful animals to such tiny men. The Teenie Weenies search along the bank of the creek and about ponds for frogs and when one is discovered all the little men gather to help capture it.

One day the Sailor came running to the shoe house with the news that he had discovered a frog. "He's a whopper," the Sailor said. "He's sitting on a log in the little pond where the mallard duck had her nest."

The Cowboy grabbed his lasso which was a long stout string, used especially for capturing frogs, and he hurried towards the pond followed by most of the Teenie Weenies.

"Now keep quiet," warned the Cowboy when the little people came in sight of the frog. "The Sailor and the Turk will help me and the rest of you stay here and keep quiet."

"Now be careful," warned the General as the three Teenie Weenies quietly sneaked along back of the frog.

The frog was sitting on a big log which stuck out of the water and lay partly on the shore of the pond. The three Teenie Weenies silently drew near the log where the Cowboy tied one end of the lasso to a bush.

"Now," whispered the Cowboy, "we'll sneak out on the log. I'll throw the rope over the frog's head and then we'll jerk it just as soon as the noose falls in place."

The Teenie Weenies crawled up onto the log and tiptoed silently towards the frog. Then the Cowboy swung the loop over his head a few times and dropped it over the frog's head. The three Teenie Weenies gave a hard jerk pulling the noose tightly about the frog's neck. At the same moment the frog made a mighty leap for the water. He snapped the rope where it had been tied to the bush and jerked the three Teenie Weenies through the air after him. All three Teenie Weenies went head first into the pond and outside of a thoro soaking none of the little men was hurt, but in the general excitement the frog had made his escape.

"JINKS!" exclaimed the Cowboy as he waded out of the pond. "That sure was a mighty strong frog for he busted that rope just as easily as though it had been made out of spider web. Well, there are more frogs and we'll get 'em."

The Cowboy made a stronger lasso and during the next few weeks the Teenie Weenies captured twelve frogs. When the work of curing and smoking had been done the little people had twenty-four big hams and twenty-four shoulder hams hanging in the Teenie Weenie smoke house which would keep the village supplied with meat during the winter.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BIRD HELP

E[illegible] Teenie Weenies [illegible] Teenie Weenie [illegible] the little people [illegible] the day. The Teenie Weenies [illegible] for any work but occasionally [illegible] and then the General chose the men to [illegible]

The General [illegible] several [illegible] that it was time [illegible] swimming pool and put it [illegible] for the [illegible] the General told Gogo the Dunce and the Chinaman to do the work.

"Ah, shucks!" [illegible] the Dunce. "Can't we [illegible] next week?"

"No!" answered the General. "That pool must be empty by tonight [illegible] you don't eat any supper. At this time of the year it [illegible] suddenly turn cold and freeze and that might crack the dish and then we'd [illegible] more swimming pool."

The Teenie Weenie swimming pool was really nothing but an old sauce dish. The Teenie Weenies had found it and they had moved it to a spot near the rosebush where it was used by the little people as a swimming pool. The Old Soldier with the wooden leg and the Turk had built a set of steps running up to the edge of the dish where a diving platform extended out over the water. The dish was about the size that big people use to eat breakfast food from but it was pretty large enough to make a fine swimming pool and the Teenie Weenies spent a great deal of their time in it during the summer.

"Jinks!" exclaimed the Dunce as the three Teenie Weenies set to work with buckets made from acorns to bail out the water.

"I wish some thirsty dog would come along and drink up the water. The birds and animals are all the time drinking up the water when it's hot but now when you'd like to have 'em drink it up they won't come around."

Bailing out the pool was very slow work, for the acorn buckets had to be dropped from the diving platform, filled with water and then pulled up with the string which had been fastened to the handle. The Dunce and the Chinaman pulled up the buckets while Gogo emptied them over the side of the dish. The little men had been working only a short time when a [illegible] bird flew down and perched on the edge of the pool.

"Say!" shouted the Dunce. "Why don't some of you birds who are always coming around here in summer drinking up our pool do a little drinking now?"

"I'm not thirsty," said the bird, "but I'll help you empty that dish in a jiffy if you really want to do some work."

"Sure we'd like some help," said the Dunce.

"Well, one of you will have to get down into the water to fill your buckets and I'll bill them up to the fellow on the platform to empty," said the bird. "We can get along faster with the work than the way you are doing now."

The Dunce and the Chinaman hurried away for their bathing suits. In a few minutes they returned and the Dunce hopped into the water, which came up to his waist, and began bailing up the water. The bird took the buckets in its beak and handed them to Gogo as fast as he could empty them. The Chinaman stood on the little ladder which runs down from the diving platform into the pool and handed the empty buckets back to the Dunce. This very efficient work soon emptied the pool and the three Teenie Weenies were very grateful for the bird's help.

"Thanks," said the Dunce when the pool was empty. "I said some nasty things about you birds when you were drinking out of our pool last summer, but I want you to know I didn't mean it and you're welcome to all the drinks you want next summer."

The bird chuckled and flew off while the little men set to work covering the dish with the small piece of roofing paper which would keep the water out during the winter.

The General was much pleased with the work and he told the Cook to give the Dunce, the Chinaman and Gogo an extra helping of dessert that night.

"Ah's gwine fo' to save mah extra helpin' of dessert fo' dat bird," Gogo said, "fo' he suah done help us a lot."

The General Buys an Egg

"JINKS but there are a lot of grasshoppers in that big field over beyond the lane," said the Cowboy as he slipped into his place at the Teenie Weenie supper table.

"Well, if grasshoppers are plentiful as that I hink it would be wise to buy an egg and put it iway for winter," said the General. "That old hen rom whom we bought our last egg is particularly ond of grasshoppers."

"We can get all the grasshoppers you want," aid the Cowboy, who loved to rope them with his iny lasso.

In the morning the General walked over to the .oop where the hen lived and inquired about the price of an egg.

"Three grasshoppers and three fish worms," answered the hen.

"Well," frowned the General, "I don't know about the worms. You see it has been pretty dry and warm lately and fish worms burrow so deeply in the ground it's hard to get them. Wouldn't you take eight grasshoppers instead?"

"No, I won't," snapped the hen. "I've had a cravin' in my gizzard for more then a week for fish worms and I won't take anything less than three grasshoppers and three fish worms—and no skinny worms, either."

"We will try to get the worms for you," said the General, "but I can't promise for sure."

"We might get a worm or two under that big stone down by the creek," the Old Soldier with the wooden leg said when the General returned from his visit with the hen.

"Sure," put in the Chinaman. "Worms all time down under stone. We get 'em."

A number of the little men brought out Teenie Weenie picks and shovels and hurried to the stone where they started digging. They dug a great deep hole down under the stone before they finally captured a worm. After more digging they found two more, but in pulling one of the worms out of the ground it broke in two. They dug for a long time after that, but they never found another worm—not even the half worm.

"Well," said the General, "we'll have to owe her half a worm."

When the Teenie Weenies carried the worms back to the shoe house they found the Cowboy, the Turk, and the Sailor with three large grasshoppers.

"That's fine!" said the General when he saw the grasshoppers. "Now these grasshoppers should be tightly bound to long poles so we can carry them to the hen."

While the grasshoppers were being tied to the poles the Chinaman tied the two and a half worms to a pole, but he had a hard time getting the squirming worms secured.

"I'm glad we are going to get that egg before the hen eats those horrid bugs and worms," said the Lady of Fashion, who walked along with the General on the way to the hen's coop.

"Well," said the General, "I think corn fed chickens lay better eggs, but bug and worm eggs are not bad."

When the Teenie Weenies arrived at the coop the old hen was terribly disappointed when she saw the little people only had two and a half worms.

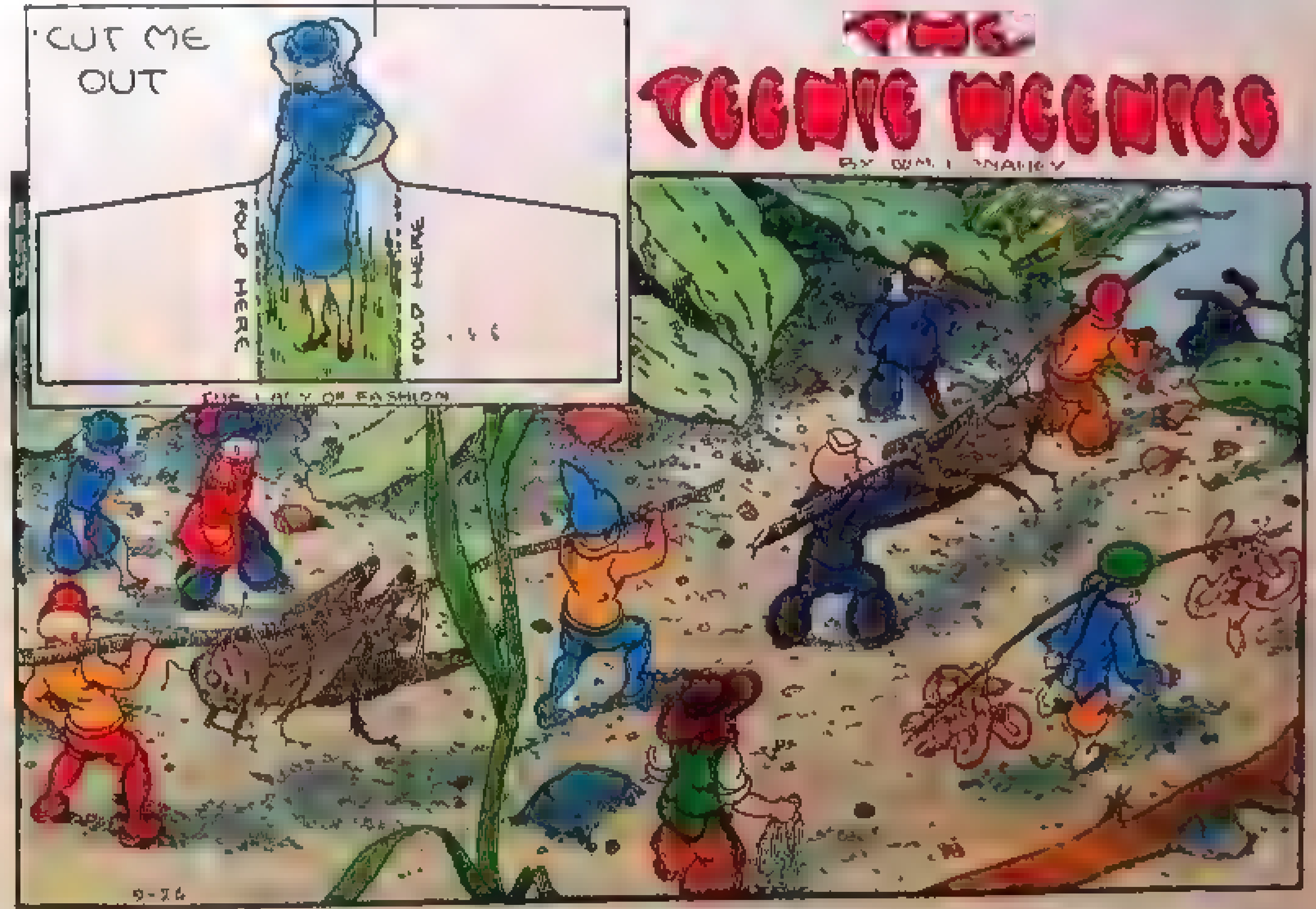
"I just had my beak all set for three large fat worms," she said, "but if you will promise to bring the other half I'll trust you and give you the egg."

The Teenie Weenies finally moved the egg out of the nest and pushed it thru a hole under the fence without an accident. They then rolled it home and put it in the Teenie Weenie woodshed, where it would be safe until the Cook could preserve it. One hen's egg will last the entire Teenie Weenie tribe for more than three months, for the Cook has invented a secret way to preserve an egg which makes it possible for the little people to enjoy their tiny omelets, cakes, and doughnuts whenever they want them.

It rained a few days after the Teenie Weenies had bought the egg and the fish worms came up out of the ground, so that the little men had no trouble in capturing a couple, which they carried over to the hen in payment of their debt.

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY



THE LADY OF FASHION

A BURGLARY.

ONE pleasant afternoon the Teenie Weenies went down to the creek to visit a Mallard duck who had been living there for a few days. They locked all the doors of the shoe house and the doors of the other buildings in the Teenie Weenie village for all the little people were going to be away and there would be no one to watch the place.

The Teenie Weenies had a fine time visiting with the duck. He took them all on his broad back for a ride on the creek and the little folks thoroughly enjoyed sailing along over the smooth water. It was quite late when they had finished their ride and the Cook set off for the shoe house ahead of the other Teenie Weenies in order to start supper.

As the Cook hurried along the tiny path beneath the rosebush which led up to the Teenie Weenie kitchen he noticed that one of the kitchen windows had been broken. The Cook stopped and listened but no sound came from the house. He cautiously unlocked the door and peered into the kitchen. The boiled bean he had left in a Teenie Weenie pan to be heated up for supper was lying on the floor half eaten. The thimble in which the Cook kept the doughnuts was lying in the middle of the floor and it was quite empty. A two-drop cherry seed jar of jam was smeared all over the kitchen table and an acorn of pickled crawfish had been upset.

The Cook was very angry. He caught up a Teenie Weenie skillet and went into the dining room. A half eaten doughnut lay on the dining room table, three chairs had been knocked over and the sideboard drawers had all been pulled out. There was a smell of mouse in the house. "I'll bet that nasty Ginky has been in here," thought the Cook and he went into the living room. Suddenly there was a noise upstairs.

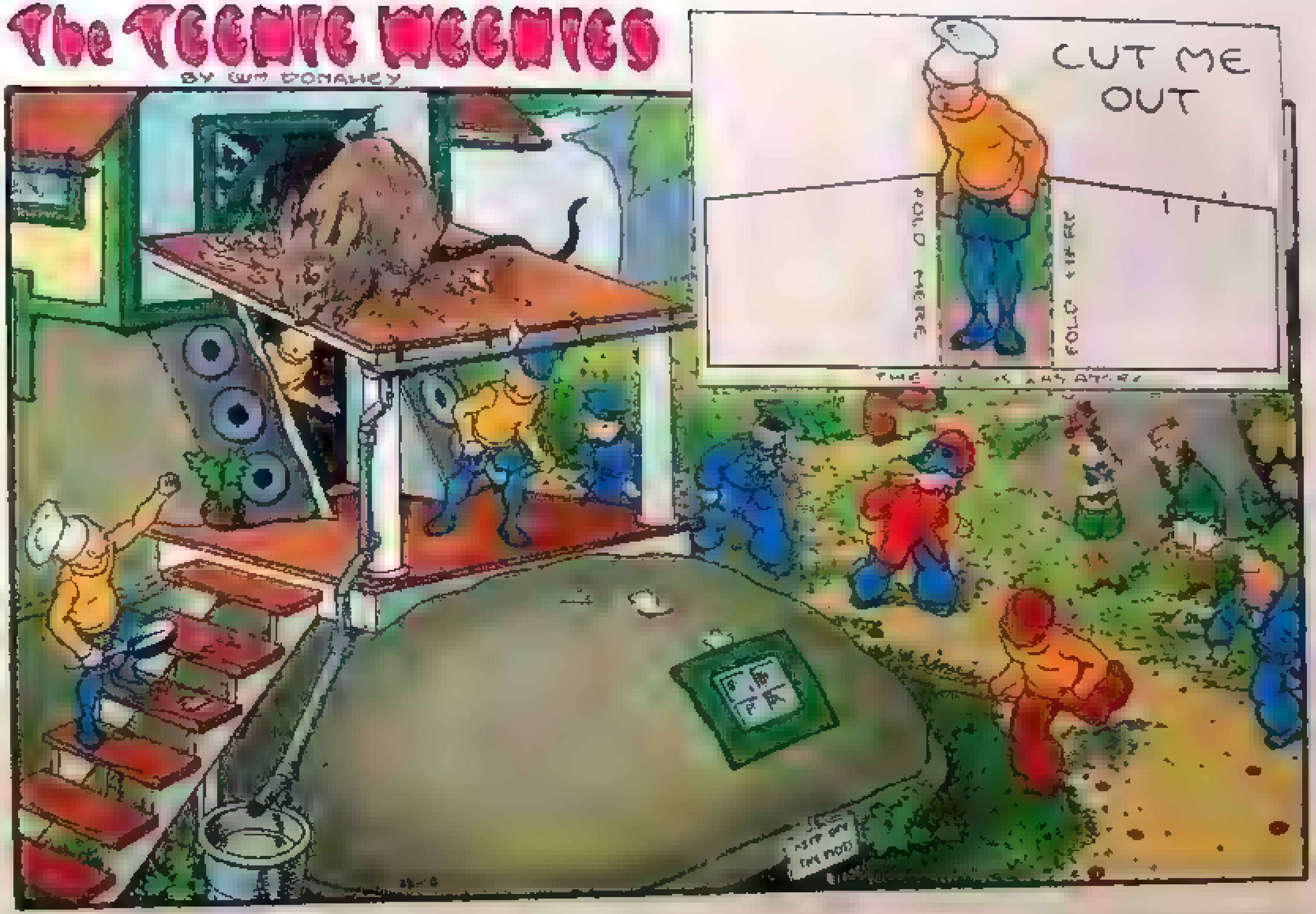
"Get out of there!" yelled the Cook. There was silence for a few moments and then he heard someone trying to open a window. The Cook ran out of the house and gave the special yell which he knew would bring the Teenie Weenies flying to the shoe house.

A loud crash of glass came from the front of the house and the Cook ran there just in time to see Ginky wiggle through the broken window and crouch on the roof of the front porch.

"You good for nothing mouse!" shouted the Cook shaking his fist at Ginky. "I'd like to slap your ears down with this skillet."

The TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM DONAHEY



A number of the Teenie Weenies came running up at that moment and they quickly surrounded the house.

"Don't let him get away," shouted the Policeman.

"Let me at him!" yelled the Dunce running onto the porch with a Teenie Weenie poker in his hand.

Ginky gave a frightened look at the Teenie Weenies and then he leaped off the roof, right over the Cook's head. He galloped off at top speed with several of the Teenie Weenies after him, but being a very fast runner the mouse soon managed to escape into a patch of long grass.

"Well," said the General after he had examined the damage, "We'd better get busy and clean up this mess."

The Teenie Weenie women set to work gathering things up. Gogo and the Dunce scrubbed the kitchen floor while the Cook set to work washing his pans and kettles. The upstairs window through which Ginky had escaped was completely wrecked. The Turk covered it with a piece of cardboard until a new window could be made.

It was quite late before the Teenie Weenies had their supper, for the Cook wouldn't cook a thing until he had thoroughly scrubbed every pot and pan in the kitchen. Then the bean he had prepared had to be thrown out and so he fried some frog ham for the Teenie Weenies.

"Something ought to be done about this burglary," said the Policeman while the Teenie Weenies ate their supper. "It's very serious to enter a house with the object of stealing. That mouse Ginky ought to be in jail."

"Ah, jail is too good for that scamp," said the Dunce. "What he needs is a triple knot tied into his long tail."

A Teenie Weenie Jail.

GINKY the mouse has been annoying the Teenie Weenies for a long time. The little people were very much peeved when he tried to run off with a thimble freezer of ice cream at one of their picnics and they forgave him for stealing a pan of fudge they had set out to cool one night. They didn't pay any attention to the faces Ginky made at them or the names he called at them, for they knew he was very ignorant. Ginky had lost his father and mother in a trap accident when he was a very young mouse and of course without a father or mother to teach him good manners he grew up into a bad character.

The Teenie Weenies were quite willing to overlook most of Ginky's pranks but when he broke into the old teapot where the Chinaman lived and did the Teenie Weenie laundry they were very angry. They might even have forgiven that if he hadn't, not long afterwards, broken out a window, while the Teenie Weenies were away, and entered the shoe house where most of the little people lived. The wicked mouse ate up a whole thimbleful of doughnuts, half an acorn basket of sugar cookies, pulled out all the bureau drawers, and then ate half of a string of clover seed beads belonging to the Lady of Fashion. Ginky was still ransacking the house when the Teenie Weenies came home. The little people tried to capture him but he smashed through the big window over the front porch roof, completely wrecking the glass and frame, in making his escape.

The Teenie Weenies decided that something ought to be done to stop Ginky's thieving and so the General called a meeting in the felt hat, which the little people used for a town hall. Invitations were sent out to all the neighbors of the Teenie Weenies and quite a crowd of birds, chipmunks, respectable mice and Nick the squirrel attended. Of course Nick the squirrel, the chipmunks and the birds could not get through the tiny door of the town hall but the little people opened the windows so their bigger friends could take part in the meeting.

"Friends," said the General, when every Teenie Weenie seat and window in the town hall had been filled, "something has to be done to stop Ginky from breaking into our houses. That's robbery."

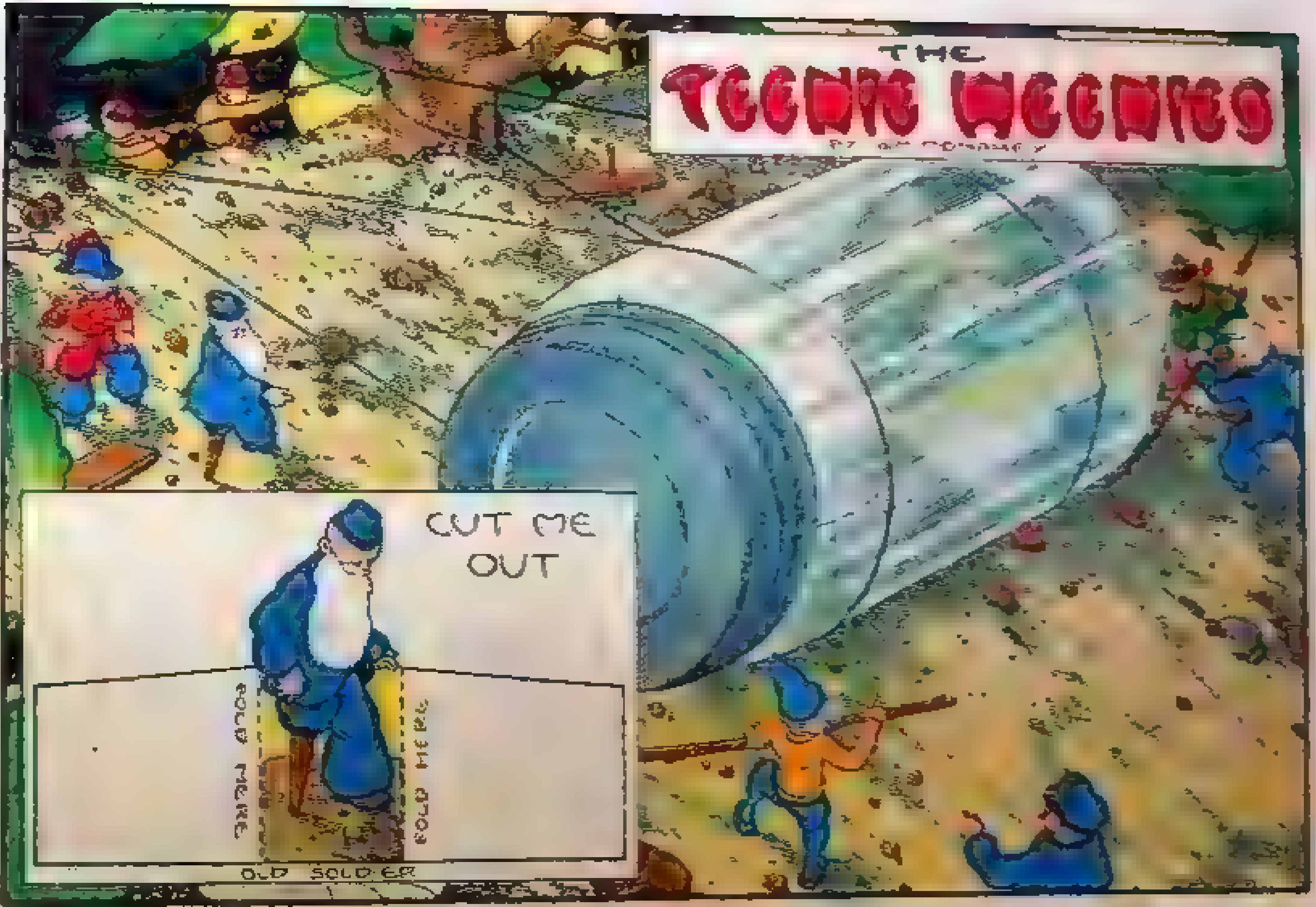
"We don't want to harm Ginky," continued the General, "but we do mean to teach him a lesson. We have decided to build a jail and put Ginky in it."

"If we can catch him," shouted the Dunce, and all the birds, squirrels and the Teenie Weenies burst in a great roar of laughter. The respectable mice never cracked a smile, for they were very angry at Ginky for bringing disgrace onto their race and they could not see anything funny in the Dunce's joke.

The audience all agreed that Ginky ought to be put in jail and the Teenie Weenies soon found a glass, pint fruit jar on a rubbish heap which they thought would make a fine jail, for Ginky had very sharp teeth and he would soon gnaw his way out of a wooden jail.

The jar was heavy and it was quite difficult to roll to a convenient spot near the shoe house, especially as the jar had to be rolled down a big hill.

"Why not just let it roll down itself?" suggested the Dunce.



"You're foolish," answered the Old Soldier with the wooden leg. "It might break all to pieces on those stones at the bottom of the hill. We'll have to let it down gently with long ropes."

When the Teenie Weenies had rolled the jar to the top of the hill the Old Soldier tied a long string to a bush at the top of the hill and then another string was tied to a stake which had been driven into the ground. These two strings were then passed around the jar and the lines snubbed about the bush and the stake. In that way the Teenie Weenies let the jar down the hill.

The jar was finally put in place near the Teenie Weenie village, a door was cut through the [illegible] of the jar, and the Policeman was ordered to arrest Ginky.

IN JAIL

THE pint glass fruit jar which the Teenie Weenies had found made a very respectable jail. The Turk and the Old Soldier, with a wooden leg, had cut a door thru the metal top and it was now as mouseproof as a jail could be.

"Now," said the General when the jail had been finished, "we must catch Ginky and get him in there. We can't let him break into our houses without punishment. It is a very serious thing to break into folks' houses and the mouse must be made to understand that."

"Just give me a little time and I'll arrest him," said the Policeman, "but I'll need some help for Ginky is a very clever and powerful mouse and he'll put up quite a fight before he can be put into jail."

The Policeman chose the Turk, the Sailor, Gogo and the Cowboy to help him hunt down and arrest Ginky. The little men hunted for days without ever seeing Ginky for he seldom stayed long in one place. You might say he was a sort of tramp for he slept in hollow trees, under boards and even in big people's houses. One day a friendly sparrow told the Policeman that he had seen Ginky going into a hole under a stump.

"He's been hanging around that stump for a couple of days," the bird told the Policeman.

The Policeman and his helpers found the stump and they could see that it was a likely place for Ginky to be in. There was a bush growing quite near the stump and the Cowboy suggested that he could catch the mouse by hiding in the bush with his lasso.

"I can crawl out on that limb right over the hole," said the Cowboy, "and when Ginky comes out of the hole I can easily drop my rope over his head and then we'll have him."

THE TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY

The little men knew that Ginky was in the hole for they could see fresh tracks leading under the stump, and so the Cowboy quietly climbed the bush and worked his way out onto the limb directly over the hole while the other Teenie Weenies hid in the tall grass near-by ready to grab the mouse when he had been lassoed. The Teenie Weenies waited for nearly three hours before Ginky appeared. He stuck his head out of the hole and sniffed the air.

"He probably smells us and won't come out now," thought the Cowboy.

Ginky stood for several minutes just inside the hole and it was plain to see that he was very suspicious, but presently he came out a little way and the Cowboy dropped his lasso over the mouse's head and jerked the rope tight. Ginky squealed loudly and frantically pulled at the rope, but the Cowboy had tied the end of the lasso securely to the bush and the mouse was caught. The Policeman, the Turk, Gogo and the Sailor came running in and they finally subdued Ginky but it was a terrible tussle. In fact, the Policeman had to club the mouse several times over the ears to make him be quiet. Then the Teenie Weenies tied the mouse's front paws together and started for the Teenie Weenie village. Ginky went along quietly with the Teenie Weenies until they tried to put him into the Teenie Weenie jail and then he fought like fury, but at last the Teenie Weenies got him in the jar.

When the door was shut and locked Ginky lay down on a bed of dry grass which the Teenie Weenies had made for him. He didn't seem to mind being in jail for he soon curled on the grass and went to sleep. He never awakened when the Policeman brought in two grains of corn and an acorn bucket of water for his supper. The next morning he was still sleeping altho the corn had been eaten and the acorn was nearly empty.

"Ginky doesn't seem to mind being in jail," the Doctor said after the mouse had slept thru four days of prison life.

"I should think he wouldn't," said the Dunce. "I think he's having it pretty soft with no work to do, his food brought to him and having all the sleep he wants."

"Maybe you'd like to change places with Ginky?" laughed the General.

"Not on your life," answered the Dunce. "I'd rather have my freedom even tho I have to work for it."

Teenie Weenie Culture

SINCE Ginky had been put into the Teenie Weenie jail the Lady of Fashion had tried to reform the mouse. The little lady went every day to the pint, glass fruit jar and talked to Ginky thru the bars of the door which had been cut in the metal top of the jar.

"Ginky is a bad mouse simply because nobody has ever taught him to be a good mouse," the Lady of Fashion said. "I'm going to try and help him to lead a better life."

"I hope you do," said the General, "but Ginky is a bad one and I'm afraid he will never be a model mouse."

The Lady of Fashion told Ginky stories about good mice but he didn't seem to pay much attention to her for he often went to sleep and snored right in the middle of the most interesting stories. However, the Lady of Fashion did not get discouraged and she kept up her visits in spite of his inattention.

On Halloween the Teenie Weenies always had a party and this year the little people decided, as the weather was good, to hold their celebration down by the creek. The Lady of Fashion demanded that Ginky be taken to the party too, but the General said that a Halloween party was no place for a house breaking thief.

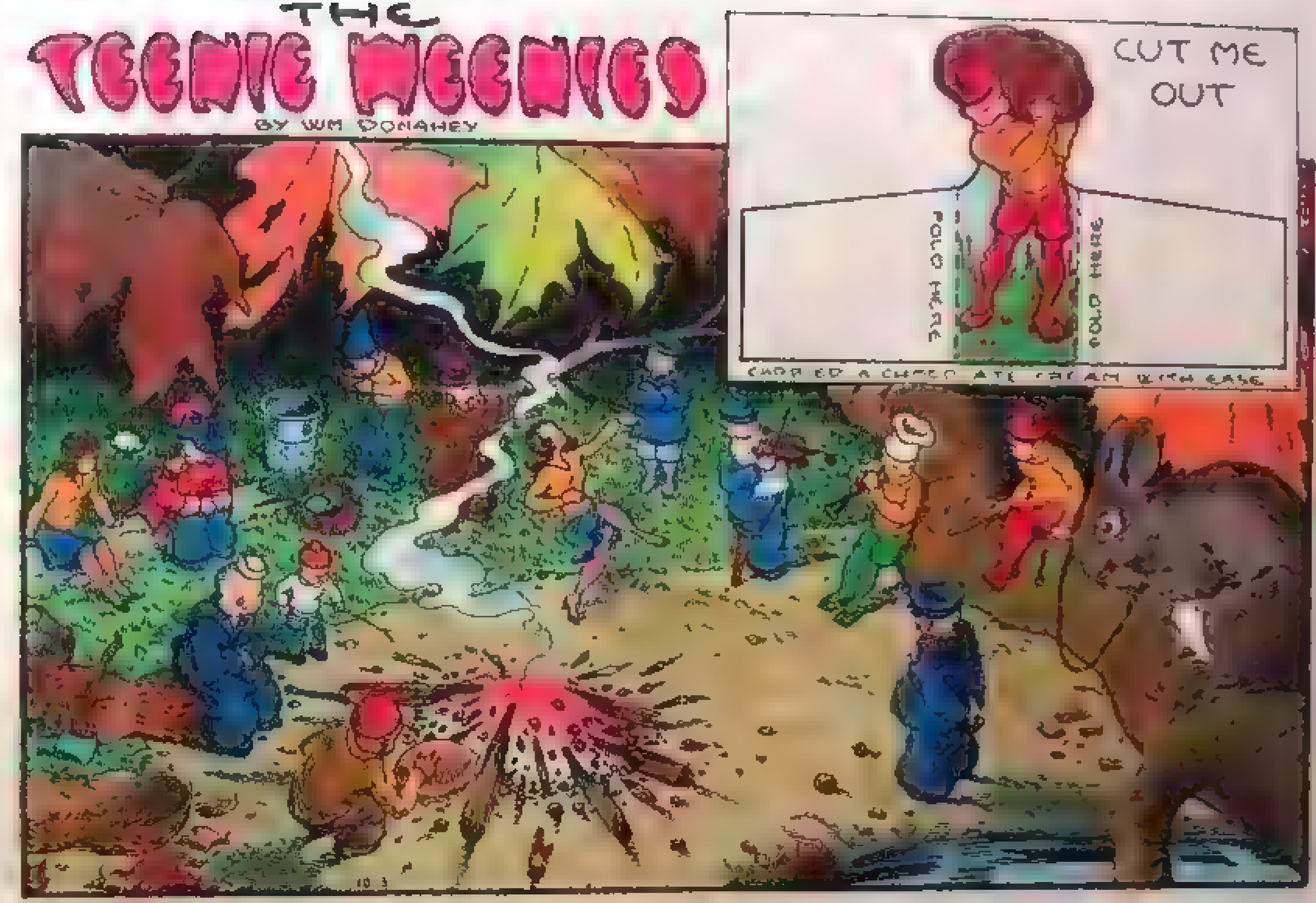
"That's just why he is a thief," said the Lady of Fashion. "It's because no one of standing ever pays any attention to him. How do you expect him to be a good mouse if he never associates with decent people? I think it will do Ginky a lot of good to be taken to the party so that he can watch us and see how nice people behave."

"He might learn good manners if he didn't watch the Dunce," laughed the Turk.

"Is that so!" exclaimed the Dunce. "Well, I don't think he'd get a college education from watchin' you."

The Lady of Fashion pleaded so strongly for permission to take Ginky to the party that the General finally consented. "He'll have to be chained tho," said the General, "for we don't want him breaking into our houses again."

The Turk and the Old Soldier with the wooden leg made a strong chain which could be locked to Ginky's paws and on the evening of the party he was led down to the creek. The Turk was chosen to lead Ginky for he is the strongest Teenie Weenie. He can carry a chocolate cream on his shoulder with ease, and it was quite necessary to have a strong Teenie Weenie lead the mouse. Of course the Policeman watched Ginky too, and between the two little men he was very well guarded.



The Cook made an acorn basket of fried cakes and filled another basket with sandwiches while the Chinaman furnished a thimbleful of cider. The Dunce and Gogo had found several stale peanuts the day before and they were carried down to the party where they were split open with a Teenie Weenie ax and then roasted at the campfire.

The little people had a very nice party. The Old Soldier brought his tiny fiddle and the Cook played on his reed instrument which had been made out of a twig of the snowberry bush. The little people told stories and sang songs around the campfire. Ginky ate a great amount of peanuts and was a very good mouse while he was awake. He slept most of the time and snored once when the Lady of Fashion was dancing and that didn't please the little lady for she was very proud of her dancing.

Of course the Dunce made himself sick. He always does at a party, especially when there is plenty to eat and drink. He ate a lot of fried cakes and drank nine big cherry seed dippers of cider.

Ginky fell so soundly asleep he could not be awakened when it was time to go home and the Teenie Weenies had to carry him back to jail. That was a lot of extra work for the little men and it made them a bit cross.

"From now on," said the General, when Ginky had been carried into the jar, "Ginky is going to get all his education right here in jail."

A NIGHT IN A HOLE

ONE day a bluebird told the Teenie Weenies about a number of beech trees which were full of nuts. The trees were quite a distance from the Teenie Weenie village but the little people had not found many beechnuts and some of the men decided to go after a few. One morning the Cowboy, the Dunce, Gogo, the Sailor and the Chinaman set off for the beech trees.

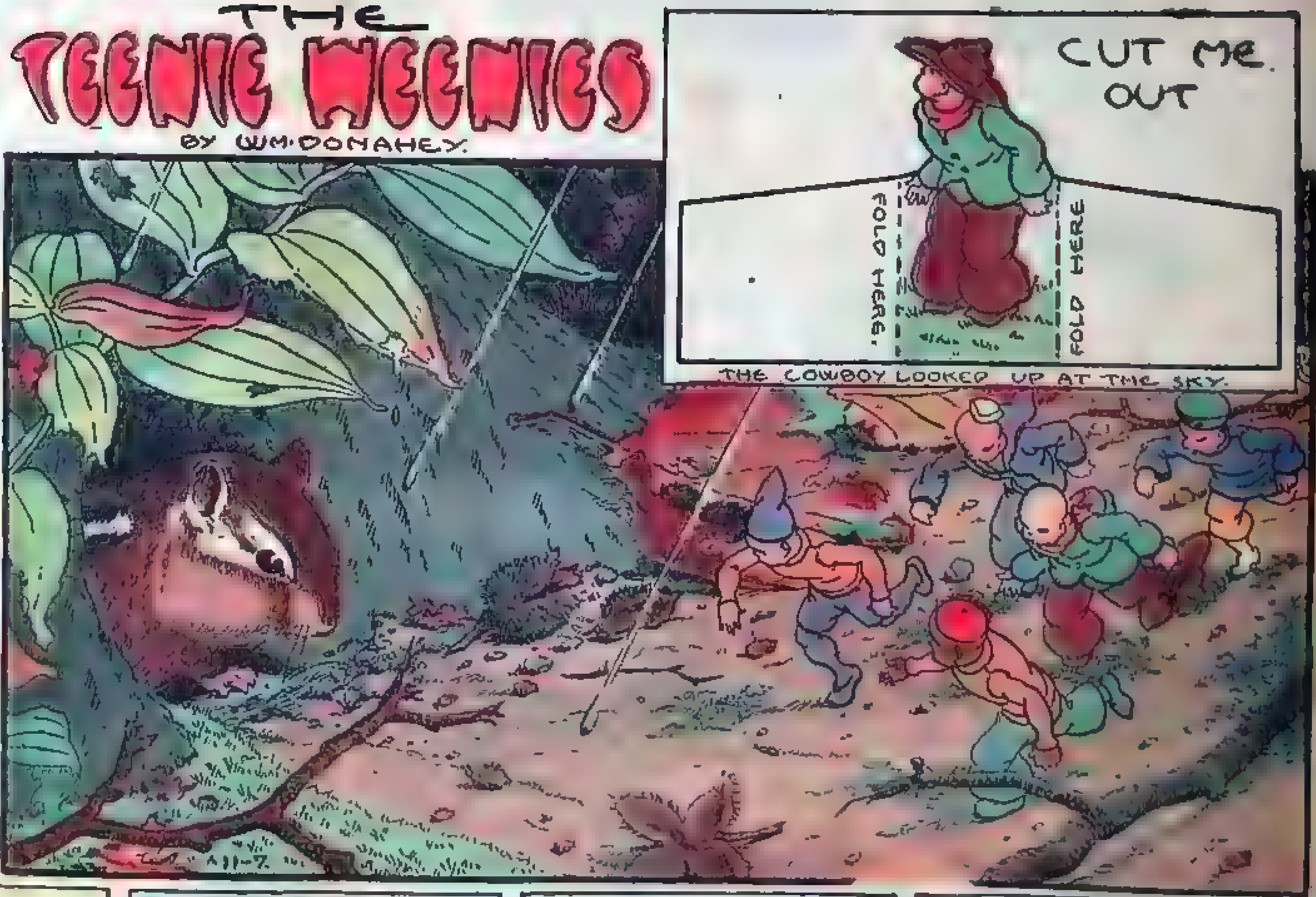
After a long walk the little men found the trees and they picked up six nuts after searching under the trees. Presently they met a chipmunk who offered to climb the tree and cut off some nuts for them, and that was very helpful for it is a difficult task for the little people to climb big trees. The chipmunk skipped up a tree and in just a few minutes he cut off enough nuts to fill all the Teenie Weenie bags.

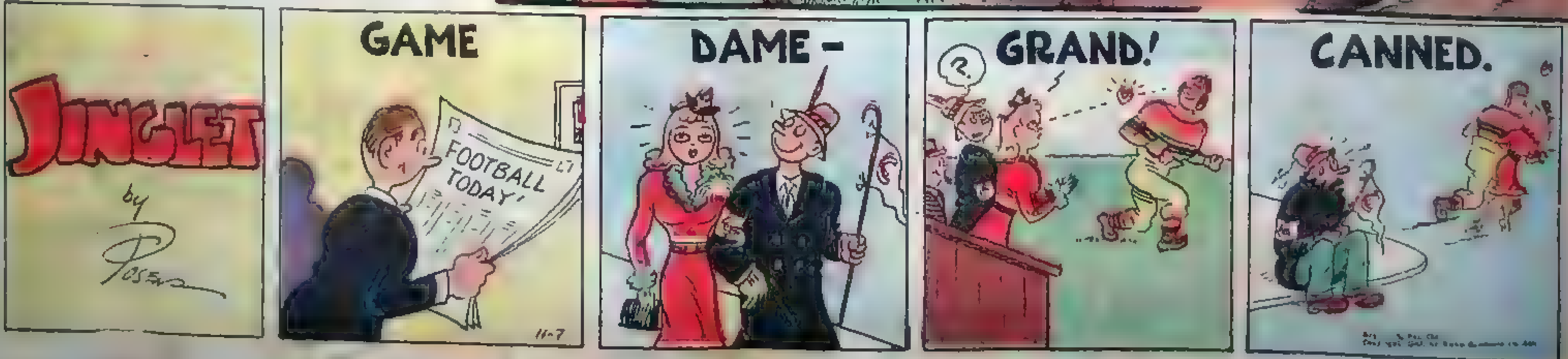
While the Teenie Weenies were filling their bags the Cowboy looked up at the sky and he saw great black clouds gathering for a storm. Now a rainstorm is one thing a Teenie Weenie has to avoid. One big raindrop could easily knock a Teenie Weenie off his feet and thoroly soak him to the skin. The little men quickly boosted the bags to their shoulders and set off toward home, but they had gone only a little way when big raindrops began to fall. They ran under a large mushroom to keep dry just as the chipmunk, who had cut down the nuts for them, popped his head out of a hole near by. He chirped at the Teenie Weenies which they understood to be an invitation to come into his home out of the rain.

The Teenie Weenies left their bags of nuts piled under the mushroom and ran for the squirrel's home just as the rain began to come down hard and it was a lucky thing they had a dry place to stay for it rained so hard the little men were forced to spend the night with the chipmunk.

It was quite dark down under the stump where the chipmunk lived, but the Teenie Weenies' eyes soon became used to the dark and they could see enough to make out the chipmunk had a very comfortable home. A long tunnel ran down deep into the ground to a nice big room about the size of a football. Here was a bed of soft moss and dry grass.

It grew cold during the night but the Teenie Weenies curled up close to the soft fur of the chipmunk and the little men spent a very comfortable night. In the morning they all ate beechnuts for breakfast and then the Teenie Weenies set off for home after thanking the chipmunk for his kindness.





The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY.

A RESCUE

ONE of the respectable mice came running into the Teenie Weenie village squealing at the top of his voice. The mouse was so excited the Teenie Weenies had difficulty making sense out of his frantic squeals. The Chinaman finally discovered that the mouse's brother had fallen into a drainpipe and that the mouse wanted the Teenie Weenies to help get him out.

This unfortunate mouse was a particular friend of the Teenie Weenies. He usually pulled the Teenie Weenie plow for the little people when they cultivated their garden, and he often pulled the wooden clothes pins up to the wood pile when the Teenie Weenies were cutting their winter's supply of wood. The little folks were glad to help the mouse and a number of the men ran to the drainpipe, which stood at one corner of an old shed.

It was very dark down the pipe, but the Teenie Weenies could faintly hear the mouse crying for help. The Cowboy let down a string, but it was not long enough to reach the mouse and so the General sent several of the men to the Teenie Weenie workshop for a spool of strong thread, which was the longest line the little people had.

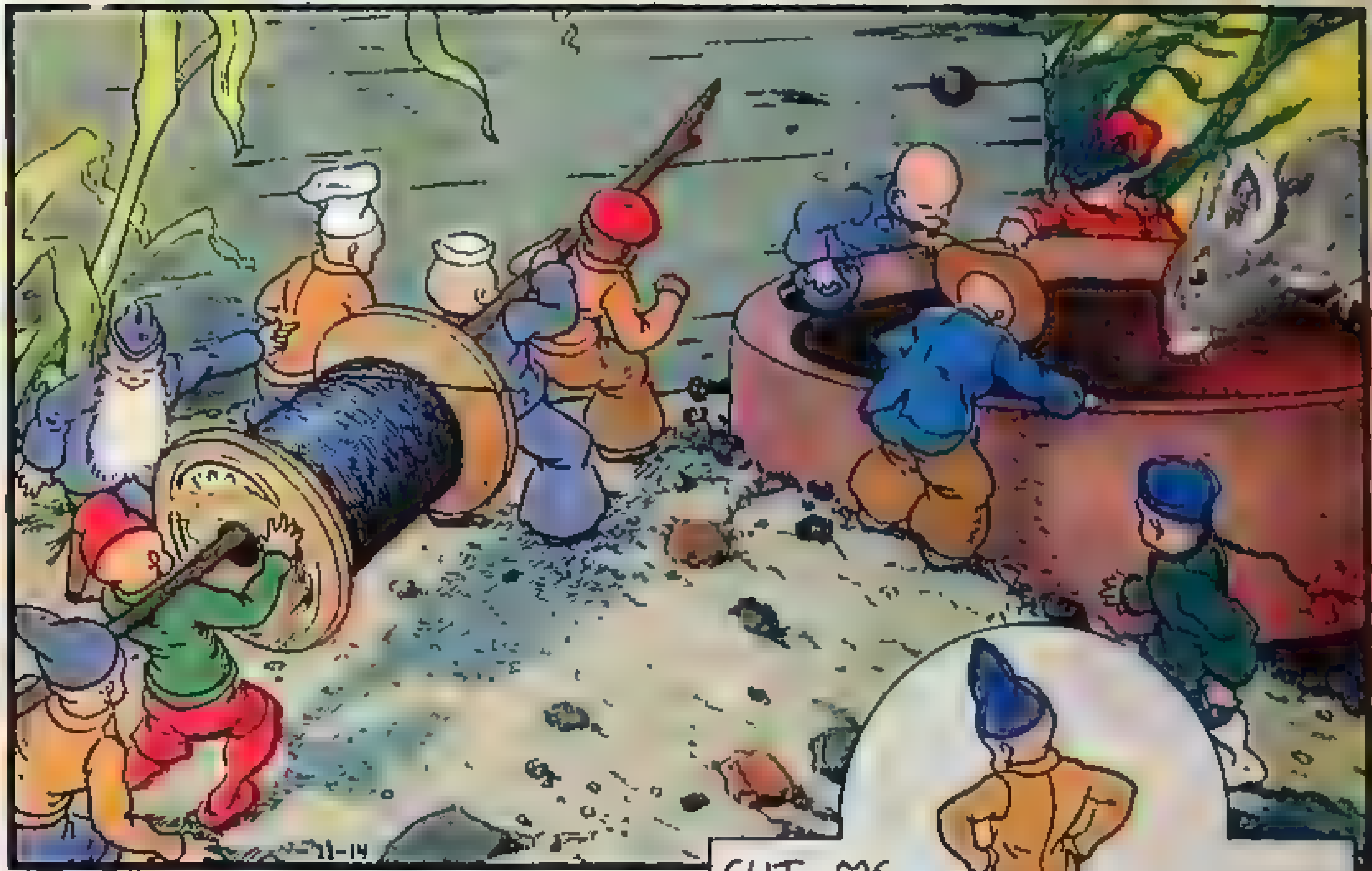
When the Teenie Weenies returned with the spool of thread the Cowboy tied a stone to the end of the thread and let it down the pipe. The Teenie Weenies soon felt the mouse pulling on the thread, but when they started to pull him up he dropped off.

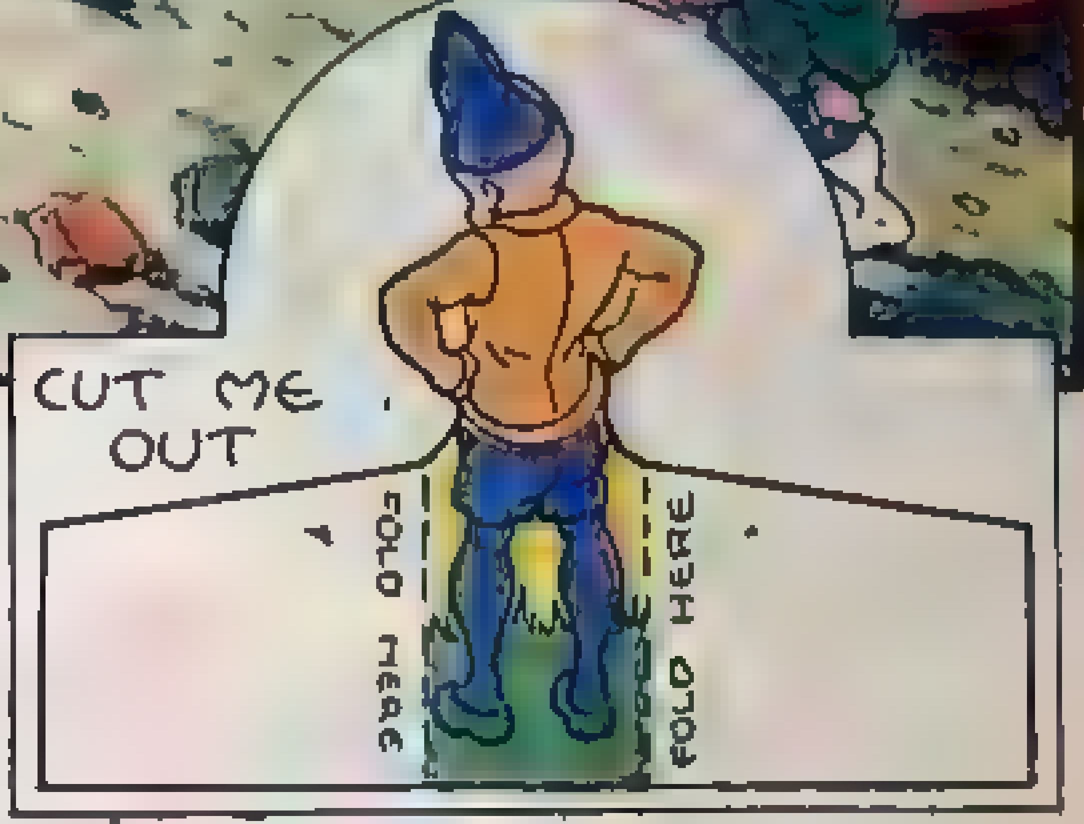
"He's probably hurt and can't hold onto the thread," said the General. "One of you boys will have to go down the pipe and tie the mouse onto the thread so we can pull him up."

The Dunce volunteered to go down and the Teenie Weenies carefully lowered him down the pipe. In just a few moments the Dunce yelled to pull the mouse up. The Teenie Weenies quickly pulled him out of the pipe and then they let the thread down and hauled the Dunce out.

The mouse was rather badly bruised and terribly frightened, but in a few days he was quite himself again, and very thankful to the Teenie Weenies for their prompt help.

The Teenie Weenies were mighty glad to have been able to help the mouse, for he was one that often worked for the little people. He helped them pull in wooden clothes pins and other heavy logs when the Teenie Weenies were putting up their winter's supply of fire wood. The Cowboy had made a set of harness out of frog skin, and this same mouse usually pulled the tiny plow when the little people were getting their garden ready for planting seeds. The mouse was a very good riding mouse, too, and the Teenie Weenies sometimes used him when they wanted to go mouseback riding.





The TEENIE WEENIES

BY WM. DONAHEY.

TO ARMS

A BIRD flew into the Teenie Weenie village one morning and told the little people that she had seen an ear of corn lying beside a road. It was good news to the Teenie Weenies for they had not been able to get much corn and that is a very necessary food to keep them thru the winter.

"You'd better get it quick," the bird said, "or the mice and squirrels will take it."

The ear of corn lay at quite a distance from the Teenie Weenie village and the General decided that it would be quicker and much easier to hire Nick the squirrel to haul the corn home. Nick was very busy just then getting in his winter's supply of nuts and he told the General that he could not possibly help them for several days.

"Well, there's nothing to do but put a guard over the corn until Nick is ready to haul it for us," said the General. "If we don't watch it there won't be a grain left."

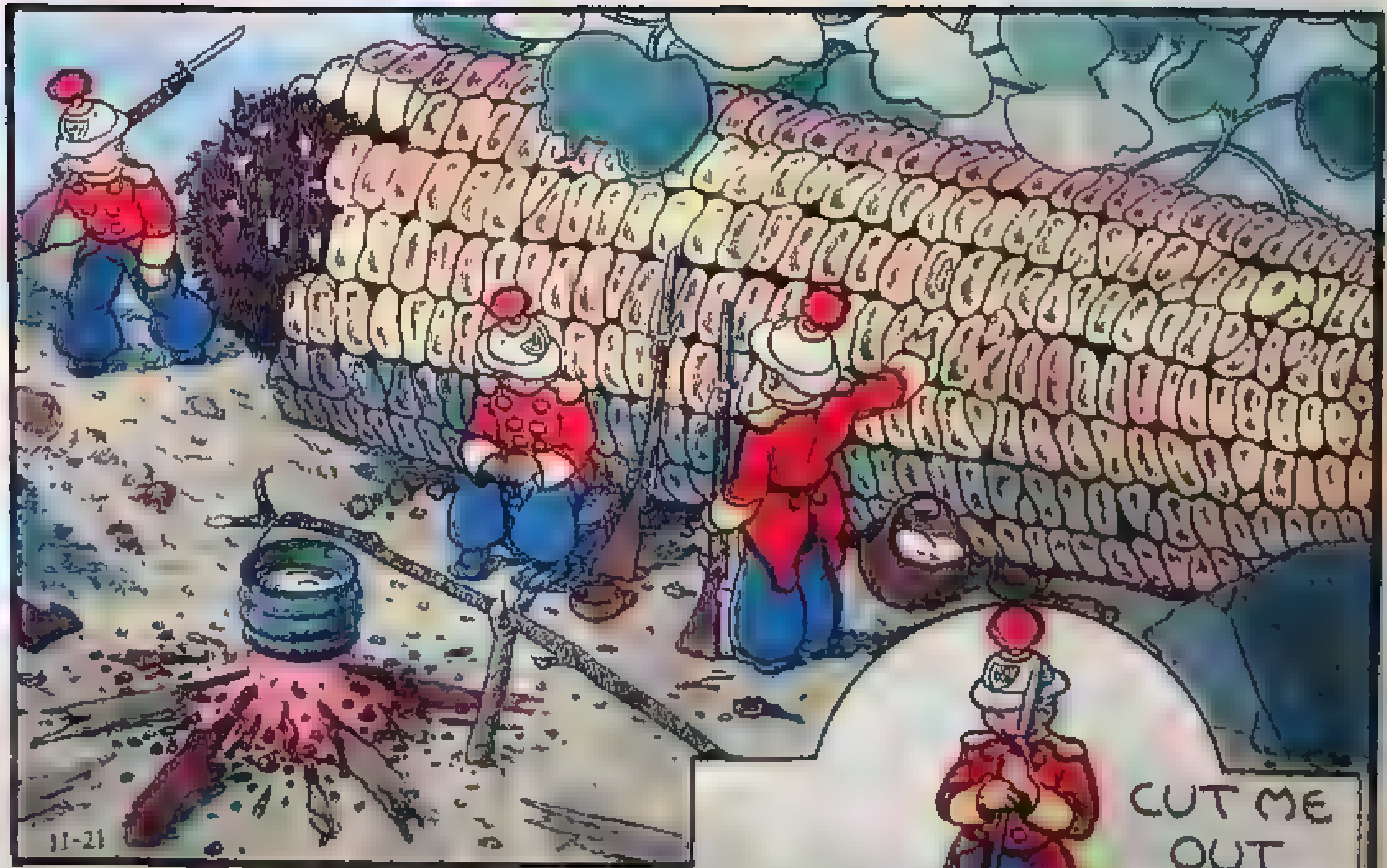
The General called out the Teenie Weenie army and ordered it to keep guard over the corn until Nick was free. The little men put on their uniforms, shouldered their tiny guns and marched off to the corn. They kept watch during the days and all thru the nights. Every morning and evening the guard was changed so the little soldiers could get some rest. The Cook and the Chinaman brought acorn baskets of food to the soldiers, and the little men kept one of the Cook's aluminum kettles constantly filled with hot sassafras tea for the weather was very chilly.

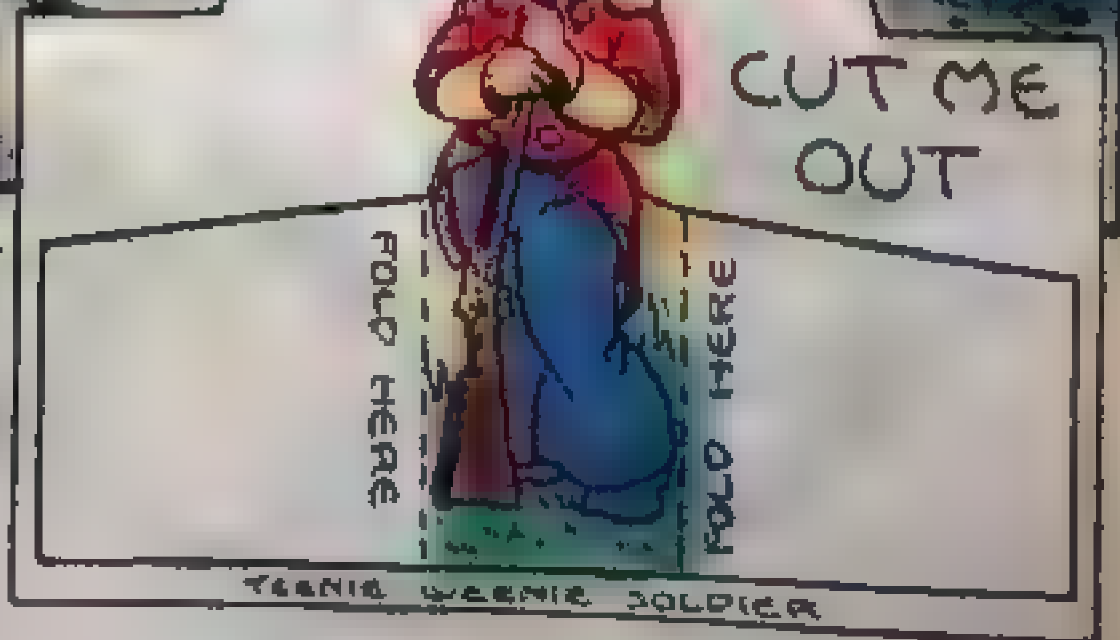
The strange mice and squirrels kept at a safe distance when they saw the Teenie Weenie soldiers constantly marching around the ear of corn and, at the end of four days when Nick came to help the Teenie Weenies haul the corn home, not a single grain was missing. One mouse did try to grab a few grains but the Dunce promptly jabbed it in the tail with his bayonet and that was the only trouble the army had. However, if the army had not been on guard the Teenie Weenies would have lost the corn.

The General gave Nick some of the corn for his work and there was plenty left to last the Teenie Weenies thruout the Winter.

It was mighty hard work to shell the big ear of corn but the Teenie Weenies loosened the grains with Teenie Weenie picks and axes and slowly removed every single grain from the big cob. The grains were then loaded into a sled which the Teenie Weenies had made out of the top of a small paper box. Nick was a very strong squirrel and it was mighty easy for him to pull the sled loaded with corn. He made several trips and a couple of Teenie Weenie soldiers always marched along to guard the precious corn from mice and birds.

The General gave Nick a sled full of the corn for his work. The rest was carefully stored in the Teenie Weenie food cellar. The little people had enough corn to last them thruout the winter and a goodly supply to help feed the hungry birds during the winter when the ground was covered with snow.





Chicago Sunday Tribune
THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER
DECEMBER 12, 1943

A Teenie Weenie Skating Pond

A THIN coat of ice had frozen over the creek and the Teenie Weenies began to talk of nothing but skating. The Turk had forged some very handsome skate runners out of an old safety razor blade, and the Old Soldier, with a wooden leg, had fitted the runners into wooden soles which could be easily strapped to Teenie Weenie feet with a bit of tanned frog leather.

"Now I don't want any skating until the ice is frozen hard enough to be safe," warned the General.

"Wouldn't it be all right to skate on the ice if the water wasn't deep?" asked the Dunce.

"Yes," answered the General, "if the water wasn't over two feet deep." (Two Teenie Weenie feet would be about half an inch in big folks measurement.)

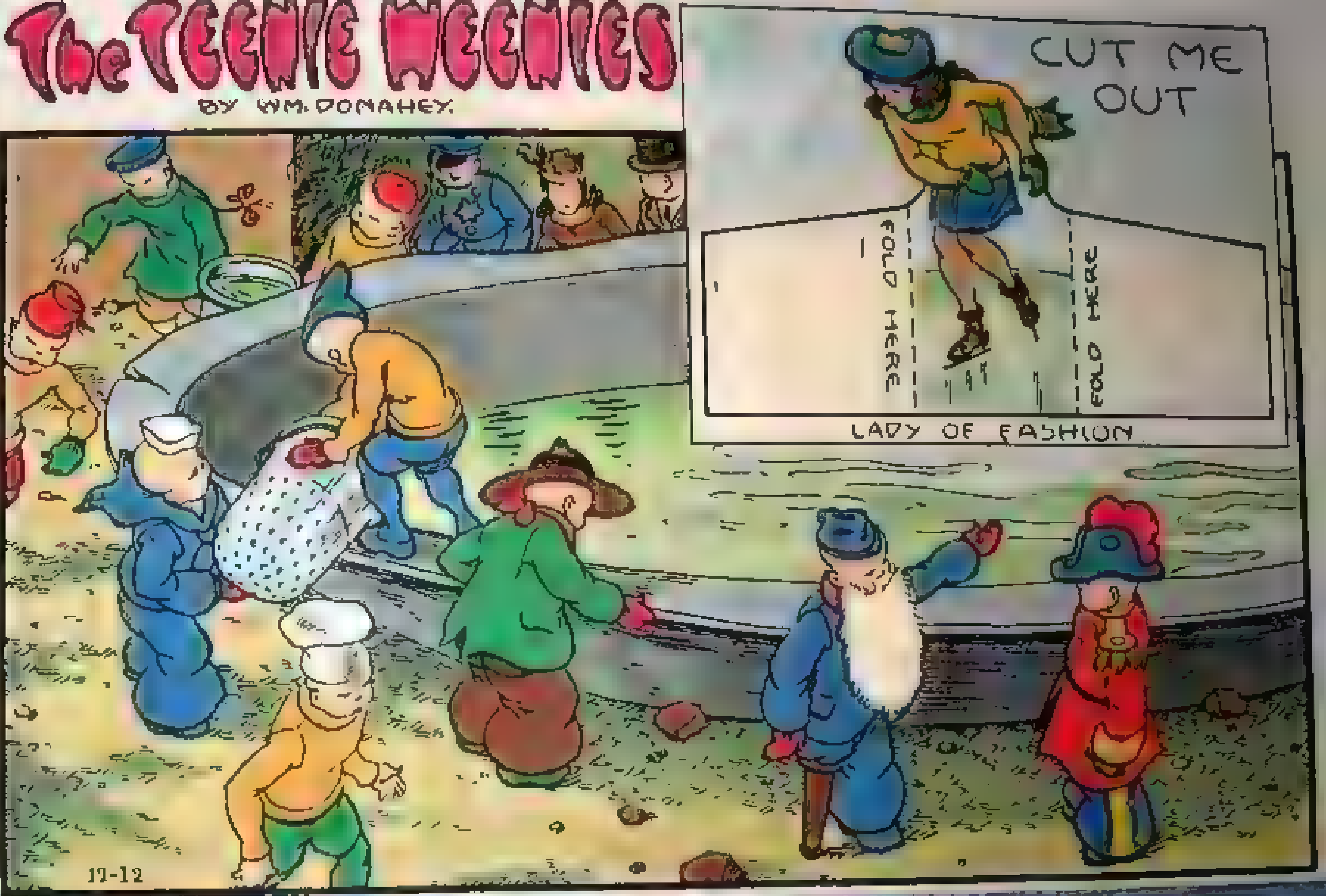
The Dunce began to search for a suitable place to skate but all the places he found were either too deep or there were leaves or sticks frozen in the ice which made skating impossible. Finally he discovered an old pie tin which had been thrown away. It was quite battered and rusty but there were no holes in it and the Dunce decided it could be turned into a skating pond if the pan had some water in it.

It would take a lot of work to get the water into the pan for it lay some distance from the creek where the little people usually found their water but most of the Teenie Weenies loved to skate and they readily agreed to help carry the water. It took almost a whole day to carry enough water to cover the bottom of the pan for the little men had to carry it in thimbles. They carried eighty-nine thimbles full of water, or to be exact, eighty-nine and a half for Gogo and the Chinamen fell down on one of their trips for water and spilled half a thimble.

The next morning the ice had frozen hard enough to skate on and the little people spent most of their time gliding over the smooth ice. They built a big fire out of burned matches and twigs where they could warm Teenie Weenie fingers and toes when they grew cold. The Cook kept a thimble full of hot sassafras tea over the fire so that the little skaters could have a warm drink occasionally. Every one had a grand time and all the Teenie Weenies agreed that a pie pan made a mighty fine skating pond.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY



OUT OF THE KITCHEN

THE BIG BOYS who batted a baseball that had crashed thru the roof of the Teenie Weenie kitchen certainly made a lot of extra work for the little people. None of the Teenie Weenies were hurt, but one corner of the kitchen roof was completely ruined. The little people were terribly frightened by the accident, especially when the big boys began hunting for their lost ball thru the underbrush where the Teenie Weenie village stands. The little folks began packing up their valuables in readiness to save the village, but the tangle of thorny rose bushes and thick brush discouraged the boys, and they went away, to the great relief of the Teenie Weenies.

The baseball was so big it couldn't be pushed out thru the tiny kitchen door, and so the little men had to tear some of the walls away in order to get the ball out. It was quite a lot of work to remove the ball, and the little men had to push and pull with all their tiny might to get it out of the kitchen. The Turk strained his back while pushing, and he was laid up for several days under the Doctor's care.

The kitchen sink and a few shelves had to be taken out, and one corner of two walls had to be removed. Some of the roof timbers and the window frame were broken when the ball crashed into the kitchen, but most of the side walls and the roof covering could be used again, for those pieces were made out of stout playing cards.

When the baseball had been rolled out the men began to make repairs immediately. They replaced the broken timbers, put new celophane in the tiny window and replaced the stove chimney in time for the cook to get the evening meal. The spouting was repaired and the shelves and kitchen sink were put back in place. The next day the little men gave the repairs a coat of paint and you couldn't tell it had been wrecked.

"Those big boys will be back here looking for their ball," the general said. "I believe it would be wise to roll it out to the lane where they can easily find it, for we don't want them to find our village."

The Teenie Weenies rolled the ball along their secret trail to the lane where they left it in plain sight. Just as the general had thought, the boys came back next day to hunt for their ball. They found it exactly where the Teenie Weenies had left it, and the general's forethought probably saved the Teenie Weenie village the tragedy of being discovered.

BACK IN JAIL

GINKY had spent four weeks in the pint glass fruit jar which the Teenie Weenies used for a jail. He was getting tired of living on two grains of corn and half a thimble of water a day, for Ginky likes good food, even tho he is a lazy mouse. He asked to be let out of jail one morning, and the Policeman put Teenie Weenie paw-cuffs on the mouse and took him to the shoehouse, where the General listened to his plea.

"It's wrong to keep me in jail," Ginky told the General. "I have a strong feeling that I am about to be a good mouse, and if you keep me in jail I won't have a chance to be good, and then you will be guilty of keeping that good from being done."

"Good to whom?" asked the Policeman. "To yourself?"

"Certainly," answered Ginky. "After four weeks in jail I owe a great deal of good to myself."

"But, Ginky, you deserved being kept in jail for having robbed the Chinaman's laundry," said the General.

"That wasn't my fault," argued Ginky. "That was the Chinaman's fault. He ought to be serving time in your jail for that robbery, instead of me."

"You velly bad mouses," shouted the Chinaman. "Me chatchie you right in my laundry while you robbering."

"That's all true," argued Ginky. "But you are the one who is guilty for the robbery, not me."

"O, you bad, bad mouses," cried the Chinaman, shaking his tiny fist at the mouse. "First you break in my laundry, and then you steal all my rice cakes, and now you say me guilties for what you all time do."

"I can prove you are guilty," said Ginky. "In the first place, I would have never broken into your laundry if it hadn't been for your rice cakes. If you didn't make such delicious rice cakes I'd have never even thought of stealing them. So, you see, it's your fault for putting temptation in my way."

"That's a very good argument, Ginky," said the General, "and if you will promise to be good we'll set you free."

Ginky drew himself up and looked very noble. "I never make promises," he said in a very superior way. "Promises can be broken, and I hate to break things."

"Very well. If you can't promise to be good you'll have to go back to jail," the General said, and the Policeman led Ginky back to the fruit jar and locked him up.

BAD LUCK?

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY.

"I GOT me some spider web for to make some sockses.
I knit 'em very fine and put in some clockses.
I went out to the country and slept by a tree,
Along came a spider and spun the sockses off of me."

This is the song the Dunce was singing while he washed his face in an acorn basin on the back porch.

"Don't do dat!" exclaimed Gogo, who was drying his hands on a Teenie Weenie towel about the size of a common postage stamp. "Dat bad luck to sing befo' breakfast."

"Shucks!" laughed the Dunce. "I think it's bad luck not to sing before breakfast."

"Yo' wait and see," warned Gogo. "We suah goin' fo' to have a heap of bad luck befo' de day is ovah."

Probably the Dunce's singing had nothing to do with it, but the Teenie Weenies did have a lot of trouble that day. The Dunce had hardly stopped singing when the Cook burned a Teenie Weenie skillet of fried hominy and the Policeman upset a cherry seed of bumble bee honey all over the clean tablecloth.

The little folks had made arrangements to gather black walnuts but the respectable mouse who was to pull the Teenie Weenie cart sent word that it could not come. The General persuaded Skippy the chipmunk to pull the cart, but the mouse shafts on the cart were too small for Skippy's fat little body and there was a long delay while the men put in new ones. Next the belly band on the chipmunk harness broke and that had to be mended. By that time it was nearly noon and the Teenie Weenies hadn't brought in a single walnut.

After lunch things went a little better. The men hauled in two carts of nuts, but two of them were bad when they were blasted open with Teenie Weenie powder which the Doctor makes out of saltpeter, charcoal and sulphur. The work went along fairly smoothly for a time and then, while loading the cart, a walnut slipped and fell on the Turk's foot, smashing his big toe. The Turk hopped around and yelled loudly with pain and that made Skippy so nervous the General decided to stop work for the day.

"Ah told yo' we all would have bad luck with yo' singing befo' breakfast," Gogo told the Dunce.

"Shucks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "Nothing has happened to me and I don't call that unlucky."

The Dunce's bad luck came a little later when he stole half a walnut meat and ate nearly all of it. He was terribly sick, but that wasn't unlucky—that was just being a Teenie Weenie pig.

MARMALADE

ONE afternoon the Cook put a dried raisin on to boil. He brought out his tiny rolling pin, a cherry seed of shortening and his pie crust board. He put them on the kitchen table and called up the stairs to the Lady of Fashion.

"All ready for you to make those raisin pies," the Cook shouted

The little lady had just stepped into the kitchen when a great commotion took place outside the kitchen door. The Cook opened the door and there stood an orange surrounded by excited Teenie Weenies

"Look!" puffed the Dunce, his breath rolling out in clouds on the frosty air "We found an orange back of the grocery and we've got to get it into the house before it freezes."

"You'll never get that orange thru the doorway," said the Cook.

"Get an ax," shouted the excited Dunce, "and I'll cut the doorway bigger."

"Wouldn't it be less trouble to cut the orange in two?" asked the Cook. "Anyhow, half the orange will about fill the kitchen and it will make enough marmalade to fill every thimble and hazelnut container we have on the place."

The weather was very cold outside and in order to keep the orange from freezing the little men worked like beavers cutting the orange in two with a Teenie Weenie crosscut saw. When it was cut the men had a hard time forcing it thru the kitchen door

"Boy!" exclaimed the Cowboy. "That sure will make a lot of marmalade"

"Well, we'd better forget the raisin pies and get busy cutting up this orange," the Cook told the Lady of Fashion. "We'll have to get this orange disposed of before we can have supper. Let's get to work."

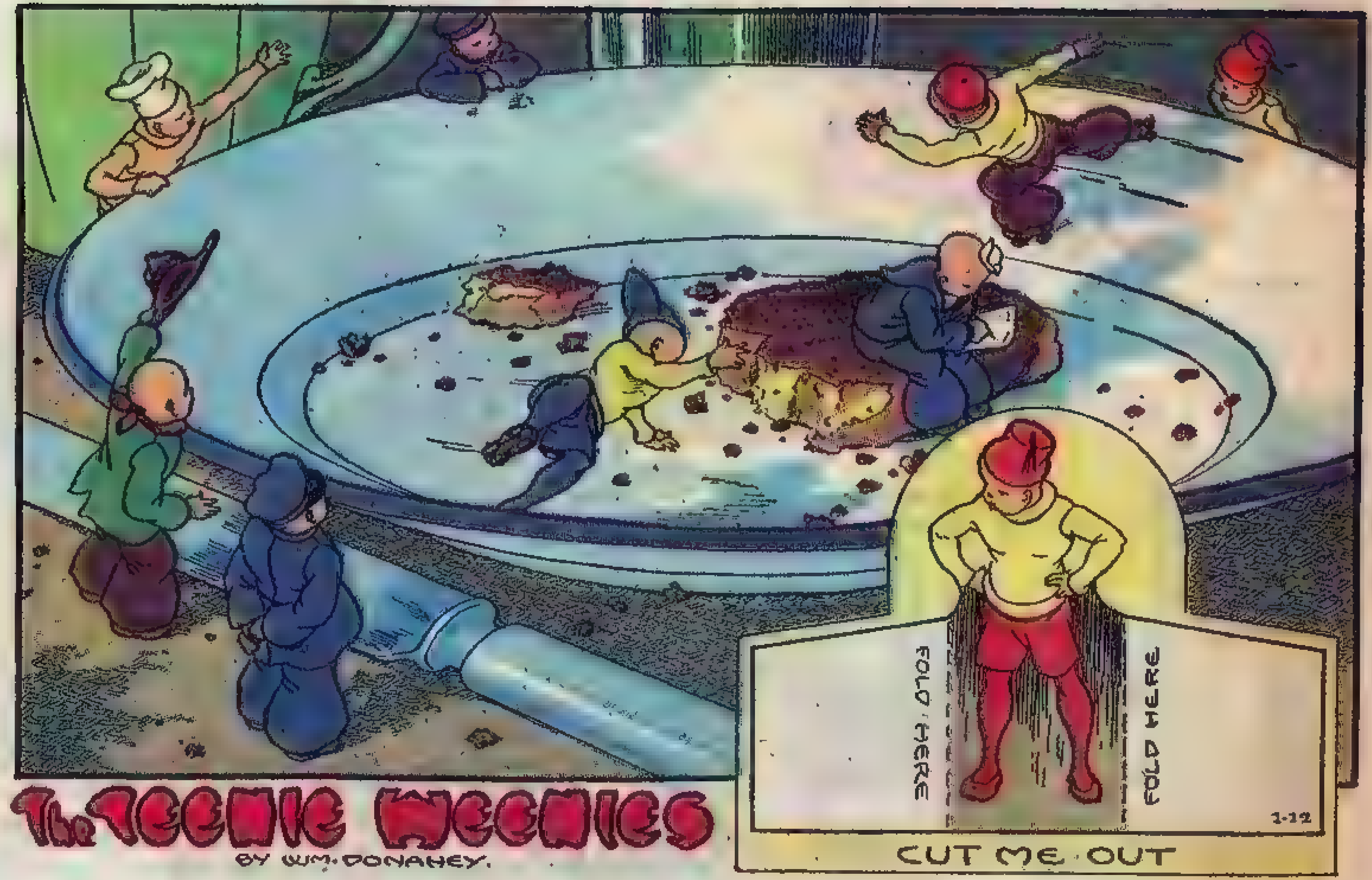
The Cook, the Lady of Fashion, and several other Teenie Weenies set to work with Teenie Weenie hatchets, axes, and knives, and when they had finished cutting up the orange every single kettle, thimble, and even acorn and hazelnut shell baskets were filled to the tops. Of course, there was juice and melted snow all over the place and the kitchen had to be mopped before supper could be cooked. The Teenie Weenies had a very late supper that night and without raisin pie, but there will be plenty of marmalade for many days to come.

A CHAMPION

MOST of the Teenie Weenies believed that Gogo was the champion Teenie Weenie roller skater, but a few of the little people thought the Dunce was just as good. The Dunce loudly agreed with those few, and he did considerable boasting about his skating.

"You can't prove your skating ability by talkin'," said the Turk after listening to the Dunce's appreciation of his own skating. "If you want to decide who is the champion skater you'll have to hold a race."

The idea of a roller skating race appealed to the little folk and they set about making arrangements. They dragged a big cardboard box cover under some bushes for a rink and Gogo and the Dunce went into training. They skated every spare minute in order to get themselves in condition for the contest. The Dunce announced that he was going on a strict diet in order to be fit for the race. He didn't eat a single doughnut in over a week, which was a great surprise to the Teenie Weenies because the Dunce almost never denies himself anything in the way of good food.



A day was set for the race, but before it could be held a great storm covered the rink with snow. It was then decided to hold the race in one of the big houses whose owners were usually away during the day. One morning the Teenie Weenies went to a house on the lane, but they found the floor was too rough for Teenie Weenie roller skating. Then they climbed up onto a dining table that stood in the room. There were a number of dishes on the table, including a big plate which the Teenie Weenies decided would make a fine track for the race.

While the Dunce and Gogo put on their tiny skates, the Sailor scraped up some dried egg yolk from the plate and made a mark on the rim. "Now you fellows get ready," said the Sailor. "The first man to cross this egg mark after skating around the rim of the plate 10 times will be the champion."

After several false starts, the race finally got under way. The little skaters fairly flew around the plate, and each time one of them passed the egg mark, the Sailor, who was sitting in the center of the plate, made a mark on a tiny piece of paper.

It was a mighty close race for a few rounds, but finally Gogo pulled ahead and won by half a plate. To everyone's surprise, the Dunce seemed happy.

"Oh, boy! I'm glad this race is over," he grinned. "Now I'm through dieting and I'm gonna fill up on doughnuts." He hurried home and ate every last crumb in the doughnut thimble.

HARD TIMES

SNOW had covered the hard ground for many days and the birds could find little to eat. All sorts of birds came begging food from the Teenie Weenies. The little folk gave the hungry birds as much as they could spare, but soon their tiny hoard of supplies began getting dangerously low. The big folk threw out bread, but snow would often fall and cover the food before the birds could find it.

One day the Teenie Weenie Policeman, while on his rounds near the lane, saw many mouse tracks leading into a hole in the snow. He crawled down through the hole and discovered several slices of bread which had probably been thrown out by the big folk for the birds. The Policeman reported his find to the General, who sent Teenie Weenies with picks and shovels to investigate.

The Teenie Weenies dug down through the snow and uncovered several big slices of bread.

"This bread is frozen too hard for the birds to eat," said the Cook after he had examined the bread. "If it is broken up into small pieces, I can cook it and make it into a warm mush for the birds."

A great deal of snow had to be shoveled away before the first slice of bread could be moved. The Teenie Weenies tied a string about the bread and pushed and pulled with all their might, but getting the big slice of bread out of the hole was mighty slow work.

Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, flew down while the Teenie Weenies were tugging at the bread. She caught the end of the string in her mouth and gave a mighty pull. The slice of bread fairly popped out of the hole and landed on top of the Dunce. The Dunce set up a great howl from beneath the bread. The Teenie Weenies quickly lifted the slice and the Dunce crawled out unhurt, but very angry.

"What do you mean by hittin' me with that slice of bread? Were you tryin' to kill me?" sputtered the outraged Dunce.

Poor Tilly was terribly upset, and she chirped her apology to the Chinaman, who immediately translated it to the disgruntled Dunce.

The Teenie Weenies dug out 4½ slices of bread. Then they broke them into small pieces and carried them to the Teenie Weenie kitchen, where they were cooked into a warm mush for the hungry birds. The birds were very grateful to the Teenie Weenies, but the mice who had discovered the bread, and Ginky was one of them, are furious at the little folk.

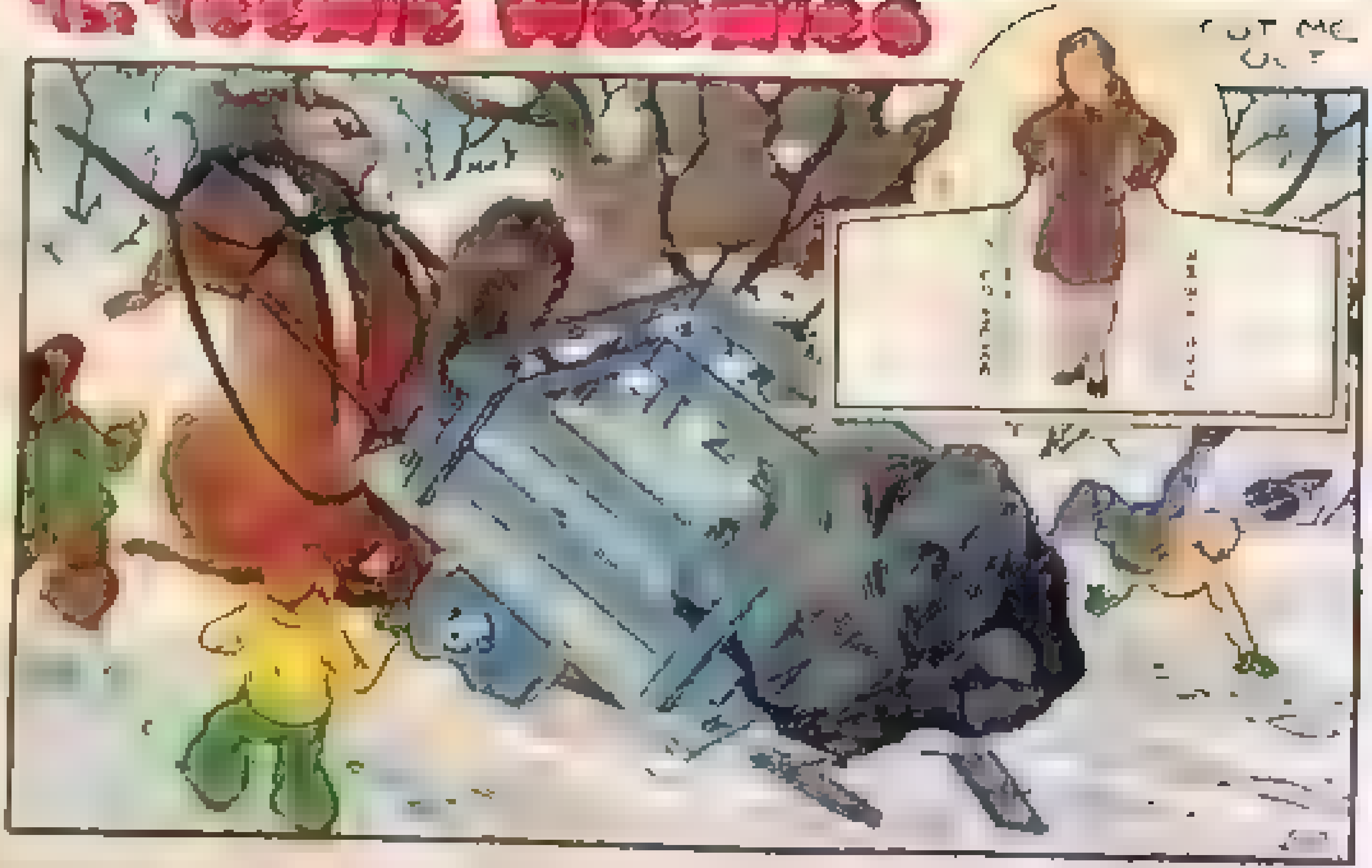
A WOMAN'S WAY

The [illegible] the Teenie Weenie men had made for the Lady of Fashion's bedroom burned merrily during the Winter. It did burn at a great deal [illegible] but the [illegible] reported that the [illegible] the Lady of Fashion a lot of trouble. She did mention the [illegible]

[illegible] had to be [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] as the days passed [illegible] men seemed to show any [illegible] in the subject. The [illegible] often put on her tiny [illegible] her coat and took long walks. After [illegible] she reported that she had found a perfectly lovely lump of coal and she mentioned the lump of coal [illegible] to the Cowboy that there [illegible]

[illegible] around the Lady [illegible] would burn [illegible] a long time [illegible] as modestly.

The Teenie Weenies



The Cowboy only grunted but he set off the next morning with [illegible] Teenie Weenies to fetch the coal the Lady of Fashion had found. There wasn't enough snow on the ground to use a sled so the Cowboy hired Stubby the chipmunk to pull the Teenie Weenie cart. The [illegible] was about [illegible] and [illegible] On the way home the Dunce [illegible] and [illegible] passed under a [illegible] a dog barking in the distance.

Now chipmunks are very nervous. At the first bark [illegible] up on his hind feet and [illegible] in the direction of the bark. That tipped the cart backward and the coal rolled off breaking the end gate and tumbling the Dunce into the snow. After [illegible] hard work the men [illegible] the coal back onto the cart and hauled it to the [illegible] where it was broken up into [illegible] for a thimble stove. The Lady of Fashion is quite happy now and coal is no longer a subject of conversation.

NO SOAP!

THERE hadn't been a single soap flake in the Teenie Weenie village for weeks. The Chinaman had washed the clothes the best he could, but the tiny garments soon began to have a gray look because it is impossible to make clothes white and clean without soap. The little folk had hunted everywhere for the bits of soap that big people usually throw away, but the big people were short of soap, too. The Teenie Weenies could have made soap if they had had grease, but grease was just as hard to find because soap is made from grease.

The Dunce didn't mind the lack of soap. He would rather have dirty hands and face than to go to the trouble of washing, but the rest of the little people, who really like to be clean, minded it a lot. Finally, the General called a meeting in the town hall to discuss the matter.

The Turk reported that he had seen a large piece of soap in a wash bowl in one of the big houses near the Teenie Weenie village and he suggested that they borrow some. The General spoke against that because he had always warned against taking things from big people's houses.

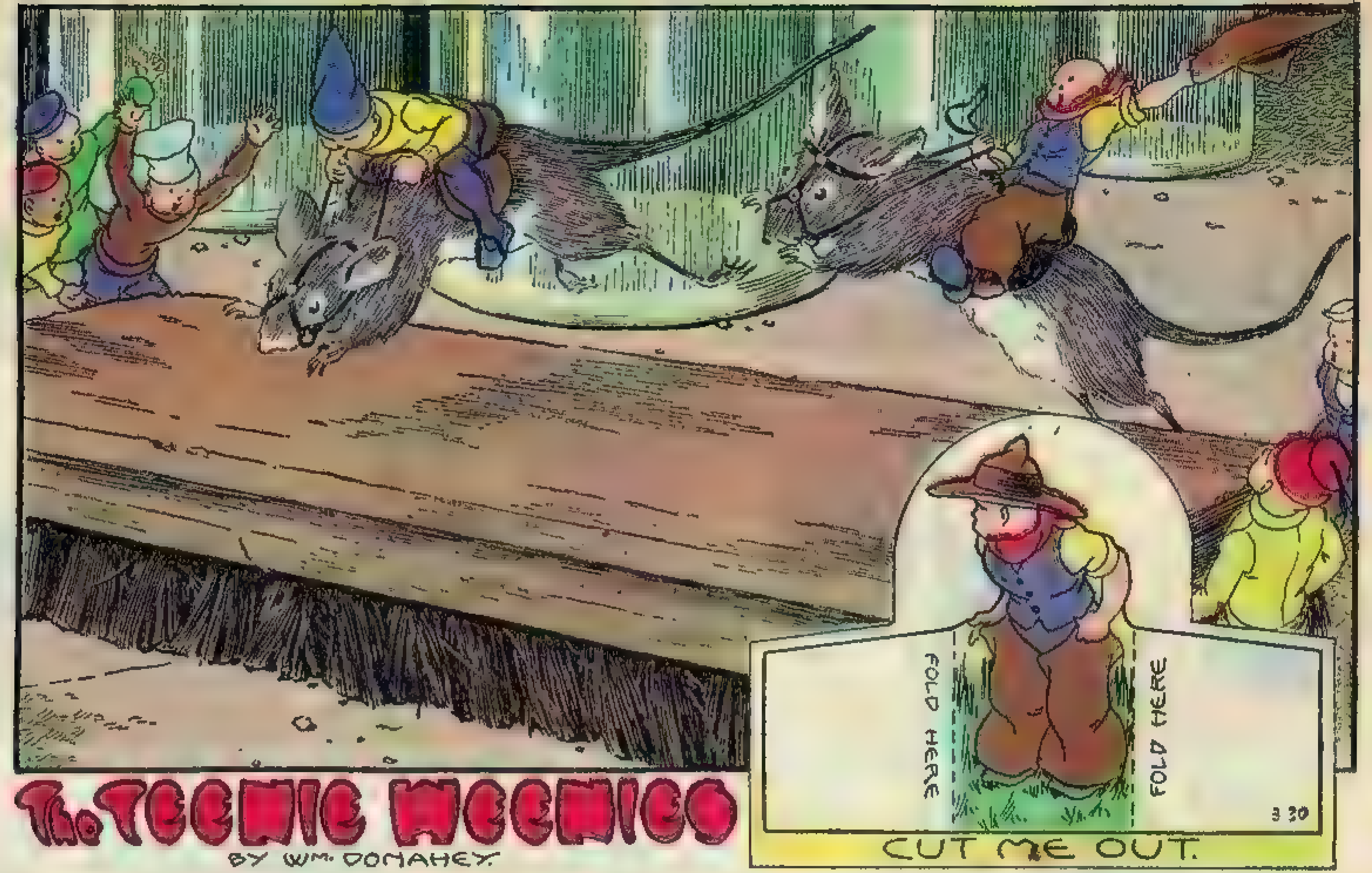
"All we need is a piece about the size of a pecan," argued the Turk. "The big people won't miss that and it will keep us clean for a long time."

After a great deal of talk the Teenie Weenies agreed that it would be all right to borrow a small piece of the soap which they would repay in the future. Several of the little men went to the house when the big folk were away. They climbed up a bath towel to the wash bowl and began sawing off a small piece of soap with their Teenie Weenie cross-cut saw. When they had cut through the soap as far as they could with the saw, they tried to pry off the piece with a Teenie Weenie ax. Just as they broke off the piece, the cake of soap skidded off into the bowl, which was nearly full of water.

"We'll have to get that soap out of the water," said the Old Soldier. "If we leave it there it will soak up in the water and be lost."

It was decided that the best way to save the soap would be to remove the stopper and let the water run out of the bowl. The men tried to pull up the stopper by the chain that was fastened to it but they couldn't move it. It was necessary to fetch a Teenie Weenie block and tackle and even then it took all their Teenie Weenie strength to pull it free. It took an awful lot of work to get that tiny piece of soap but little people have to work just as hard for little things as big people have to work for big things.

MOUSEMANSHIP



THERE had been considerable discussion about mouseback riding among several of the Teenie Weenies. The Dunce was mainly responsible for most of the talk, for he had unexpectedly found a piece of cheese and cheese can easily be converted into mouseback rides. The Dunce had been spending his cheese on mouseback riding and he now considered himself a champion mouseback rider. He boasted a great deal and that brought on long and heated arguments among various Teenie Weenies. The Teenie Weenie Cowboy is a fine mouseman, but he never entered into the arguments, although the Dunce said some rather slighting things about his riding. The Dunce boasted so much the Cowboy finally agreed to a mouseback race. Two very fast mice, who lived in the cellar of one of the big houses near the Teenie Weenie village, were chosen for mounts by the two little mousemen and arrangements were made for the race.

The race was to be held in the cellar where the mice lived. One morning the Dunce and the Cowboy, carrying their tiny mouse saddles and followed by a number of the Teenie Weenies, went to the cellar to hold the race. On his stout little shoulders, the Turk carried a huge piece of cheese nearly as big as an acorn. This was to be given as the prize to the mouse that won the race.

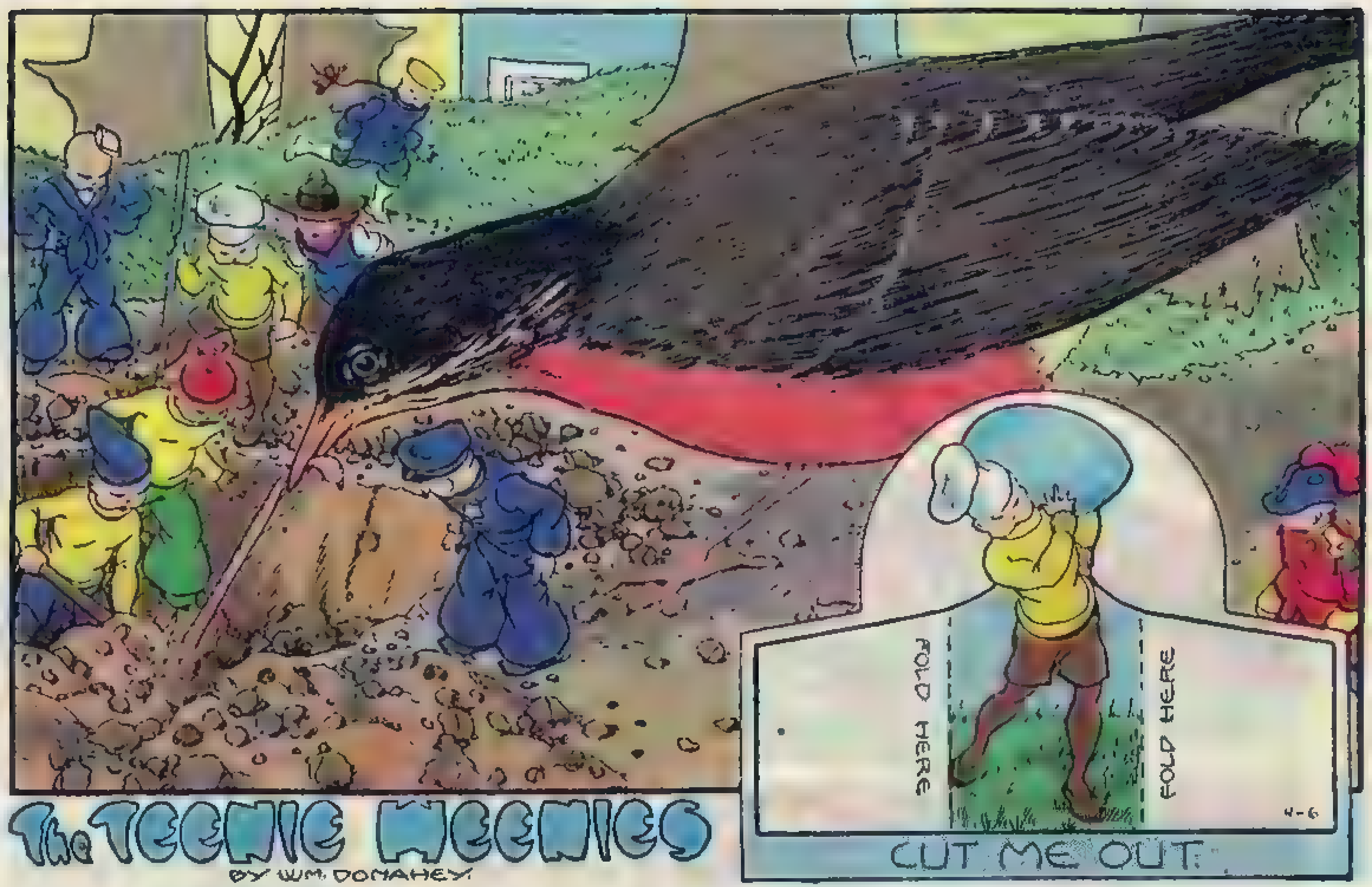
A course was laid out around the cellar and over an old scrubbing brush that lay on the floor near some bottles. The mice seemed satisfied after sniffing the cheese and they allowed the Dunce and the Cowboy to put on the saddles and bridles. The riders were to race three times around the course and the first mouse to jump the scrubbing brush for the third time was to be the winner. Each mouse was confident that he would win the cheese.

When the riders were ready the Cook gave a signal and the mice leaped off around the course. The first two times around, the mice leaped the scrubbing brush almost together, but on the last jump the Dunce's mouse cleared the brush first by half a tail's length and he was declared the winner.

The Dunce boasted constantly after the race, but all that stopped in a few days when a mouse he was riding ran away with him. The Dunce was thrown off the mouse's back and considerably banged up. He has been rather meek since then and now there is no more boasting about mousemanship. Because the Cowboy is too modest to go around telling everybody that he is the champion rider in the Teenie Weenie village.

HALF A LOAF

THE Teenie Weenies were terribly disappointed and the Lady of Fashion was on the verge of tears. It was plain to all the little people that there would be no Easter party this year. Hens' eggs were very high priced and the hens were so independent they were positively nasty. They cackled right in the General's face when he offered 70 grains of corn, 8 grasshoppers (the grasshoppers to be paid in season) and 18 grains of wheat for one egg. That was all the Teenie Weenies could afford to pay, and since no hen in the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village would lay an egg for that price, the little folk had to give up the idea of an Easter party. The yearly Teenie Weenie Easter party was one of the big events of the whole neighborhood near the village. The little people always bought a hen's egg, boiled it whole and invited all their small animal and bird friends to help eat it. The Teenie Weenie Cook announced that he had a little dried egg left, but Easter wouldn't be Easter without a fresh egg for the feast.



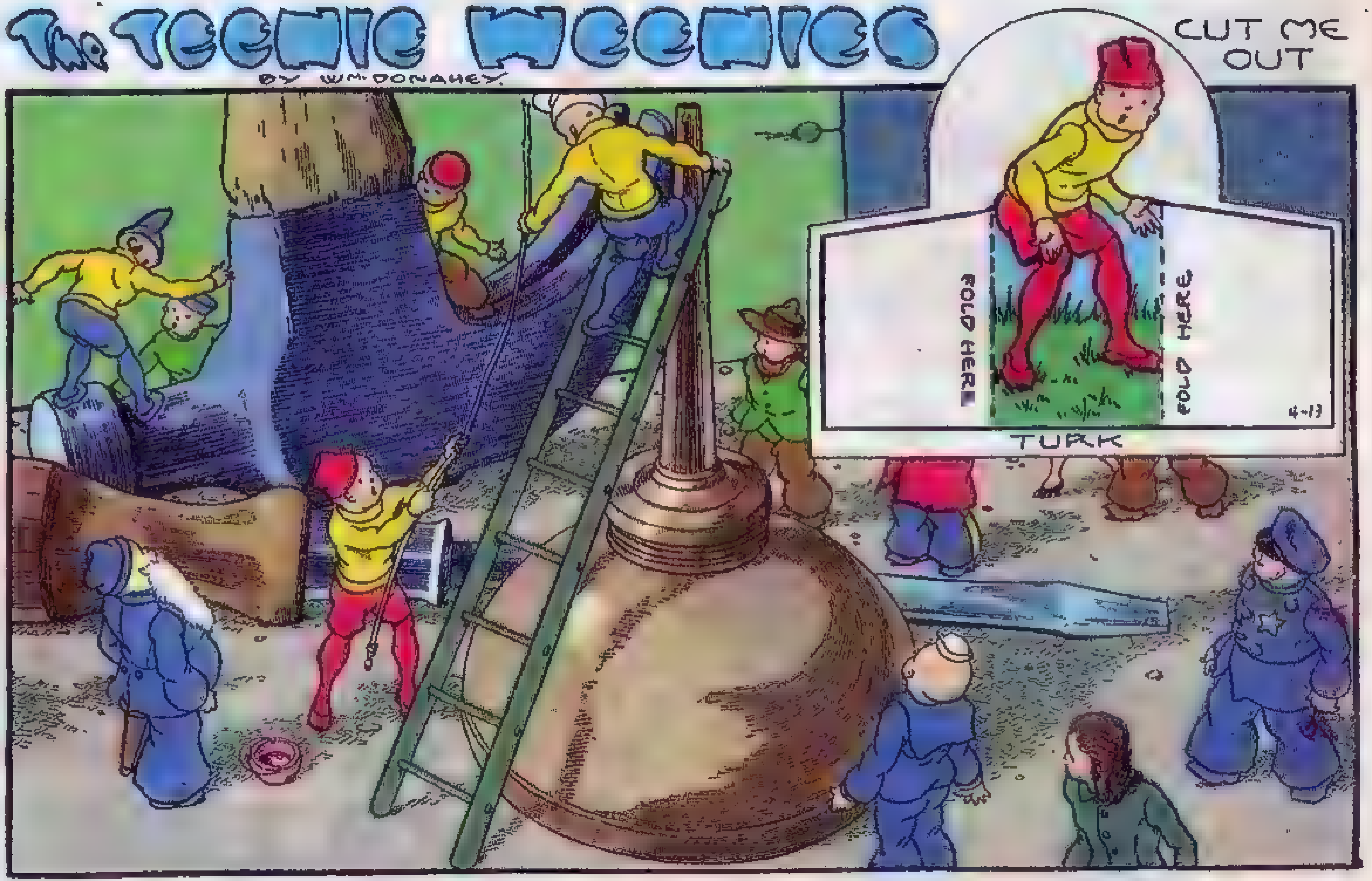
The Chinaman decided he might be able to do something about getting an egg. The little chap speaks a number of fowl languages and he pleaded with the hens to sell the Teenie Weenies an egg at a reasonable price, but the haughty creatures merely shrugged their wings and walked away. The Chinaman even asked a duck who had always been friendly, but the duck was in the midst of a billious attack and couldn't think of laying an egg. Finally, the Chinaman decided to ask the birds for an egg.

"Half a loaf is better than none," he argued to himself. "We can't have a party, but a bird's egg will be enough for the Teenie Weenies."

The Chinaman speaks robinese perfectly, and he argued a robin into laying an egg for two fine fat worms. All the little folk were overjoyed with the bargain and they brought out their tiny picks and shovels and went to work digging for worms. They chose a spot back of the Teenie Weenie workshop and after considerable digging they exposed a worm. The robin caught the worm in its beak and slowly and skillfully pulled it out of the ground, thereby saving the Teenie Weenies considerable digging. It didn't take long to unearth another worm and then the robin promptly retired behind the town hall and laid an egg.

The Cook carried it to the Teenie Weenie kitchen and on Easter it was cooked and served to the little people, who all say that robin eggs are almost as good as chicken eggs.

A DROP OR TWO



THE Teenie Weenies use mighty little machine oil. A quarter of a thimbleful will last the little people nearly the whole year. The Old Soldier with a wooden leg is very particular about having all Teenie Weenie tools coated with oil when they are not in use so they will not rust, and a drop now and then is used for Teenie Weenie drills and for sharpening fine edged Teenie Weenie tools.

The Teenie Weenie cart has to be oiled quite often and that takes considerable oil, for the lead pencil, which is the cart axle, needs greasing to keep the wooden wheels from squeaking. The cart is hard to pull when the axle needs oil and the mice who are used to pull the cart complain bitterly when that happens. The cart began to squeak lately and the mice positively refused to pull it until it was oiled, but the Teenie Weenies hadn't a drop of oil in the village.

Some of the men went to the lane that passes near the village hoping to find a few drops of oil that had dropped from some parked auto, but the lane is not paved and what little oil had dripped from the cars had soaked into the ground.

One morning the Turk announced that he was going over to Uncle Jimmy's shop and search for some oil there. Uncle Jimmy's shop stands on the lane not far from the Teenie Weenie village and, as it was a nice day, most of the little folks agreed to go along for the walk. When they arrived at the shop they found that Uncle Jimmy had gone away and they quickly crawled through the crack under the door.

The only oil they found was in a big oil can which was much too heavy for the little folks to handle.

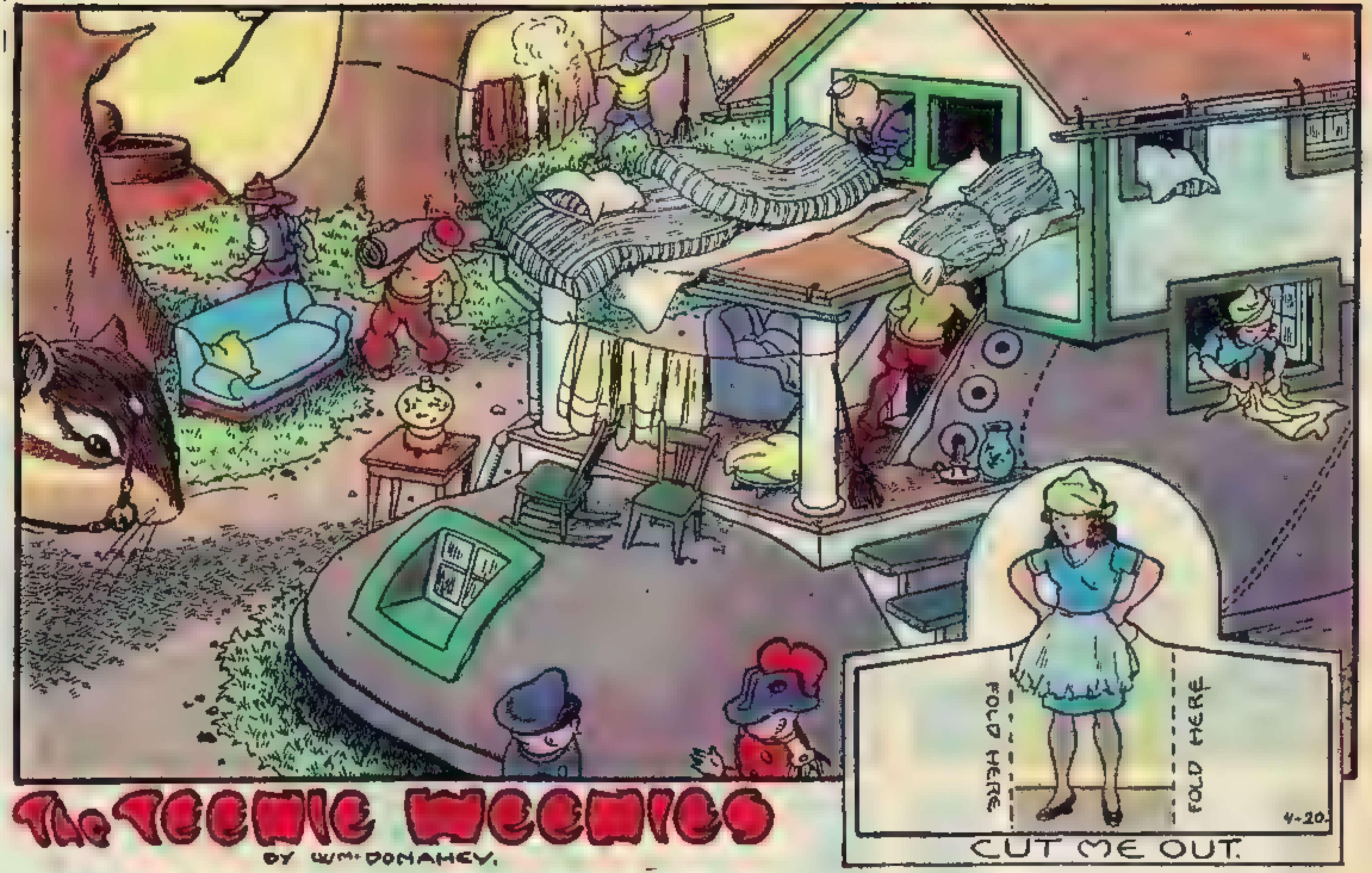
"If we had a ladder we could get oil out of the can with a broom straw," suggested the Turk. "From the top of the ladder we could push the straw down into the oil and then pull it out and scrape off the oil that stuck to it into the bucket."

The Cowboy and the Turk ran back to the village for the longest Teenie Weenie ladder while several other Teenie Weenies pulled a long straw from Uncle Jimmy's broom. The Sailor tied a bit of thread around the bottom of the straw so the oil would not all drip off when it was pulled out of the can. When the ladder arrived the Cook climbed up and soon began drawing the oil out of the can. He had to push the straw down into the can a great many times in order to get enough oil to fill the cherry seed bucket they had brought along.

It was a lot of work for so little oil, but all the Teenie Weenies had a pleasant time.

SPRING CLEANING

It is so small that one would think
It could be cleaned in just a wink!
But there's a lot of work to do
When cleaning house within a shoe.
From the book of Whimsey Whims



THE dreadful day was drawing near. The Teenie Weenie men watched the Lady of Fashion for signs of the annual Teenie Weenie house cleaning. They all hated the confusion that followed in the wake of soap suds and Teenie Weenie women.

They knew the worst when the women collected a thimbleful of soap and cut many pieces from a man's old handkerchief into cleaning clothes about the size of postage stamps. The old shoe in which the little people live was kept spotlessly clean at all times and the Teenie Weenie men couldn't understand the necessity of an annual Spring cleaning.

"It's just one of those funny things about women," the Turk remarked.

"We will be eating our meals on the back porch for two days," complained the Policeman, who is mighty fond of his regular meals. "There's absolutely no need of all this extra cleaning."

"Yes, the house is always clean and I suppose it really doesn't need the extra cleaning," answered the General, "but it gives the women a lot of pleasure, and so I suppose we must put up with it."

"I don't get any pleasure out of beatin' rugs," growled the Dunce, who took out his dislike of the task by generally giving the rugs a beating that easily earned him the title of Teenie Weenie rug-beating champion.

When the women really started cleaning house they kept the men so busy they hadn't even time to growl. Every last Teenie Weenie man was put to work. Even the Policeman had to help and the General took down pictures and helped carry out the heavy pieces of Teenie Weenie furniture. Curtains came down, rugs were hung out for beating, and every mattress and pillow was put out to lie in the sunshine. Skippy, the chipmunk, was hitched to the Teenie Weenie cart and nearly a teacup of water had to be hauled from the creek, for it takes a lot of water to clean a shoehouse. All the walls, the ceiling and floors were thoroughly scrubbed and considerable washing was done outside, too.

"Now," said the Lady of Fashion, as she sank into a Teenie Weenie chair after everything had been cleaned and put back in place, "isn't it lovely to be nice and clean?"

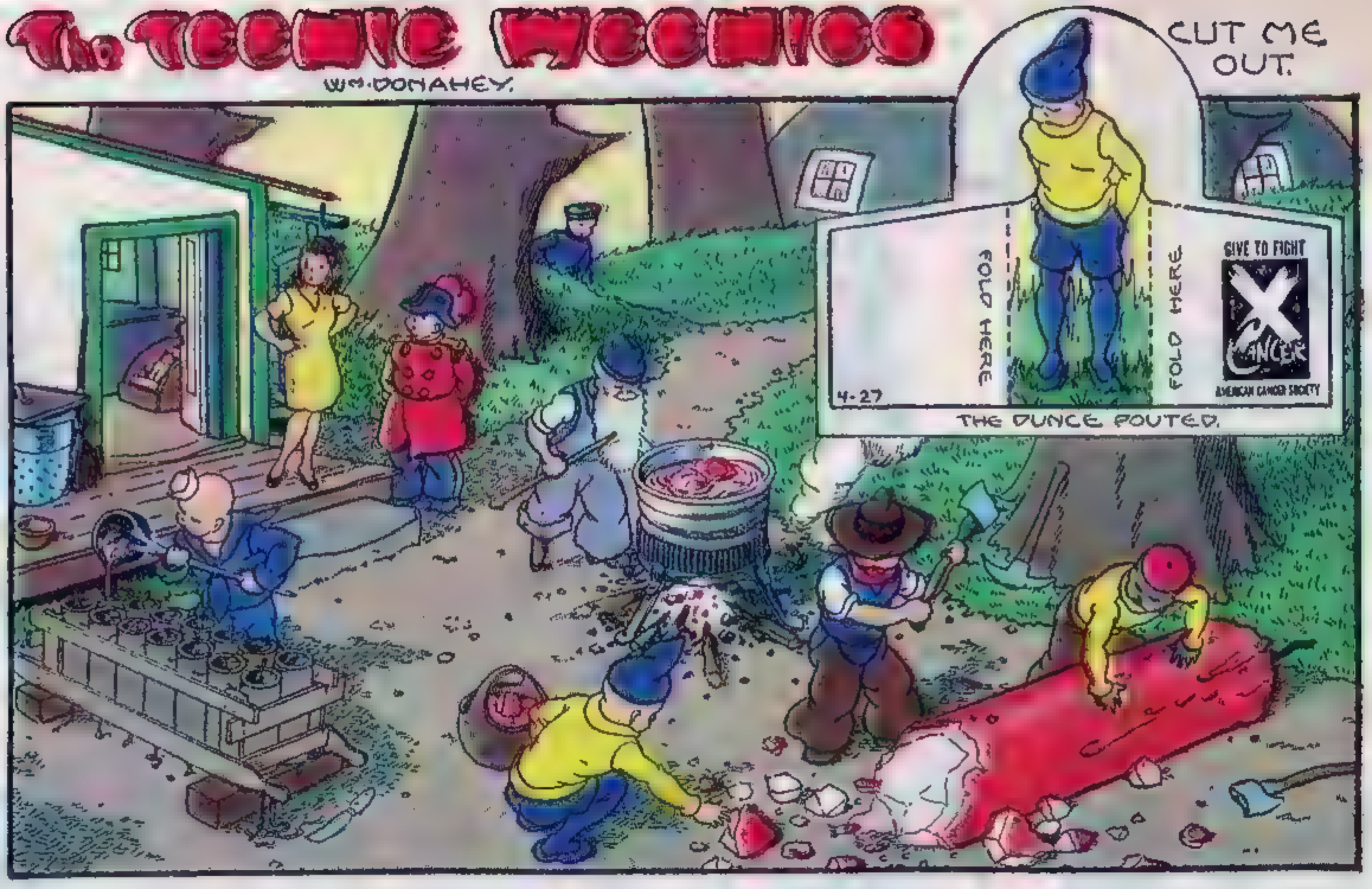
"Yes," answered the Policeman solemnly. "It will be lovely until it has to be done all over again next year."

BUSY DAYS

ONE thing after another has kept the Teenie Weenies so busy the little people have hardly had time to eat or sleep lately. Right after house cleaning the Teenie Weenies' garden had to be put in shape for planting. A couple of mice pulled the tiny plow, but a good deal of spading and raking had to be done by hand, and that kept the little men hard at work. Right on top of all that the village ran out of candles.

The Teenie Weenies do not have electric lights. They do have a few cherry seed oil-burning lamps, but oil is hard to get and so the village depends mostly on candles for its light. Their tiny candles are made from old pieces of large candles the big folks have thrown away.

These stubs are cut up into small pieces, melted in a big pot which was formerly the metal top of a catsup bottle, and then poured into Teenie Weenie molds. The molds are made out of hollow reeds which the Old Soldier with a wooden leg has cleverly set into a handy frame. A bit of thin string, or wick, is fixed through the center of each reed, melted candle is then poured into each reed and when the hot wax has cooled Teenie Weenie candles come out of the molds.



The little folks had several stubs of big candles on hand and some of the men began making Teenie Weenie candles. They dragged the big stub to a spot back of the Teenie Weenie kitchen, built a fire under the candle pot and melted the pieces the Cowboy cut off with a Teenie Weenie ax. The Old Soldier watched the pot while the Sailor filled the molds. Gogo held the stub steady while the Cowboy hacked off pieces which the Dunce gathered up and put into the pot for melting.

All the little men enjoyed the work but the Dunce, who had his foolish mind set on going fishing. There may have been another reason, too. That was an attack of Spring fever, which at this season seems to affect a good many people, including Teenie Weenies.

"All right," said the General. "If you won't help you'll have to go to bed in the dark. No work, no candles for you."

That set the Dunce to work, for, big as he is, he for some strange reason dislikes to go to bed in the dark.

The little men filled the mold six times and that made 84 Teenie Weenie candles. That will supply the Teenie Weenies with light for some time and the Dunce won't have to go to bed in the dark.

PATIENT FISHERMEN

THERE is a lot of work to be done around the Teenie Weenie village in the Springtime. Besides Spring house cleaning, the Teenie Weenie garden has to be planted and old, dead leaves and twigs that fall from the trees during the Winter have to be dragged off and burned.

All this work puts the Dunce in a bad temper, for in the Spring fishing is good and the Dunce would almost rather fish than eat. The Dunce grumbled a great deal over the work, but he did his fair share and so the General gave him an afternoon off to go fishing.

Taking his hook and line the Dunce set off for the creek right after lunchtime. He caught a couple of mosquitoes for bait, cut a pole from a bush and soon began dropping his hook into the water.

He fished for a long time and tried many places along the creek, but he didn't get a single nibble. Finally he climbed onto a rock and suddenly hooked a minnow. It was a big one, too, for it jerked hard on the line.

"I'll have to play it out before I can land it," thought the Dunce. He played the fish for some time and just as he began bringing it to the top of the water a kingfisher flew down and perched on a tree limb that extended out over the creek from the opposite shore.

Kingfishers are great fishermen, as the Dunce very well knew.

The moment the minnow appeared at the top of the water the bird would grab it and so the Dunce was forced to keep the fish down in deep water.

"Get out of here, you old thief!" screamed the Dunce. "This is my fish. Go get your own fish."

The Dunce yelled at the top of his voice for help, but he was too far from the Teenie Weenie village to be heard, and after a while it began to get dark.

It is most unusual for the Dunce to miss a meal and when he did not appear for supper several of the Teenie Weenie men went in search of him. They found him hanging onto his fishing pole and the kingfisher still sat patiently waiting for the minnow to appear.

"You'll have to hang onto that fish until this bird goes away," panted the Policeman, who was one of the searchers. "And it won't go off until it gets dark."

It was almost night before the bird flew off and then the little men pulled the minnow out of the creek. It was a huge one and next day the Teenie Weenies had a fine fish dinner.

BUSINESS AND BEES

THE TEENIE WEENIE Cream shop was a growing concern. The half pint paper cream container, which had been moved up near the shoehouse, made a very fine sales place. Windows and doors had been cut in the container, and shelves made from berry basket planks had been neatly built inside the place. The Teenie Weenie Cream shop had been organized with the Dunce as president, secretary-treasurer, and general manager. Gogo and the Sailor insisted on owning most of the stock, to have some control over the business and to keep the president from eating too many of the honey bars which the company expected to manufacture and sell.

The sweet for the honey bar was to be taken from clover blossoms. With that in mind, the members of the company set off one day in search of raw material. They hitched Skippy, the chipmunk, to the Teenie Weenie cart and drove to where clover grew. The men filled the cart with promising blossoms and headed for the Teenie Weenie village, where the sweet for the honey bar was to be taken from the clover heads

"This ought to make enough honey bars to last us for a long time," the Dunce remarked as they jolted along the road.

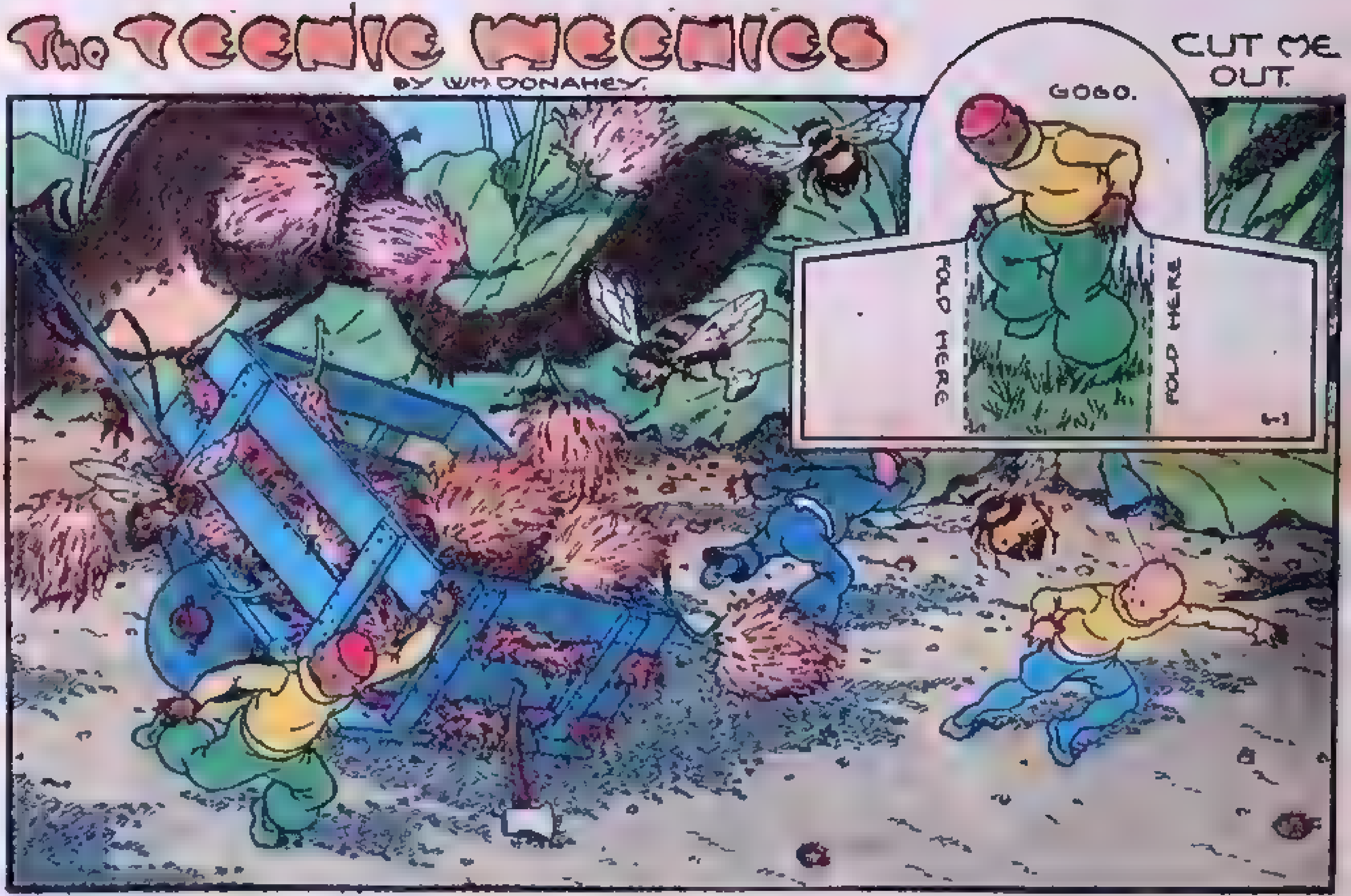
"Dat," pointed out Gogo, glancing at the Dunce, "depends a lot on yo' appetite fo' honey bars."

"SAY!" argued the Dunce. "I guess the president of this company is entitled to a few bars once in a while. Isn't he?"

"Dat is a mattah fo de stockholders to decide," answered Gogo.

The Dunce started in on a loud argument on the rights of company presidents, but never finished, for a big bumble bee buzz dived on the load of clover. Almost immediately several other bees appeared. The members of the Teenie Weenie Cream Shop company leaped off the load of clover and made for the cover of nearby weeds; Teenie Weenies have great respect for bumble bees One of the bees buzzed alarmingly near the chipmunk's ear. The faithful Skippy immediately kicked himself free of the harness and made off, too.

With the bees buzzing about the clover there was nothing to do but wait until dark. Then the three business men brought what was left of the clover to the Teenie Weenie village. They were extremely tired when they reached home, for they had had to pull the cart by hand, which caused the Dunce to remark, and with great feeling, that "Business isn't all profit."



A PUBLIC NUISANCE

THE Teenie Weenies always like to have a watch bug in the village for it is useful in chasing ants out of the tiny houses. It is a lot of trouble to train a beetle properly and a new bug is trained each year. Each bug disappears in the fall as soon as the weather grows cool. That, the Teenie Weenie Doctor explained, is because a grown beetle probably doesn't live longer than a year. However, the Chinaman is very clever at training beetles and he is always ready to break in a new one

The latest beetle proved to be bad tempered. It took four of the little men to capture it and bring it into the Teenie Weenie village. The Chinaman had a hard time training it, but managed to teach it to be a fine ant bug. It kept the village entirely free of ants and the Teenie Weenies were willing to put up with its bad habits on that account.

The little folks called it Nipper. It had bitten nearly every Teenie Weenie in the village. It grabbed the Policeman by the leg several times and once it bit the Dunce so hard with its pinchers it brought blood. Even the General was bitten on the arm when he tried to chase it away from the garbage thimble on the kitchen porch. The Teenie Weenies put up with the beetle's bad manners because it was a fine ant bug, but lost patience with it when it attacked the Lady of Fashion.

The Teenie Weenie men were working in the garden one morning when the Lady of Fashion decided it was a good time to wash out some stockings and Teenie Weenie underwear. She put a catsup bottle top of water on the stove to boil out a few things while she washed some stockings and other dainty garments in another bottle top. It was a warm day and she opened the kitchen door to get bit of fresh air. As she turned from the door Nipper walked into the kitchen. The Lady of Fashion, who has a horror of pinching bugs, leaped onto the table and began to scream at the top of her voice. That brought the Chinaman and the Policeman and they chased the bug out.

The Lady of Fashion was so upset she demanded that the bug be sent away. Most of the other Teenie Weenies agreed with her. At a meeting in the felt hat which the Teenie Weenies use for a town hall, Nipper was declared a public nuisance, and the Chinaman promised to get rid of the bug.

TEENIE WEENIE HARVEST

"WE'LL have breakfast at daylight tomorrow," announced the General at the Teenie Weenie supper table He folded his tiny napkin and continued

"The garden peas are ripe and they must be gathered tomorrow Every one will report for work right after breakfast"

"Ah, shucks!" wailed the Dunce. "I-I-I had a date to go chicken riding in the morning"

"I believe," said the General glancing at the Dunce, "that you will agree with me that gathering in our crop of peas is more important than riding around on young chicken's backs Those who expect to eat will be on hand to help with the work in the garden."

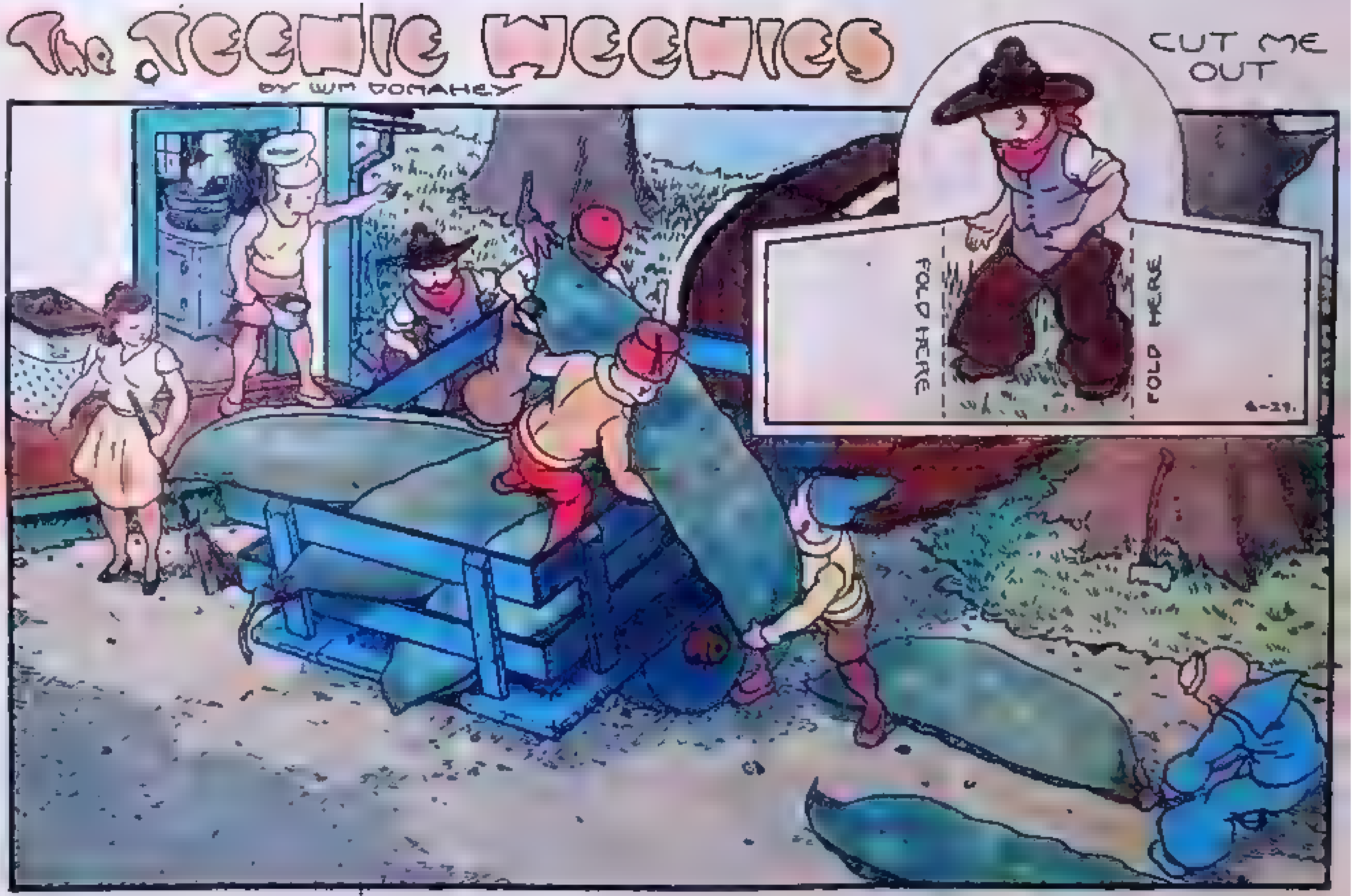
The Teenie Weenies were out of their tiny beds before daylight the next morning. They ate their breakfast of fried frog ham, corn cakes, and slices of wild strawberry by Teenie Weenie candle light. Just as the sun came up they set off for the Teenie Weenie garden.

The Cowboy had harnessed Skippy, the chipmunk, to the Teenie Weenie cart and several of the little people rode out to he garden Some of the men climbed up the pea vines and acked off the pea pods with Teenie Weenie axes, hatchets, and aws, while others loaded the big pods into the cart. It took six rips to haul the harvest of 41 pods to a spot near the Teenie Weenie kitchen, for the little cart could only carry six or seven pods in each load.

When all the pods had been hauled up the men set to work chopping open the pods with Teenie Weenie axes. It was hard work cutting thru the tough pods but when they had finished the task they had harvested 239 peas—almost enough to fill a tea cup. A few of the peas were eaten while they were fresh and green, but most were dried and stored for winter use.

The Cook makes delicious soup out of dried peas. Sometimes he boils them and they are served mashed. One large pea will make enough mashed vegetable for a Teenie Weenie meal; half a dried pea, cooked with a piece of frog ham will make a thimble full of soup

The Dunce grumbled a great deal over missing his chicken ride, but did his full share of work, for he is fond of pea soup and he knew he had to do his share if he expected to eat. No work, no eat, is one of the Teenie Weenie laws, and the Dunce loves his food too well to break that rule.



D.D.T. MIGHT WORK

ALTHO Nipper, the Teenie Weenie watch bug, was the best ant chaser the little people ever owned, he was extremely vicious. He had bitten almost every resident of the tiny village. The Chinaman, who looked after the beetle, had promised to get rid of him, but that proved difficult.

The Chinaman led the beetle a long ways from the village. He removed the leash and, when the bug was interested in chasing some ants, the Chinaman sneaked off and ran for home as fast as he could, hoping the beetle would not find its way back.

When the Chinaman reached the teapot where he lives and keeps the Teenie Weenie laundry, he found Nipper sunning himself on the laundry steps. The Chinaman tried several more times to lose the bug, but each time the insect came back.

The Cowboy and the Turk carried the bug off in a small match box. They loaded the box into the Teenie Weenie cart and drove Skippy the chipmunk a long distance from the village. They dumped the bug out and then drove home, but the beetle used his wings and reached the village first.

After that the Chinaman tied Nipper to the half English walnut shell that served the insect for a bughouse until he could think up some plan for ridding himself of the pest. The tenderhearted Chinaman didn't want to hurt the bug and he was almost in despair of losing it, until late one afternoon he received encouraging help from an unexpected source.

It began when the Chinaman heard a terrific noise outside the teapot. He rushed to the door, where he saw a big toad blinking hungrily at Nipper, who was tugging at his leash and snapping his big pinchers angrily at the toad. The bug kept lunging at the toad, trying to attack it. Suddenly the leash broke and the bug leaped straight at the toad, who snapped up the beetle in an instant. The Chinaman turned away.

A few minutes later the Cook, who had been on his way to the teapot to borrow salt, told the Chinaman what he had seen of the fight between the toad and the beetle.

"Is Nipper gone?" inquired the Chinaman sadly.

"No," answered the Cook. "The toad tried to swallow him, but Nipper was too much for him and the toad spit him out."

The Chinaman opened the door and peered out. The toad was gone, and Nipper sat calmly on the doorstep.

In
SMILES TO TEARS

EVERY member of the Teenie Weenie community is required to do his or her share of the work. It takes a lot of work to supply food and other Teenie Weenie needs. If a Teenie Weenie fails to do his share, he is denied food. Teenie Weenies cannot get along without eating and so everyone in the village works. Some tasks are more pleasant than others, and sometimes it takes a lot of nagging to get certain work done, especially such tasks as gathering spider web yarn. That is very difficult work, for the web has to be carefully untangled and rolled into balls. The best webs are usually found high up in bushes or trees and that means a lot of hard climbing or swinging in a bos'n chair for hours.

Besides other duties the Teenie Weenie women knit all the Teenie Weenie stockings and they are constantly in need of web, for Teenie Weenies wear out a tremendous lot of stockings. The women try to keep a supply of web on hand, but often it is hard to get the men to gather it. When the supply of yarn is running low the little women are forced to use the full line of feminine arguments in order to get the needed work. One of these trying times came to the village recently when the Lady of Fashion had to move from gentle hints through pleading to rumpled tempers and the use of tears to get more yarn.

The little lady began hinting to the men that the spider web was nearly all used up, but they were busy in the garden or hunting for the Winter's supply of frog meal and paid no attention to her demands.

When the last of the yarn had been used she began to nag a little. Once or twice she said rather sharp things to the Dunce, who was spending a lot of time building a canoe out of a pea pod. The Dunce has a rather sharp tongue on occasions and he wasn't very polite to the little lady.

"All right," answered the Lady of Fashion, "if you don't want stockings you can go barelegged as far as I am concerned."

She was a little angry and she made up her mind not to say another word about getting spider webs. She is a little stubborn sometimes, and she probably wouldn't have mentioned the subject again if she hadn't had a run in her last pair of stockings. That brought on a storm of tears and put the men to work hunting spider webs. The very first morning they went hunting for yarn, they found a fine web strung in a bush and they rigged up a bos'n chair and gathered enough web to keep the women knitting stockings for a year.

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That Flat Footed Mouse

GINKY received a good thrashing at the hands of the Teenie Weenies and he certainly deserved it. Every one but Ginky agreed to that. The Teenie Weenies hadn't seen the mouse for a long time but they knew he had been around the Teenie Weenie village, for he had caused them a lot of trouble. It was Ginky who gnawed into the half pint paper cream container which several of the little men had made into a store. The mouse had also stolen the Sailor's pea pod canoe

While the Teenie Weenies hadn't actually seen the mouse doing these things they knew he had done them, for Ginky has flat feet and his tracks are well known to the little folk. He had done a lot of other things that hadn't endeared him to the Teenie Weenies and they were waiting for a chance to lay their hands on him.

Ginky is a mighty slick mouse. He is careful to keep out of sight and most of his crimes are done at night or while the little folk are away. He is very bold when only one Teenie Weenie is around, but he is no match for several of the little men and the mouse keeps strictly out of sight when a number of them are in the village. He is a great problem.

It doesn't do any good to put him in jail for Ginky likes nothing so much as to be put in the pint fruit jar which the Teenie Weenies use for a jail. They decided that they would give him a sound thrashing if they were lucky enough to lay their hands on him. Then they caught him stealing

The Cook made a batch of cookies. He stacked them in an acorn basket and set them on the kitchen table. While his back was turned Ginky, who no doubt had smelled the fresh baked cookies, sneaked quietly on his soft, flat feet thru the kitchen door and reached for the basket. The Cook saw him just as he lifted the basket from the table, and before the mouse could back out of the tiny room the Cook slammed the door tight on Ginky's neck.

The Cook braced himself and held the door tight while he yelled for help. A number of the men came running from the workshop and they quickly took charge of the thieving mouse. Ginky fought with great fury. He bit the Policeman on the shoulder, ripped the Dunce's sweater to ribbons, and completely stripped off Gogo's trousers. However, the men gave the mouse a thrashing he won't soon forget and it is hoped that now he will keep away from the village.

GETTING EVEN

THE Teenie Weenies knew that it was only a matter of time before Ginky the mouse would try to get even for the thrashing the little men gave him when they caught him stealing cookies from the Teenie Weenie kitchen. When a week went by without any signs of trouble some of the little folks began to think that Ginky had been cured of his vindictive ways, but they soon discovered that Ginky never forgets a thrashing, whether he deserves it or not.

The Cook and the Sailor crawled out of their beds one morning before the rest of the little people were awake. They dressed quietly and slipped out of the shoe house on their way to the creek, where they hoped to find some fresh turtle eggs. Just as they passed the smoke house the Sailor heard a noise that came from the direction of the swimming pool. He motioned the Cook to follow. The two Teenie Weenies sneaked silently toward the old sauce dish swimming pool.

As they drew near they saw Ginky standing on the diving platform. He held the Teenie Weenie garbage thimble in his paws and was dumping the contents into the water.

"Get out of there!" shouted the Sailor. Followed by the Cook, he ran toward the pool.

Ginky tossed the thimble into the water, jumped off the platform, and disappeared under some bushes near by. The two Teenie Weenies ran up the steps to the diving platform. Their eyes nearly popped out of their tiny heads when they looked into the dish. The water was full of all sorts of trash. Sticks drifted on the water. Floating about were dead leaves, a half finished pea pod canoe which the Turk had been building, the broom from the kitchen porch, and garbage.

As the weather had been hot the Teenie Weenies could not very well get along without their swimming pool, so there was nothing to do but clean it out. All the trash had to be removed and then the water had to be taken out. That was quite a task, for the pool holds more than 200 thimbles of water. After the water was removed the dish was refilled.

The men hitched Skippy the chipmunk to the Teenie Weenie cart on which they had lashed a small salmon can and when the dish was clean they began hauling water from the creek. When the dish was filled the men made a cover from an old piece of fly screen. This they tied over the pool each night in case Ginky should try his nasty tricks again.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY

A Teenie Weenie Blunder

"HONESTLY, the Dunce causes almost as much trouble here as Ginky the mouse," wailed the Lady of Fashion. She wiped her eyes with her tiny handkerchief and glared.

"I-I-I didn't mean to do it," answered the crestfallen Dunce.

"That's just the trouble," sobbed the Lady of Fashion. "You never mean to do anything awful, but you always do it."

"I-I-I'm sorry," apologized the Dunce.

"Yes, you're always sorry, too. What you need to do is to think once in a while, but I suppose you are not able to do that. O well, what's the use of arguing. I suppose you will keep right on not thinking and doing foolish things," complained the little lady. She gathered up the half wound ball of yarn that had been knocked from her hand, stamped into the shoe house, and threw herself onto her tiny bed for a good cry.

The Dunce deserved everything the Lady of Fashion said about him, for he had ruined enough spider web yarn to make all the sweaters and stockings of which the Teenie Weenies were so badly in need. Yarn is hard to get, for it has to be untangled from the spider's web, and that is a lot of work. Then it has to be dyed and processed to give it strength for knitting.

The Lady of Fashion nagged for weeks before she got the men to gather the web and then she and the other Teenie Weenie women dyed it. It takes several days to process the web and then it has to be strung out to dry and wound into neat balls for knitting. Everything was done except the drying and winding.

The little women strung it around the stems of the rose bush, which grows above the Teenie Weenie village. It dried soon in the warm sun and the women were winding it into yarn balls when the Dunce did his foolishness.

He spied a big grasshopper and picking up a club began chasing it around the village. The women screamed for him to stop, for they were afraid it would jump into and tangle up the yarn. That's exactly what happened. The grasshopper flew right into the many strands of web strung around the rosebush stems. The strands of yarn were broken and snarled.

Now the Dunce has to spend all his spare time gathering spider web to replace the lost yarn. He will have no time for fishing or other amusements until he has gathered as much web as was destroyed. It is a just punishment and it is hoped that he will profit by it.

A SUBMARINE ATTACK

SOME of the Teenie Weenie men had poled a Teenie Weenie raft up the creek to a little pond where they expected to hunt frogs for their winter's supply of meat. The raft had been made from a small board. On it the little men had built a cabin out of playing cards, which the Teenie Weenie workmen find mighty useful for wallboards They had supplied the cabin with food and blankets, for they expected to live on the raft during the hunt

Frogs were plentiful. The little men set to work capturing them and soon they had a fine lot of hams for smoking The hunters had taken along a couple of pea pod canoes so they could paddle to and from the raft. While some of the Teenie Weenies hunted, others slept

The raft had been tied up to the stem of an arrowhead plant in shallow water. One afternoon the raft was suddenly shaken by what the Dunce called a submarine attack. The Dunce and the Chinaman, who were taking a nap, were suddenly awakened by a tremendous jar The front of the raft began sinking, while the after part lifted up out of the water

"It's a submarine," screamed the Dunce, and he jumped out thru the window in the back of the cabin

The Chinaman leaped toward the cabin door There he came face to face with a big frog. The frog had hopped up onto the raft, which began to sink under the frog's weight

"You all time glow home, flog," shouted the Chinaman Catching up a Teenie Weenie hickory nut shell bucket that sat inside the cabin door, he threw it at the frog's head The Dunce began screaming for help at the top of his small voice

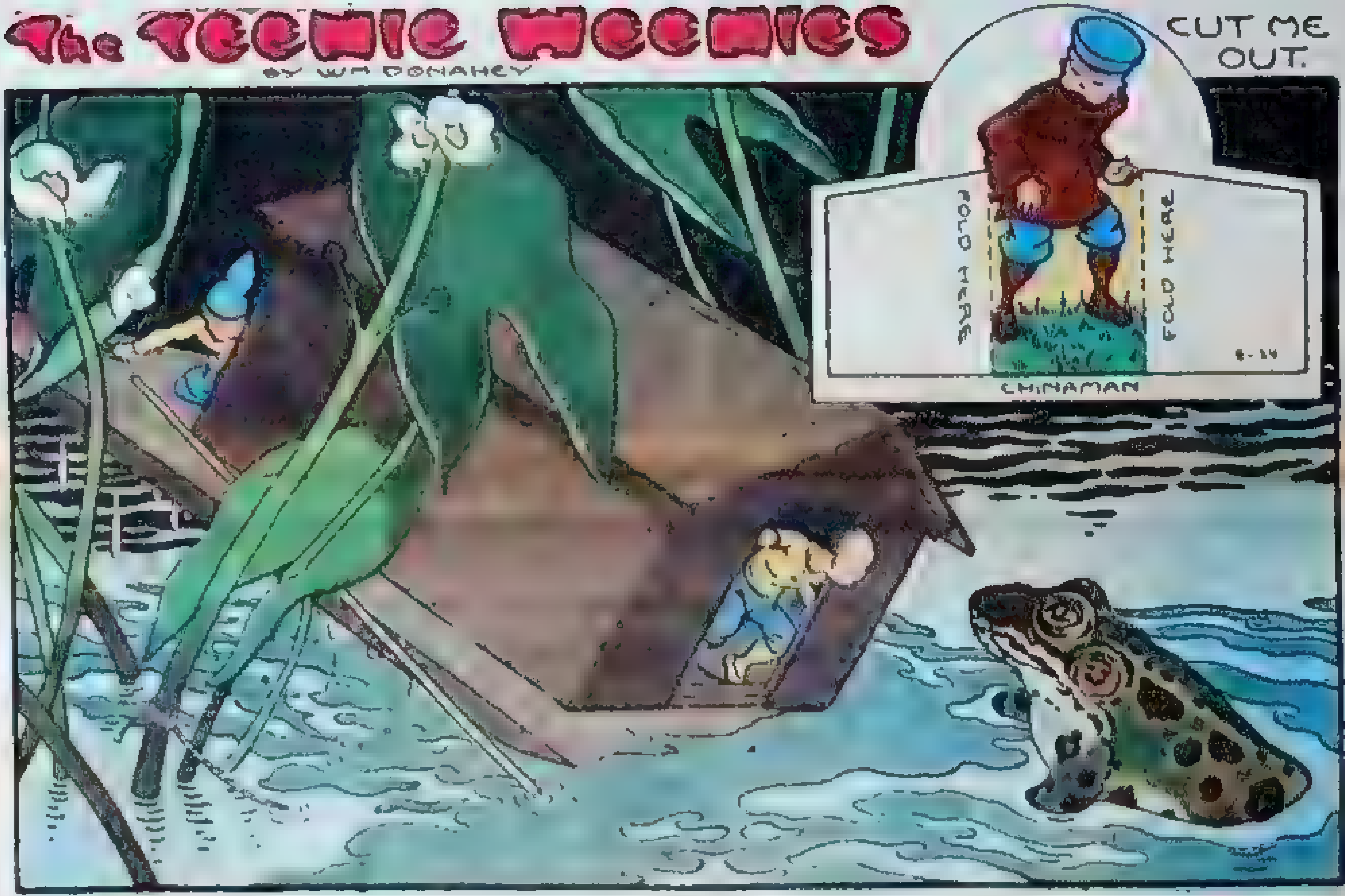
When the bucket hit the frog, he slid off the raft into the water, but the Dunce went on screaming. The Sailor and the Old Soldier, who happened to be near, came paddling to the rescue in their pea pod canoe. When they had heard the story of what had happened they began to laugh

"Well, we're hunting frogs. Why didn't you catch him?" asked the Sailor

"Say!" answered the Dunce. "The raft was sinking"

"Boards don't fill up and sink that quick," laughed the Old Soldier. "You are a couple of great frog hunters, you are

The rest of the Teenie Weenies had a lot of fun teasing the Dunce over his fright and it was a long time before he heard the last of his submarine.



THAT BAD MOUSE AGAIN

A COLD rain fell all day and that kept the Teenie Weenies inside their tiny houses for two or three rain drops would soak a Teenie Weenie from head to his tiny toes. The little folks amused themselves in various ways and peered through the cellophane window panes at the big rain drops splashing outside.

The Chinaman was warm and comfortable in the old teapot where he lived and did the Teenie Weenie washing. The one-inch pipe tee kept the place warm while the Chinaman did the last of the week's ironing. He had just started to iron one of the General's shirts when he heard some one calling outside. He opened the tiny door and there stood Ginky. The mouse held a small mushroom for an umbrella and looked miserable.

"O, Mr. Chinaman!" Ginky wailed in a squeaky voice. "I'm cold and hungry. Won't you be kind to a poor mouse and give me some food?"

The Chinaman understands mouse language and in spite of Ginky's bad character he felt sorry for the mouse. "Allie light. Me get you somethings to eat," the Chinaman said, and he went into the teapot and locked the door to keep Ginky out.

Presently the Chinaman opened the door and handed Ginky five grains of cold boiled rice, a frog ham bone with a little meat on it and half a peanut. Ginky snatched the food and walked off without even a thank you. He squatted beside a rosebush stem and ate the food under his umbrella. He swallowed the food in a jiffy and then wiping his mouth with the back of his paw he made straight for the shoe house, where he knocked loudly on the kitchen door. The Teenie Weenie Cook answered the knock and Ginky made himself look as miserable as possible as he asked for something to eat. The Cook gave him a few scraps and then Ginky asked permission to spend the night in the glass fruit jar which the little people used for a jail.

It was so cold and wet outside the Teenie Weenie Policeman felt sorry for the miserable mouse. He went out in the rain with Ginky, who held his umbrella over the officer's head and unlocked the jail door. Ginky spent the night there in comfort, but it took seven of the Teenie Weenie men to get the mouse out of the jail in the morning.

"That mouse will never get into our jail again," growled the Policeman after Ginky had been evicted. "It's too much trouble to get him out."

A TEENIE WEENIE CLUB

THE half pint, paper cream container which several of the Teenie Weenies had built into a store had stood empty after a mouse had broken into the place. The little people did use it for a few days where they stored captured grasshoppers which they were collecting in order to buy a hen's egg, but the rest of the time the trim little building stood empty—a monument to Teenie Weenie overexpansion

"It's a pity to have that nice little building standing idle," the Old Soldier with a wooden leg, said one evening.

"It would make a fine clubhouse," suggested the Dunce, who is always socially minded

"It would have to be a mighty small club," put in the Policeman. "You couldn't get much of a membership into a half pint cream container."

"Well, we could take turns clubbing, couldn't we?" argued the Dunce.

After a great deal of talk it was decided to make the cream container into a Teenie Weenie clubhouse. A new door was built to replace the one the mouse had chewed up when it broke into and robbed the store. The Turk and the Cowboy set to work building the stove. They set two thimbles with the open ends together and tightly riveted them in place. Then two doors were cut in the thimbles and a metal band was set onto one of the thimbles to which legs were attached. Next a hole was cut through the top thimble for a stove pipe and then a length of stove pipe was fashioned out of some very thin tin, which would be run through a hole in the roof of the building for a chimney

The Old Soldier made some benches and a small table, while the Teenie Weenie women provided rugs and Teenie Weenie curtains. The curtains were woven out of the finest spider web and they were dyed in the juice of a pokeberry. The rugs were braided out of shredded grass and they were also dyed with pokeberry to match the curtains

The opening night of the club was a great social affair. The Cook baked a thimbleful of black walnut cookies for the event. The Lady of Fashion provided a hazelnut shell of grape juice and poured tea. The Old Soldier brought his tiny violin and a number of the little folks took turns dancing in the little clubhouse as only a few of them could get into the building at one time, but they all seemed to enjoy themselves.

FOR HALF A PINT

IT'S A very simple matter for big people to remove the top from a half pint pickle jar. They can do it in just a few seconds but it took the Teenie Weenies almost a whole day to do the same thing and the task left the little men very tired and most of them with blisters on their tiny hands as big as periods. They had to use Teenie Weenie block and tackle, picks, shovels, Teenie Weenie crowbars and a multitude of other Teenie Weenie tools.

All this extra work was due to an unexpected crop of grapes. There is an old grape vine in the neglected garden where the Teenie Weenie village stands. Sometimes it bears a few grapes which is usually enough to make all the grape jelly the little folks will need for the year and sometimes it fails to grow a single grape, but this year, for some strange reason, it had a bumper crop. After all the jelly was made a lot of grapes were left and the cook suggested it should be made into grape juice.

Grape juice is a favorite drink with the little people and tired as they were they all agreed to help with the work. The Cook declared there were enough grapes to make nearly a half pint a grape juice but all the Teenie Weenie containers were filled with fruit and vegetables from the Teenie Weenie garden. Some of the men went to the dump where the big people throw away their trash and where the Teenie Weenies get most of their cooking pots and containers. They discovered a half pint pickle jar with a screw top and they put in nearly half a day rolling it to the Teenie Weenie village. Then they spent the rest of the day and half the night in removing the screw top. They pounded and shouted and tugged and some of the little chaps almost lost their tempers before they got the top off.

The bottle had to be clean and the Dunce was set to work scrubbing it while the Sailor carried many acorn buckets of water for the task. The Old Soldier with a wooden leg watched the Dunce and he made the careless chap do a good job, too. The Turk cut a hole in the bottle top in which would be installed a tap. After all this hard work the grapes had to be fetched, cleaned and cooked. That required four days.

It was another great task to get the top back onto the bottle after the juice had been poured in and then the bottle had to be rolled into the Teenie Weenie cellar. That was a lot of work for half a pint of grape juice but for the Teenie Weenies that half pint would last them for a whole year.

GENEROUS SKIPPY

"LET'S have a big Christmas party in the town hall," suggested the Lady of Fashion one evening when the Teenie Weenies were gathered about the tiny fireplace.

"What will you have to eat?" asked the Greedy Dunce.

"We'll have plenty to eat," laughed the Lady of Fashion. "Let's make it a neighborhood party and invite all our friends. Skippy the chipmunk, the Respectable mice, Nick the red squirrel, the Rhyming Rabbit and—"

"Ginky," put in the Dunce.

"NO!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "We don't want Ginky. We don't want any fights and Ginky always starts fights."

"Shucks!" grumbled the Dunce. "Fights is fun."

"Fights are fun," corrected the Lady of Fashion, "but not at parties."

"You can't get all those animals in the town hall," said the Old Soldier with a wooden leg.

"Of course not," answered the Lady of Fashion. The Respectable mice and probably Skippy can squeeze in but the rest will have to stay outside and look through the windows."

The Teenie Weenies discussed the party until bed time and the Lady of Fashion lay in her tiny bed and made party plans long after the rest were asleep. The next morning tiny invitations were written on the thinnest of birch bark and sent out to the invited guests. The Cook, Gogo, the Lady of Fashion, and some of the other Teenie Weenie women set to work making goodies for the party. There were Teenie Weenie pies, cookies, doughnuts and Teenie Weenie candies to make and that takes time. For a number of days the little cooks worked in the Teenie Weenie kitchen from morning until night. The always hungry Dunce bothered them continually asking for tidbits and the Cook finally had to lock the kitchen door to keep him out.

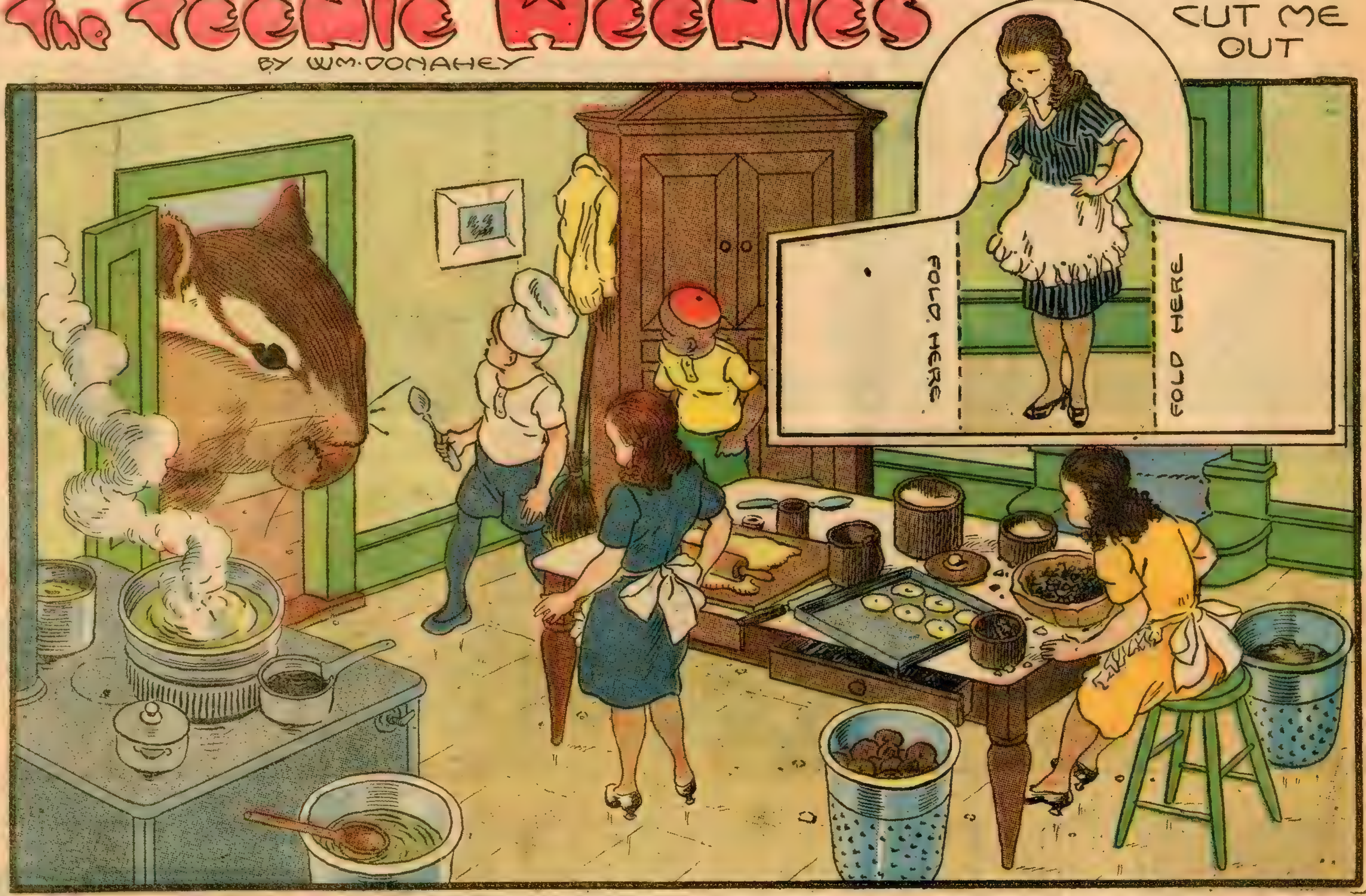
One afternoon while they were all busy someone scratched on the kitchen door. "It's probably the Dunce," said the Cook.

The scratching kept up and it made the Lady of Fashion, who was chopping dried service berries for mince pies, nervous. She asked the Cook to make the Dunce stop but when he opened the door there stood Skippy the chipmunk. He held a hazel nut in his mouth and from his cheek pouches he produced four more nuts and then he hurried away without a word.

"HOW NICE!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "Skippy wanted to give us something for our Christmas party."

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY



A BIG DEAL

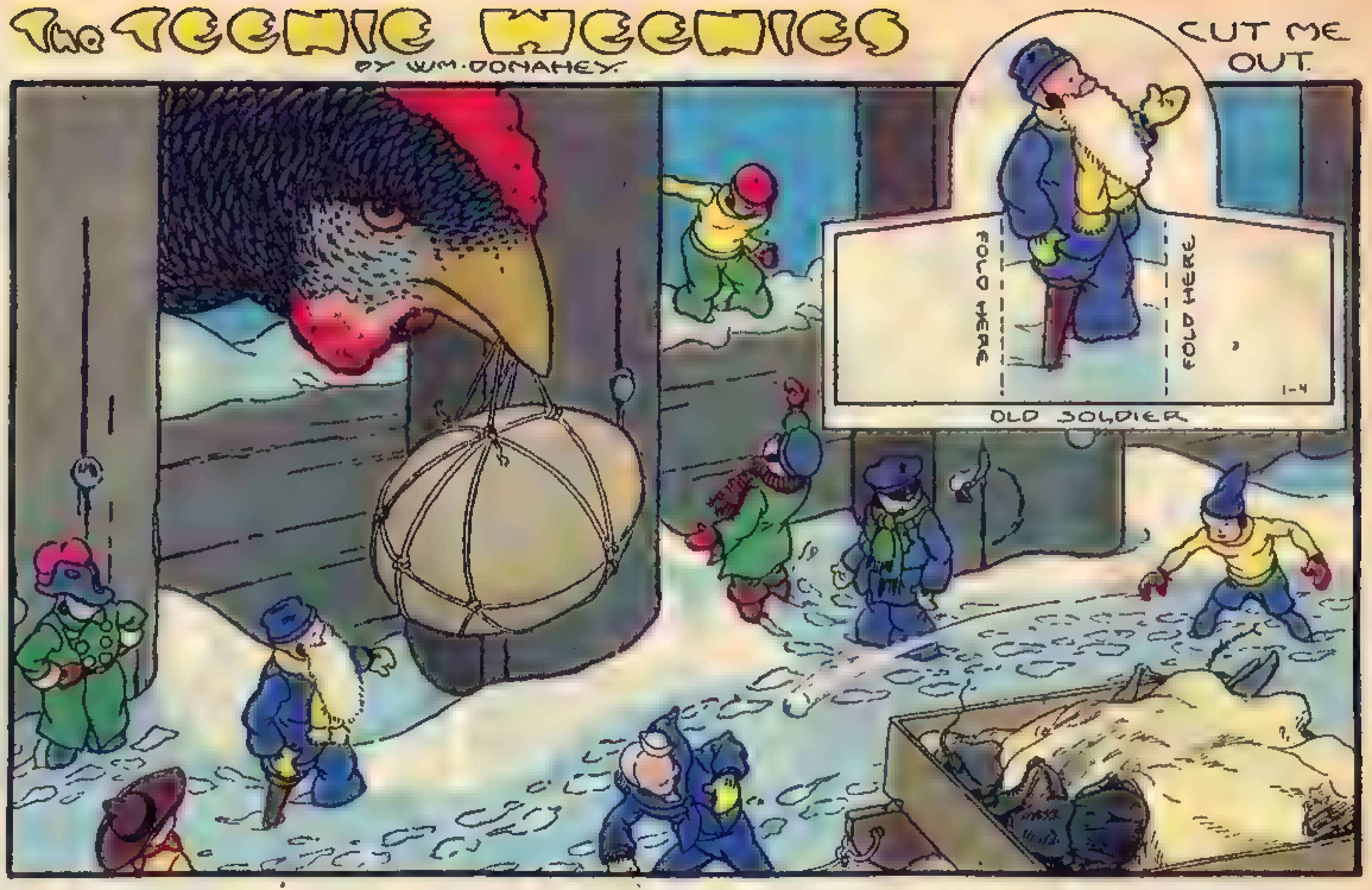
THE Teenie Weenies knew that the price of hens' eggs would be terribly high this Winter. So last Summer they made plans to take care of that condition. The General told the men to go hunting for grasshoppers while they were plentiful. The men caught 12 large grasshoppers and these were carefully dried and laid away for buying eggs.

"Chickens love grasshoppers," the General told the little folk. "They can't get them in the wintertime and I believe we will have no trouble in buying all the eggs we need when we offer grasshoppers in payment."

One egg will last the Teenie Weenies for nearly three months because the little people have discovered a way of drying eggs so they keep for a long time. During the Christmas season, the Cook used up his supply of egg. When he told the General, that little chap ordered the men to get out the Teenie Weenie sled, for there was too much snow on the ground to use the Teenie Weenie cart. The men loaded two dried grasshoppers, some ropes and pulleys and a piece of old flannel on the sled. The flannel would be needed to wrap the egg in because the weather was cold enough to freeze it on the way home.

The men pulled the sled to a chicken coop where lives a hen who has often laid an egg for the Teenie Weenies. As soon as the hen saw the grasshoppers, she nearly burst with excitement. She agreed to sell an egg without a bit of argument.

"All right!" said the General. "Produce the egg and you shall have the grasshoppers."



"Make her agree to lift the egg out of the coop," put in the Old Soldier with a wooden leg. "We'll tie a string around the egg and she can set it outside for us. Then we won't have to use our block and tackle to get it out of the coop."

The Teenie Weenie Chinaman, who speaks Plymouth Rock, translated the Old Soldier's words and the hen nodded in agreement.

Several of the men climbed through into the coop, where they securely bound the freshly laid egg with strong string. The hen picked it up in her beak, poked her head through the palings of the coop, and set the egg down in front of the sled. The Teenie Weenies then handed her the two grasshoppers, which she swallowed in two great gulps.

"Any time you want an egg, just let me know," the hen told the Chinaman.

"It looks as though we won't have much trouble in getting eggs this Winter," smiled the General, as the men rolled the egg onto the Teenie Weenie sled.

THAT GINKY!

GINKY has brains. There's no question about that, but he uses them in the wrong way. Why, he could lead a mighty easy and happy life with half the brains he uses in the many schemes he hatches to get out of work. He's just plain lazy, which is probably a disease like whooping cough, mumps or a cold in the head. One of his latest tricks was trying to settle down for the Winter on the hospitality of the poor old Rhyming Rabbit.

The Rhyming Rabbit had been recovering from a bad trap accident which kept him in his hole for several weeks, and the Teenie Weenies had been carrying food to him. Ginky, who misses nothing, found this out and he decided it would be a nice place to spend the Winter in lazy comfort without having to work. The mouse brushed up on his rhyming, for the Rhyming Rabbit won't talk to any one who doesn't carry on the conversation in rhyme. Ginky called on the rabbit and sympathized with him in very excellent rhyme. He offered to come and take care of the rabbit. This pleased the Rhyming Rabbit and he invited Ginky to move into his hole.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY.

The Teenie Weenies did not know that Ginky had taken up quarters in the rabbit's hole, for the mouse was too clever to show himself to the little people. If they had known he was there they would have stopped bringing food because they would have known Ginky was eating a large share of it. One day several of the little men found a piece of lettuce leaf back of the grocery store and carried it to the rabbit's hole. They were near the opening of the hole, where they always left their gifts, when they heard a great thumping mingled with many loud squeaks. Immediately Ginky came sailing out of the hole on the tip of one of the rabbit's powerful hind feet.

"Get out of here, you lazy mouse—
I will not have you in my house!
You eat my food and sleep all day,
So out of here, and on your way,"

shouted the Rhyming Rabbit in extremely angry verse.

Ginky picked himself up out of the snow and slunk off, but it was some days before the Teenie Weenies heard the cause of the mouse's eviction, although they suspected the reason. Ginky simply ate the rabbit's food and when he wasn't eating he was sleeping. There's one thing sure: Ginky won't bother the Rhyming Rabbit any more. For the kick of a rabbit is something to remember when delivered on the tail part of a mouse in a just cause.

SHOPPING

"MY clothes are positively shabby!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion one evening while she sat before the Teenie Weenie fireplace and added another neat patch to an old house dress.

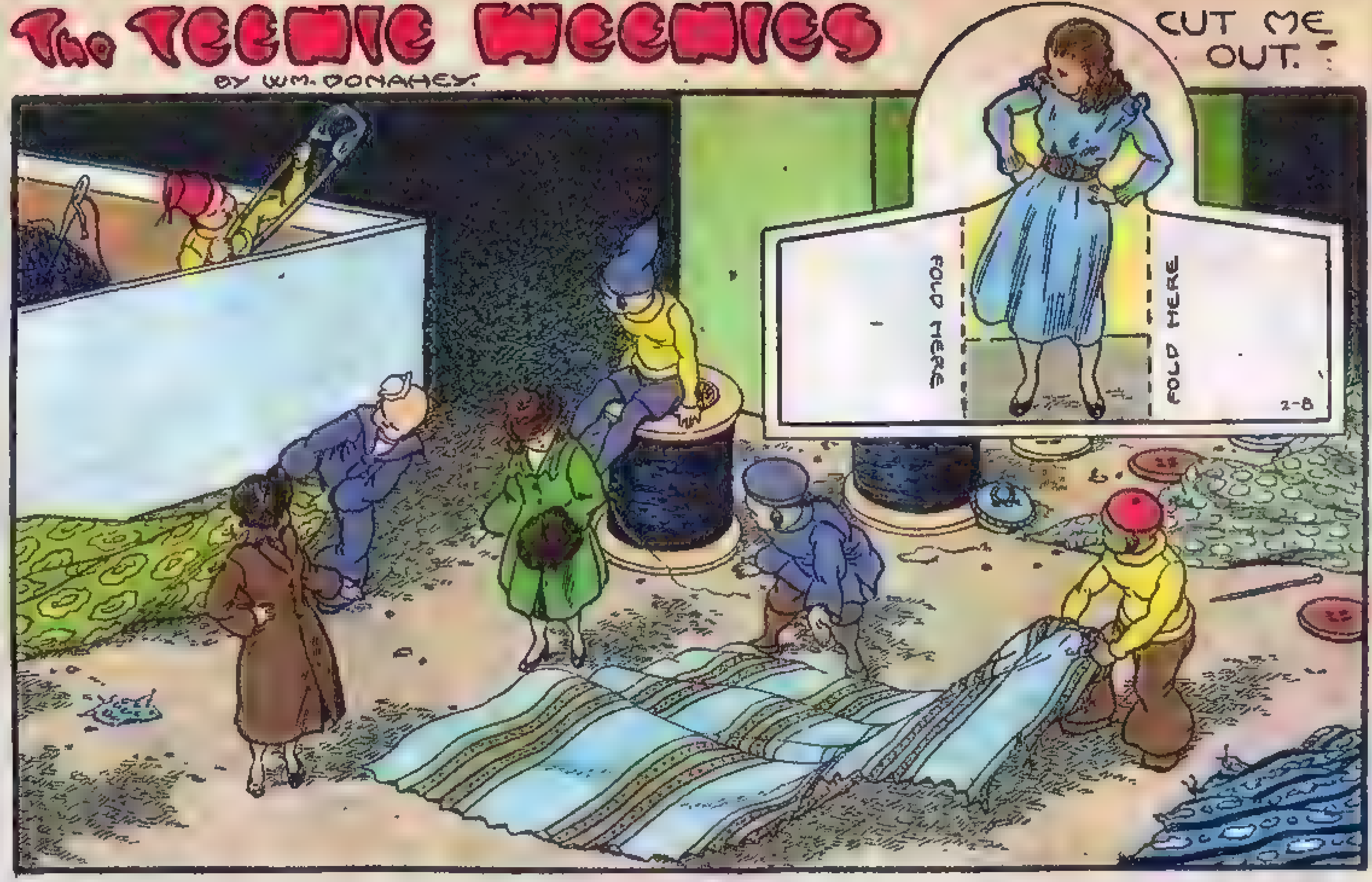
"Look at those curtains," put in one of the Teenie Weenie women, motioning toward the sitting room window. "Aren't they a sight?"

"I know it!" answered the Lady of Fashion. "We haven't another ball of spider-web yarn in the house, and goodness knows when we will get more."

"If we had some snippets of soft dress goods we could make some right pretty curtains and probably a dress or two," added another Teenie Weenie woman.

"Allie same me ask respectable mouse," said the Chinaman, who had dropped into the shoe house for a social call. "Mouses all time in big houses. Maybe he know where snippets are."

"Thank you," smiled the Lady of Fashion. "If you can get us some bits of soft goods we will make new curtains for your teapot."



The Chinaman, who speaks mouseanese fluently, learned from one of the respectable mice that Grandma Pettigob was making some dresses for her grandchildren and that plenty of snippets could be found there. When the Chinaman informed the little women of this welcome news, they put on their tiny coats and asked several of the men to go with them to Grandma's house.

When the little people arrived at the Pettigob house, they were most fortunate to find that Grandma had gone to the grocery. They promptly made their way to the sitting room, where Grandma had been working on some dresses. There were many scraps of cloth lying about and the men began spreading them out for the ladies' inspection. After considerable argument, several snippets were chosen. The men rolled up the tiny scraps, boosted them to their shoulders and carried them to the Teenie Weenie village.

Of course, the snippets were not as soft and clinging as the cloth woven by the Teenie Weenies from spider-web yarn, but most of the pieces made up well enough for curtains. Now that the skirts are fuller and longer, it takes three and a half square inches of cloth to make a Teenie Weenie dress. The little women were lucky enough to find several pieces of very soft rayon crepe large enough to make each of them a handsome dress. Then there was enough left over to make several suits of rompers for the Teenie Weenie babies.

TEASING TOM

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY

THERE are two creatures who cause the Teenie Weenies a lot of trouble. Ginky, of course, is just an outright ornery mouse. He isn't above stealing, fibbing or destroying property. He'd just as soon throw a stone through one of the shoe house windows as twitch nis spindly tail. But Teasing Tom, the big blue jay, is not really bad—he simply loves to tease. The Teenie Weenies never leave a Teenie Weenie object 'ying about where Tom can pick it up because he is forever taking things—such as Teenie Weenie axes, saws or even thimbles—and flying away with them. Sometimes the Teenie Weenies find the things that Tom has carried off, for the bird really doesn't want them. He just loves to tease the little people.

While several of the Teenie Weenies were returning from Grandma Pettigob's house with a few snippets of dress goods, they noticed Tom sitting on the top of an old apple tree.

"We'd better walk under those thick bushes," said the Sailor, pointing to a thicket near the tiny trail that leads to the shoe house. "If that Tom sees us, he may try to get some of these snippets."

Each of the men carried a roll of the cloth on his shoulder, and they all followed the Sailor's advice. They made their way through the snow and traveled under the cover of the bushes because it would be difficult for Tom to reach them through the thick brush. Finally they came to an open spot. As they hurried to get under the limbs of a big bush, Tom settled on a twig and caught the bundle of snippets from the Chinaman's shoulder as the little man passed underneath. The Chinaman tried to hold to one end of the cloth, but Tom quickly shook him off and flew away.

The Lady of Fashion burst into tears as Tom flew off with the snippet because it was a very soft piece of silk, and the little lady had expected to make several tiny dresses out of the piece. "Oh, that nasty old Tom!" she cried as the bird disappeared over the top of the trees. "He's as bad as Ginky, but we can never catch him to put him in jail."

The rest of the Teenie Weenies agreed with the little lady and Tom's ears certainly must have burned over all the unpleasant things the Teenie Weenies said about him, for they were all angry over the theft. When the little folk reached the shoe house they saw the piece of silk hanging from the porch roof, where Tom had left it. They all began to laugh, for they saw that Tom had been only teasing.

ENGINEERS

THE Teenie Weenies hadn't seen Skippy, the chipmunk, since Christmas. They knew that Skippy usually slept through most of the Winter, deep down in his hole under an old stump. They knew, too, that Skippy always put away various seeds and nuts for his food supply during the Winter. They had seen several little storage tunnels branching off from the main tunnel to Skippy's nest of grass and leaves. Those tunnels were fairly bursting with a supply of food. The Teenie Weenies never disturbed the chipmunk when once he had retired for the Winter. Skippy sometimes came out for a few minutes during a spell of nice weather, but it was early Spring before he came out regularly.

One morning the Teenie Weenies were surprised to see the chipmunk several weeks before his usual time of coming out of his hole. Skippy explained to the Chinaman, who understands bird and animal talk better than the rest of the little people, that the tunnel had caved in on his last remaining tunnel of food. The earth kept falling in as fast as he could dig it out, and he asked the Teenie Weenies to help him save his home and his food.

The Teenie Weenies are always happy to do anything for Skippy because the chipmunk cheerfully helps them when they need him. The Turk, who is an excellent engineer, went at once to the chipmunk's hole and examined the damage.

"This cave-in will have to be shored up," he announced after his inspection.

"What does 'shored' mean?" asked the Dunce.

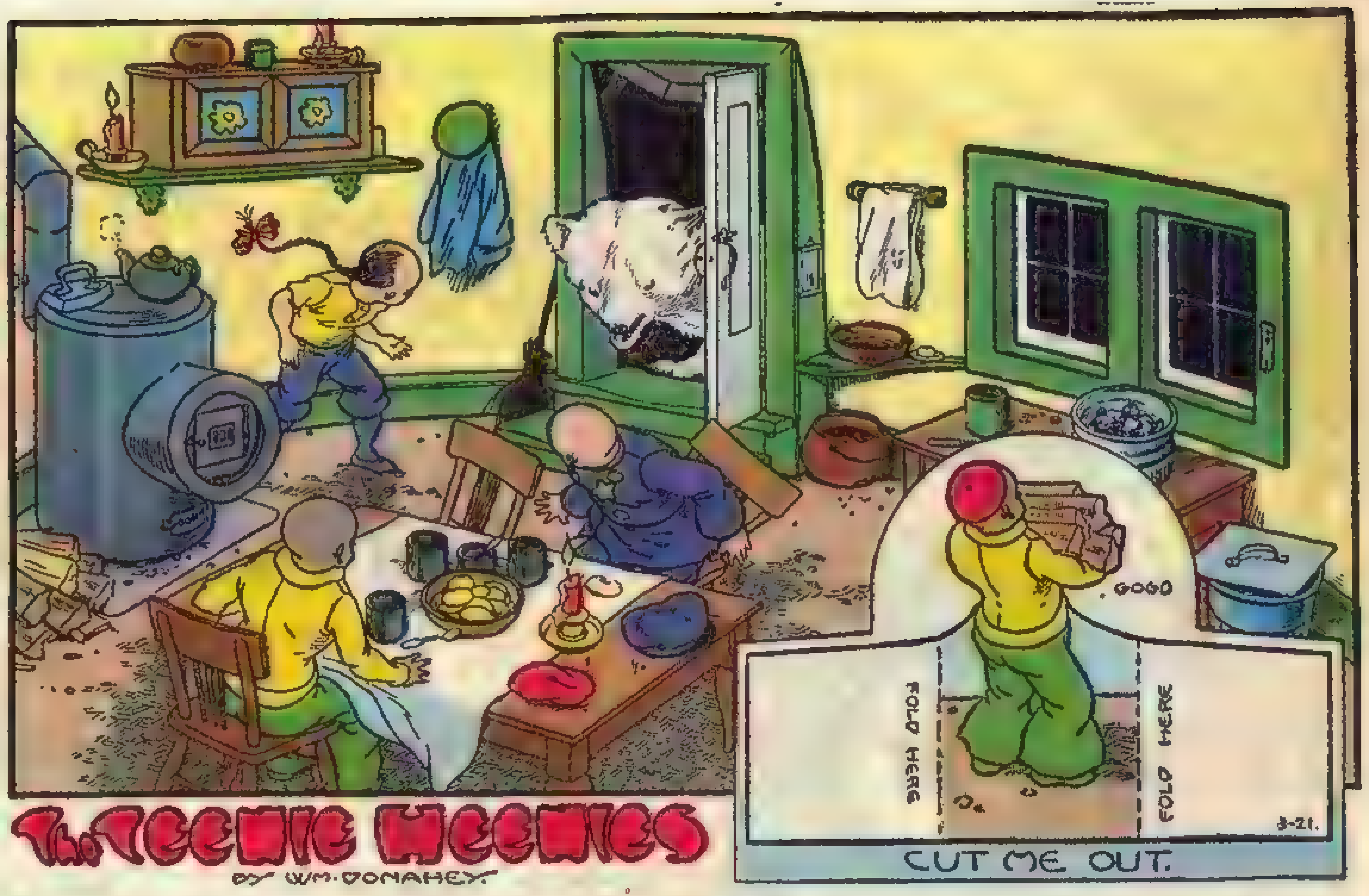
"It means that we will have to bring in boards and wall up the side of the tunnel as we dig the earth away. If we don't stop the earth from running into the tunnel, it will undermine some of those big rocks and they will fall in and completely block the hole," explained the Turk, pointing to the big stones around which Skippy had dug his hole.

The men carried a lot of boards, Teenie Weenie tools and several cherry seed lamps down into the chipmunk's deep, dark hole. Then they began to dig carefully. As they removed the earth, they set up boards and in that way they were able to carry out the dirt without undermining the big stones. Skippy helped carry out the earth in a basket the Teenie Weenies made out of half an English walnut shell. The Chinaman carried his loads in Chinese style by placing a hazelnut shell basket on each end of a toothpick which he then balanced on his shoulders. When the work was finished Skippy's house was neat and orderly and very much safer to live in.

THE GANGSTER

THE Teenie Weenies hadn't seen Skippy, the chipmunk, for some days. Nick, the red squirrel, stayed close to his home tree and even the Rhyming Rabbit had remained in his hole for the past week. The respectable mice and Ginky had completely disappeared. This rather alarmed the Teenie Weenies because they knew that when the small animals kept out of sight there was bound to be a weasel in the neighborhood, for little animals are terribly afraid of weasels.

Although weasels are small creatures, they are very fierce and will attack animals much larger than themselves. They have needle-like teeth and they move with great speed. None of the Teenie Weenies had seen the weasel, but Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, brought news of the beast. Four chickens had been destroyed, a young black rabbit was missing and a family of mice, distant relations of Ginky, had been done away with.



The Teenie Weenies kept a close watch for "The Gangster," as they had named the weasel, but none of the little people had seen the beast. None of them went out at night until one evening Gogo and the Policeman ventured out to visit the Chinaman, who lives in a discarded teapot and keeps the Teenie Weenie laundry. The Policeman particularly likes the little cakes the Chinaman bakes, and Gogo said he was not afraid with a brave officer.

The Chinaman was finishing the last of his ironing when Gogo and the Policeman arrived. He quickly cleared off the table on which he had done his ironing, brought out a tiny teapot and put it on his stove. He brought out several little cups made of hollow reed stems and an acorn shell dish of freshly baked rice cookies.

Gogo and the Policeman had pulled their tiny chairs up to the table and the Chinaman had just reached for the teapot when the door burst open and the head of a weasel glared through the opening. The three Teenie Weenies stared in horror at the snarling beast, for there was no way of escape and three unarmed Tennie Weenies were no match for such a vicious animal.

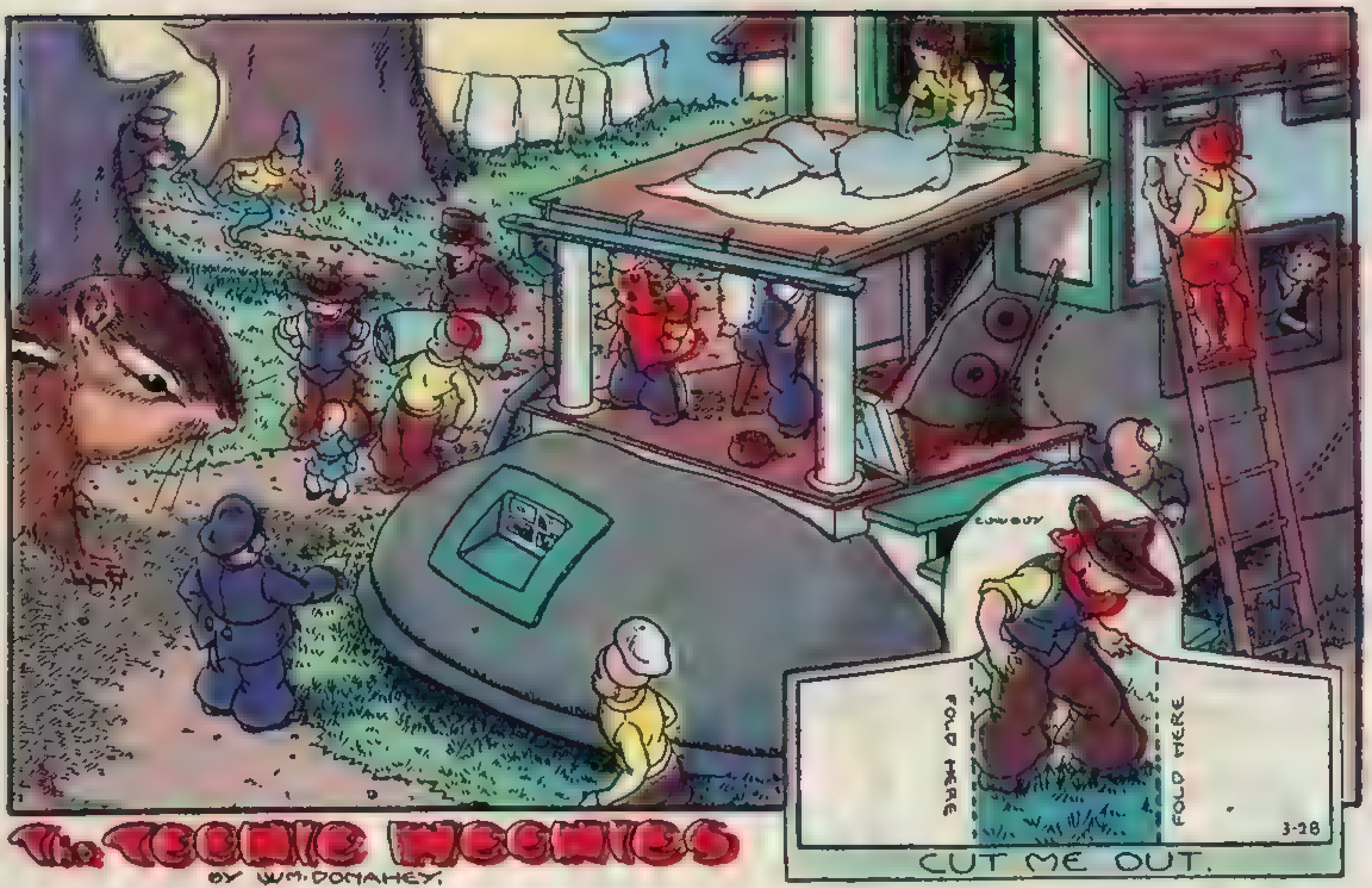
The Chinaman suddenly snatched the teapot from the stove and threw it with all his might at the head of the weasel. When the hot water poured over the beast it let out a snarl and disappeared into the night. Nothing more has been seen of the weasel in the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village and it is quite likely that it will not venture into the neighborhood again.

AN UNLUCKY DAY

IT was one of those days when everything seemed to go wrong. It started off early, for the women had decided to clean house. That meant work and everything in the shoe house turned topsy-turvey, which is very distressing to the Teenie Weenie men. No one can account for these unlucky days but Gogo, who is a great believer in signs, says certain things surely cause bad days, and he pointed out the very thing he believed had brought this troublesome day on.

The Teenie Weenie women had routed up all the little people at dawn for the Spring house cleaning. "We'll get the rugs and carpets out before breakfast," the Lady of Fashion told them. While the Cook prepared breakfast she kept all the men busy.

Nothing really bad happened, except a few ruffled tempers at being roused out of their beds so early, until after Skippy came. The chipmunk had been hired the day before to come and haul a cup of water up from the creek on the Teenie Weenie cart because it takes nearly a teacup of water to wash all the walls, furniture and floors in the shoe house. When Skippy came he reported bad news. Two young red squirrels had been done away with by the weasel that had been prowling about the neighborhood.



"It's mighty unlucky to hear bad news before breakfast," warned Gogo. "We'll have plenty of bad luck today."

It's foolish to believe that Skippy's news had anything to do with the terrible things that happened. But, anyhow, it proved to be a very unlucky day. First, the Turk fell off the ladder with one of the storm windows he was taking off an upstairs window. He hurt his back and broke all the cellophane in the sash. He fell on top of the Cowboy, who was passing beneath the ladder, and knocked the breath out of that little chap.

Then the Dunce broke the toothpick he was using to beat a carpet and a splinter ran into his arm. The Doctor had just finished digging out the splinter when he had to attend the Old Soldier, who had stepped into a cherry seed of soft soap and had fallen off the front porch. He wasn't badly hurt, but he broke his wooden leg and he had to spend the rest of the day whittling another one out of a burned match.

A number of other minor accidents happened during the day and Gogo shook his head each time and repeated, "It sure is unlucky to hear bad news before breakfast."

A BIG APPETITE

WHEN the Teenie Weenies built their food storage cellar they thought they had made it burglar proof. They believed they had made it safe from Ginky. The outside entrance to the cellar is through a stout door that opens into the side of a small hill near the shoe house. A long tunnel runs from this door to another strong door that opens into the storage cellar. From the storage cellar a set of steps leads up and through a trap door in the kitchen floor.

The big door in the side of the hill is only opened when vegetables too big to get through the kitchen are to be stored. When not in use the outside door is so cleverly disguised one would never suspect that it was there, but Ginky discovered it and one night he gnawed his way through both doors into the food cellar.

The Lady of Fashion was the first to discover the burglary. The Cook had put a lima bean on the stove to boil and he had left the little lady there to make a batch of walnut cookies. She had just sifted some flour into a hazel nut mixing bowl when she heard a groan. The groans came from the cellar and it was very plain that someone was in great pain.

The Lady of Fashion called to some of the Teenie Weenie men and the Cook went down into the food cellar where he found Ginky lying on the floor. The mouse was in great distress. His stomach was as round as a ripe plum and empty jars lying about indicated that considerable eating had been indulged in.

The Teenie Weenie Doctor pronounced Ginky a mighty sick mouse.

"You'll have to get him out of here," said the Doctor after he had given the patient first aid. "Better take him to the jail where he can be put to bed."

Ginky was as limp as a dish rag and it took considerable work to get him up the steps into the kitchen. His stomach was so full it was about all the Teenie Weenies could do to pull and push him through the trap door.

A checkup showed that Ginky had eaten eleven two-drop jars of jam, four hazel nut meats, a thimble and a half of pickled minnow, a half thimble of frog meat sausage (uncooked) and a number of grains of wheat and corn besides a hazel nut basket of millet seeds. A number of things had been sampled too, and that completely ruined them.

"And now," wailed the Cook, "we'll have to nurse that lazy mouse back to health after all the damage he has done us!"

BLIG FLISH!

NEARLY two years ago Gogo and the Dunce caught the biggest fish in all Teenie Weenie history. It was a perch that measured six and a half inches, or a little over seventeen Teenie Weenie feet.

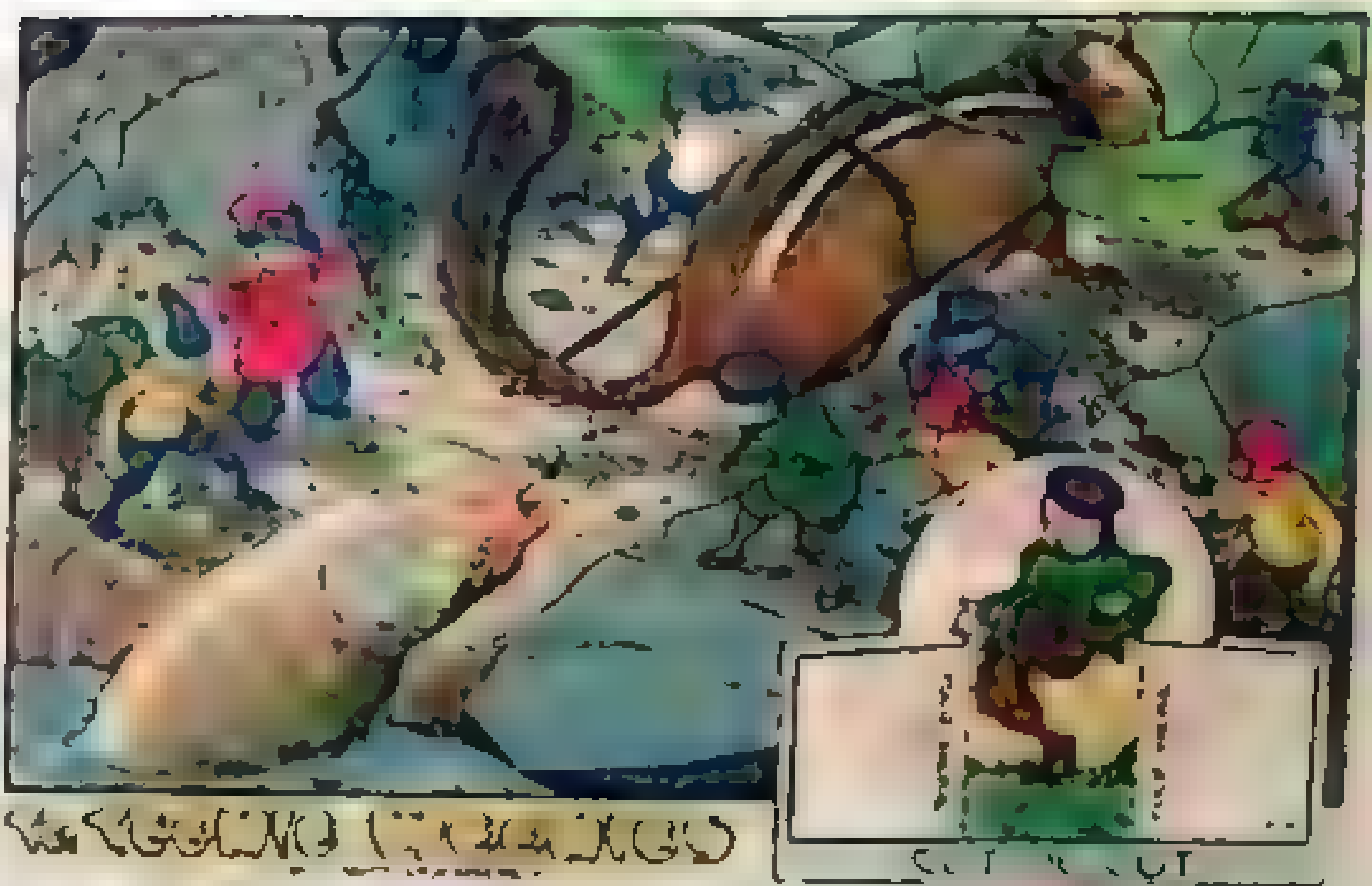
Of course, this all stirred up a great deal of fishing excitement in the village and the Chinaman who is an ardent fisherman, determined to catch a bigger one. He fished and fished and fished but he never caught one nearly as big as the fish the Dunce and Gogo had taken. However, the Chinaman is a patient little chap and finally he caught the fish he had been seeking.

The Chinaman had been using a stout line and a big hook. He would bait the hook with a worm and drop it into a very deep [illegible] as if he had caught a fish.

Often he found that his bait had been taken and then one morning he discovered that he had hooked a really big fish. [illegible] the village for help.

"Help! Help!" he shouted. "Big fish!"

Most of the Teenie Weenie men followed the [illegible] Chinaman to the creek and with all that [illegible] it was quite impossible for the third man to pull it out of the water and up the steep bank.

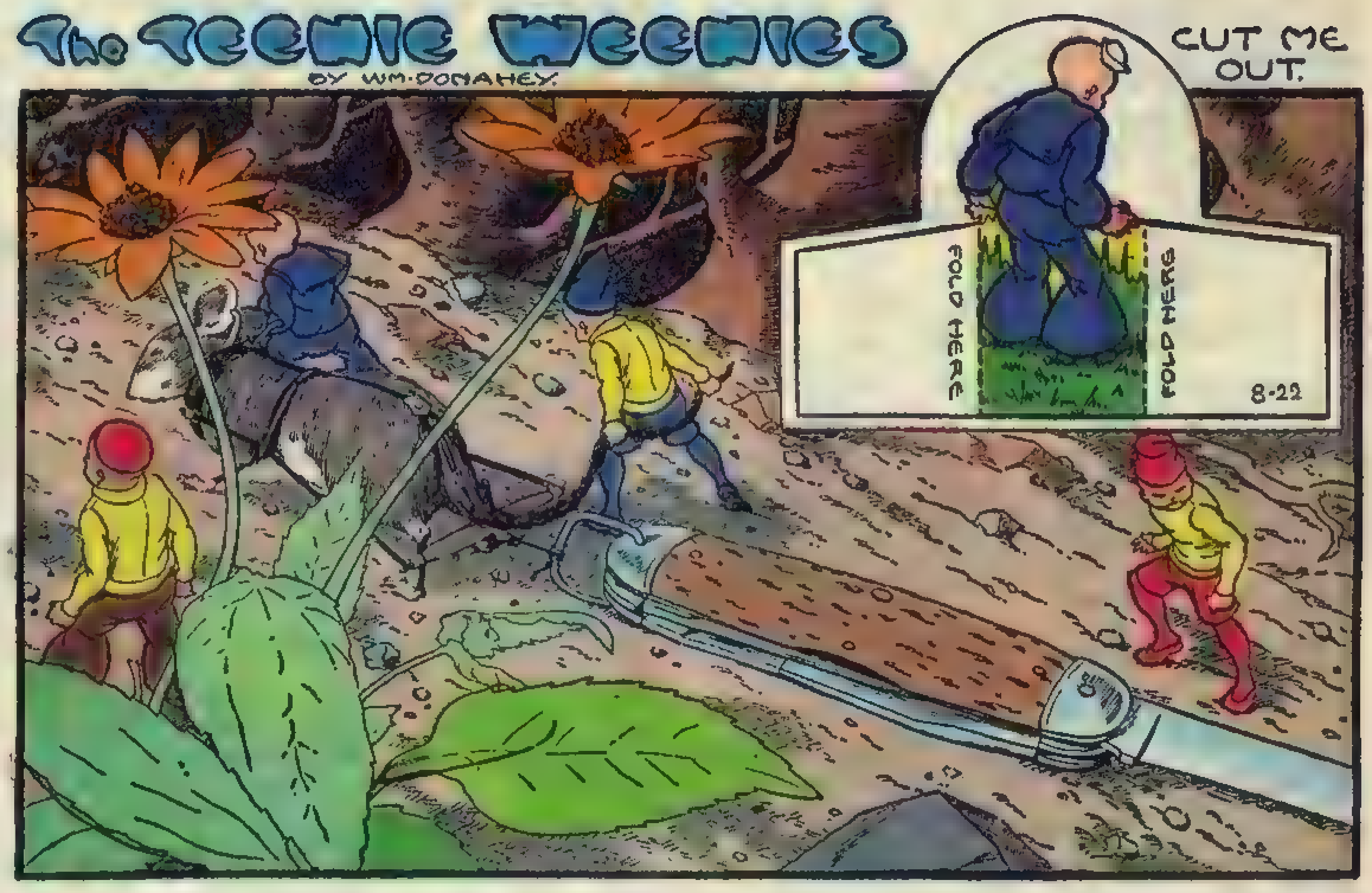


[illegible] with a wooden leg [illegible]

[illegible] When Skippy [illegible] The fish was bigger than Skippy and it was about all the chipmunk could do to pull it out of the water and up the bank, but after a lot of tugging he made it.

It measured nearly eight inches or [illegible] Teenie Weenie feet. The Teenie Weenies ate a great deal of the fish and they gave a lot of it away to their fish-eating friends [illegible] Tomphins, the cat, carried off the rest which was very convenient for the [illegible] and Tomphins saved the Teenie Weenies a tremendous lot of burying.

EDDIE'S KNIFE



EDDIE WAFF, who lives just across from Grandma Pettigob's house, doesn't know that the Teenie Weenie village is just a short distance from his home. But the Teenie Weenies know a great deal about Eddie. They know that Eddie is a Cub Scout and that he is kind to birds and squirrels. They know that he does odd jobs for Grandma Pettigob when she has rheumatism and that he wipes dishes for his mother without too much complaint. The Teenie Weenies like Eddie and that's why they have gone to considerable trouble several times to help him.

Not long ago Eddie lost his Scout knife down by the creek. The Sailor found it and he knew it was Eddie's knife because the Teenie Weenies had found it once before when it was lost. The Sailor reported the lost knife to the General, who told several of the Teenie Weenie men to drag the knife up to Eddie's house so he could find it.

"Can we use the cart?" asked the lazy Dunce.

"We are using the cart today in the garden. You know you men can easily drag that knife," answered the General.

"SAY!" exclaimed the Dunce. "Did you ever try draggin' a Scout knife? It's heavy. Gee whillikers, that's a hard job!"

"The cart wouldn't be any help," put in the Turk. "The grass is so thick down around the knife, we'd have to build a road to get the cart in there."

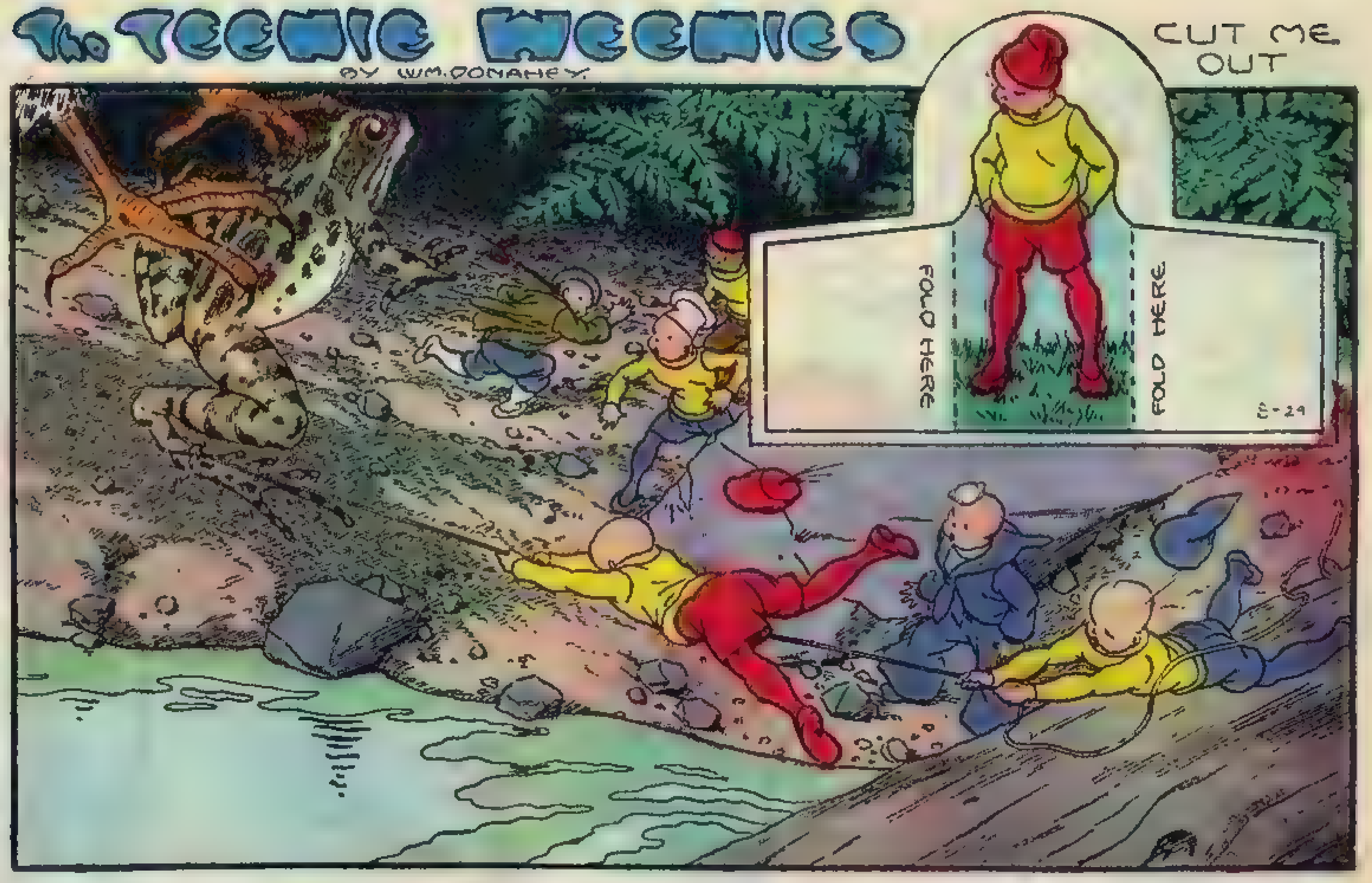
"We might hire one of the respectable mice to drag that big knife out," suggested the Dunce. "They promised to help us any time we need them."

"That would be all right if you'd carry the mouse's tail," said the Turk.

A respectable mouse is a mighty good work animal but unfortunately it has a single track mind and it continually forgets to keep its long tail from being run over by what it is pulling. So it is necessary for one of the Teenie Weenies to carry its tail in order to avoid an accident. The Dunce didn't like the job of tail-bearer, but he liked the job of dragging the knife still less. So he reluctantly agreed to carry the tail and the mouse was brought to the village and put into a stout set of frogskin harness.

It didn't take long to drag the knife up to the lane, but there the men were forced to wait a few minutes under a burdock leaf until a strange cat had passed by. They left the knife in plain sight near the kitchen steps. Eddie found it there that afternoon when he came home from school.

Unlucky Fishermen



DURING July and August the Teenie Weenies are mighty busy. Many vegetables in the Teenie Weenie garden are ready to be harvested and the hunting season is at its height because frogs are plentiful at that time. The little folk depend almost entirely on frog hams for their meat and a great many frogs must be caught to supply the village through the Winter. First, the frogs must be taken and then comes the work of smoking the hams. It takes about 40 hams to provide the Teenie Weenies with meat during the Winter. That means they must capture 10 frogs. From these they cure 20 big hams and several shoulder hams. Then some of the shoulder meat is made into sausage. All this means a tremendous lot of work.

In spite of the hard work the little men enjoy hunting frogs. It is exciting and sometimes dangerous, for some frogs are large and powerful. The best frogs are found along the creek and in a little pond near the creek. Frogs are not afraid of the Teenie Weenies and seldom jump into the water when the little men come near. Teenie Weenies are so very small a frog sits quietly until the men are near enough to throw a rope over his head or about one of his legs. The moment the rope touches the frog he leaps into the water. That is a most exciting time. Sometimes a frog escapes, and a short time ago the Teenie Weenies caught a frog that was stolen almost before they had caught it.

The tiny men discovered a big frog sunning himself on an old log that lay partly in the water. The Turk and the Dunce slipped quietly up behind the frog while several other Teenie Weenies hid behind a big stone near by to watch the excitement. The Turk dropped the noose of his lasso over one of the frog's hind feet sticking out over the edge of the log. When he jerked the noose tight around the frog's leg, it leaped up into the air. In the excitement of roping the frog, the Teenie Weenies had not noticed a big hawk flying overhead. At the moment the frog jumped, the hawk dived down and snatched the frog away from the little hunters. The Turk and the Dunce were pulled off the log and thrown into the water. Though they got a complete wetting, neither of the little chaps was hurt, but they were mighty angry over losing the frog.

"It's just plain robbery! That's what it is!" exclaimed the Turk. "That was our frog."

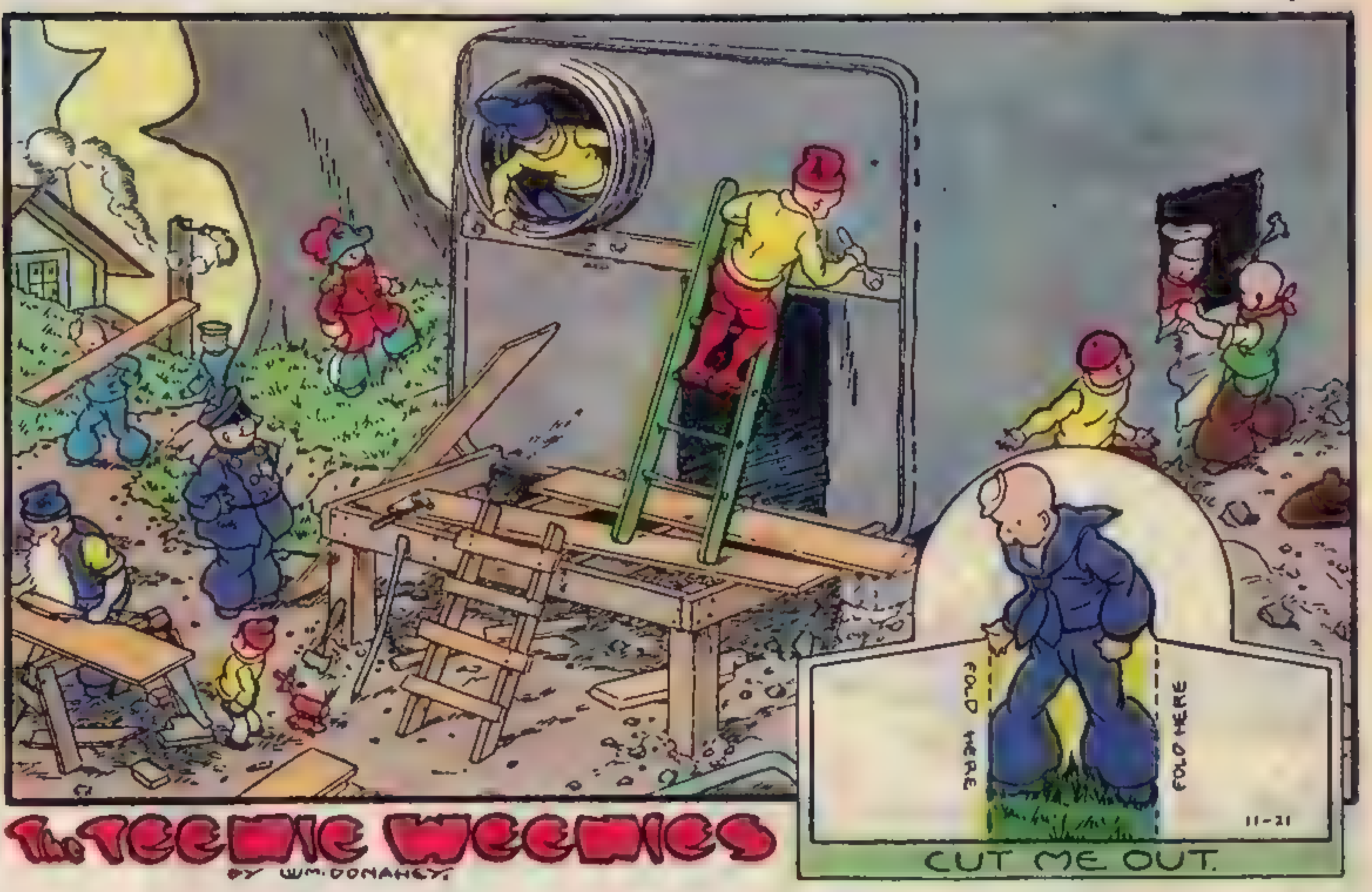
"A frog is not yours until it's caught," laughed the Sailor. "Besides, that hawk has to eat just the same as we do."

NEW TOWN HALL

TWENTY-FIVE grains of corn and two cracked walnuts were a reasonable price to pay for the half-gallon syrup can which the Teenie Weenies planned to convert into a town hall, but a great deal of work had to be done before the building could be occupied. First, the can had to be dragged out of the dump where the big people had thrown it. That took days of prying, pulling and Teenie Weenie sweating, even with the help of Nick, the red squirrel, and Skippy, the chipmunk.

When the can had been dragged out of the dump it had to be raised with Teenie Weenie jacks in order to get rollers under it. With the aid of the rollers, which were a number of old lead pencils, the can could be pulled along by Skippy. On several steep grades, Nick helped to pull the can and in that way the little men slowly moved the new town hall into the Teenie Weenie village.

The spot where the old hat had burned had been cleaned out and a foundation had been laid for the can. When the can was finally placed on the foundation, the little people set to work remodeling. First, the can had to be thoroughly scrubbed inside, for there was considerable syrup left in it. Eighteen catsup bottle tops of hot water were required to clean the can, and it took the Teenie Weenies half a day to do the work.



Windows and doors had to be cut through the tin, and that was a very tedious and difficult job. A porch with a roof over it was built at the front of the can. Then a hole was cut through the top for a chimney. It took the little folk almost two weeks to finish the task. But it was worth all the work and expense, for the place was absolutely fireproof and that was a great comfort to the Teenie Weenies. When the building was finished it was given two coats of paint inside and out. That not only made the place look well, but it would help to keep the building from rusting.

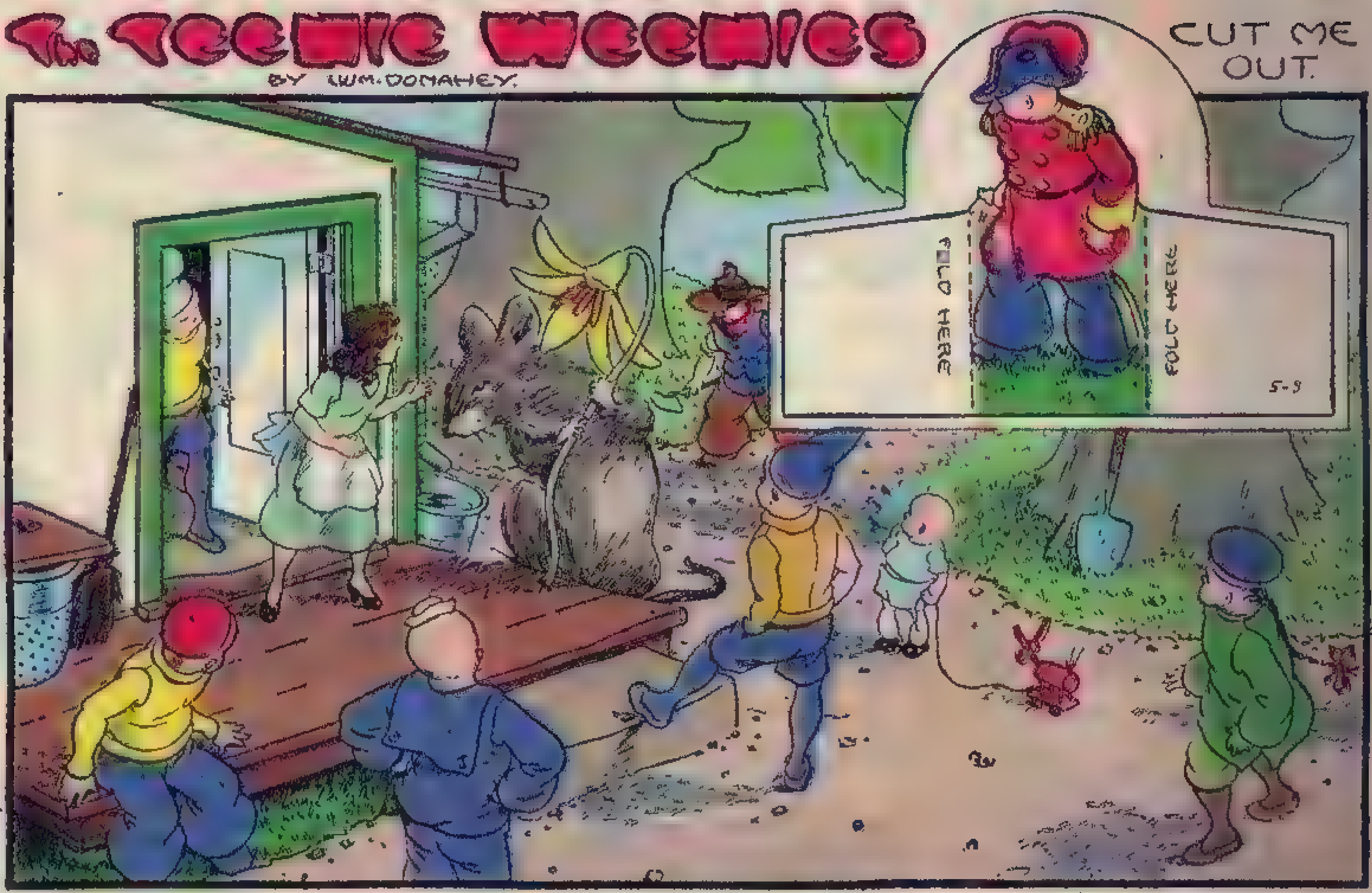
When the work was finished, the General figured out how much had been spent. Considering the high building costs, the Teenie Weenies thought the price of their new town hall was rather reasonable. Here are the exact figures as copied carefully from the General's notebook:

Chipmunk labor: 2 cracked walnuts and 6 hazelnuts.

Red squirrel labor: 5 hickory nuts, 4 hazelnuts and 3 beechnuts.

Purchase price of building: 25 grains of corn and 2 cracked walnuts.

GIFTS FROM GINKY



GINKY had made a lot of trouble for the Teenie Weenies lately and the Teenie Weenie Policeman had kept the mouse out of the village most of the time. One afternoon Ginky called on the Chinaman, who speaks mouseanese fluently, and unburdened his woes.

"I don't see why all the Teenie Weenies are so unfriendly to me," Ginky told the Chinaman.

"Now, Ginkys, me no want to make you mads but you all time selfish. You no expect to have Teenie Weenies do nice thingses for you when you all time do nothings for them," said the Chinaman.

"Why should I do anything for the nasty Teenie Weenies when they won't do anything for me?" screamed Ginky, angrily. "That Lady of Fashion is bakin' doughnuts right this minute and do you think they would give me some? No! If I asked for a doughnut the cop would run me out of the village."

"It's very plain to see that you are not much kindlyness," said the Chinaman. "Now, if you was to take a present to the Lady of Fashions—maybe a little flower—why, she would be so grateful she'd give you maybe a doughnuts."

The selfish mouse considered the matter, and decided to try out the scheme. He had noticed some yellow adder's tongue growing near the lane and so he went to the spot and pulled off a blossom. Hurrying to the shoe house he saw the Lady of Fashion standing on the kitchen porch.

"I heard you were makin' doughnuts and so I brought you a wild flower," Ginky said.

Of course, the Lady of Fashion was delighted with the mouse's gift and she quickly brought out some doughnuts which Ginky snatched off the plate and crammed into his mouth. The mouse waited around for a time and when no more doughnuts were offered he set off at top speed. Presently he returned with a wood anemone clutched in his paws and demanded more doughnuts. He was given another doughnut but gently told that he had brought enough flowers. However, Ginky hadn't had enough doughnuts and he soon appeared again with a yellow violet.

It became necessary for the General to explain to Ginky that his flower presents were most flattering but that it was now bordering on a racket. Ginky was very angry, for the supply of flowers was plentiful and within easy reach. He flew into a violent passion and called the Teenie Weenies such dreadful names the Policeman had to run him out of the village.

The Teenie Weenies

ON THE GO AGAIN

THE quart glass fruit jar which the Teenie Weenies use for a greenhouse was a safe and convenient place to keep the Teenie Weenie babies from wandering off. It was bright with sunlight and there was plenty of sand for the youngsters to play in. When the babies were shut up in the fruit jar the Teenie Weenie women could go about their household duties without the constant watchfulness that active babies need to keep them from wandering away.

However, early plants had to be raised in the greenhouse for transplanting into the Teenie Weenie garden and the fruit jar had to be given up as a nursery, for young plants do not thrive well with active babies about.

Someone had to keep a constant watch on the children, for the little mites can disappear with amazing speed. Many dangerous things might happen to Teenie Weenie babies while wandering around. A strange bird might mistake them for fat bugs and gobble them up, but even more dangerous would be an encounter with a toad.

Toads are not harmful to grownup Teenie Weenies, but toads like worms and bugs. A Teenie Weenie baby is about the size of a grub worm and would be just as welcome to a hungry toad.

The Teenie Weenie women had taken great pains to explain the danger and horror of meeting a toad to Nipper, the oldest of the Teenie Weenie babies. Nipper had never seen a toad and all their advice made no impression on his small mind.

One afternoon the women decided to paint the shoe house dining room. Paint and babies are a bad combination and in order to carry out the work successfully it was decided to tie up the youngsters. Being a pleasant day, the children were tied securely with several inches of strong thread to the stem of a rose bush.

The lust for travel makes nimble fingers. In no time Nipper had unfastened the thread and, taking his tiny brother, Zero, by the hand, had set off for the creek. The babies had just climbed out onto a stick that lay in the water when Nipper, hearing a thud, turned to see a big toad staring at them.

All the warnings against toads he had heard popped into Nipper's mind and he bellowed so loudly for help he was heard by Gogo and the Turk, who came running to the spot. They chased off the toad and carried the babies to the shoe house, from where, it has been reliably reported, the youngsters seldom stray.

GOBLINS OR FAIRIES?

THE Teenie Weenie Sailor reported that while searching for a bit of lumber from a berry basket he had seen Grandma Pettigob drop her door key. "She locked her back door, then dropped the key and it fell through a crack in the porch floor," said the Sailor. "She tried to pry up a plank with her hatchet, but it was nailed too tightly, and she went off grumbling to herself."

"Some of you men ought to get the key for her," suggested the Lady of Fashion.

"Ah, shucks!" growled the Dunce. "She set traps for us, didn't she? Let her get her own key."

After lengthy argument, a number of the men decided to recover the key. They went to the porch and peered through the crack in the floor. They could dimly see the key lying there.

"You're skinny enough to slip down through that crack," suggested the Turk, nodding toward the Dunce. "You go down and tie a rope to the key and we'll pull it up."

"SAY!" exclaimed the Dunce. "I don't want to be gobbled up by a rat down there."

"A rat would have too much sense to bite you," laughed the Turk.

"Ah'll go down," offered Gogo. But when he tried to slip into the crack he found that he was a little too plump to get through.

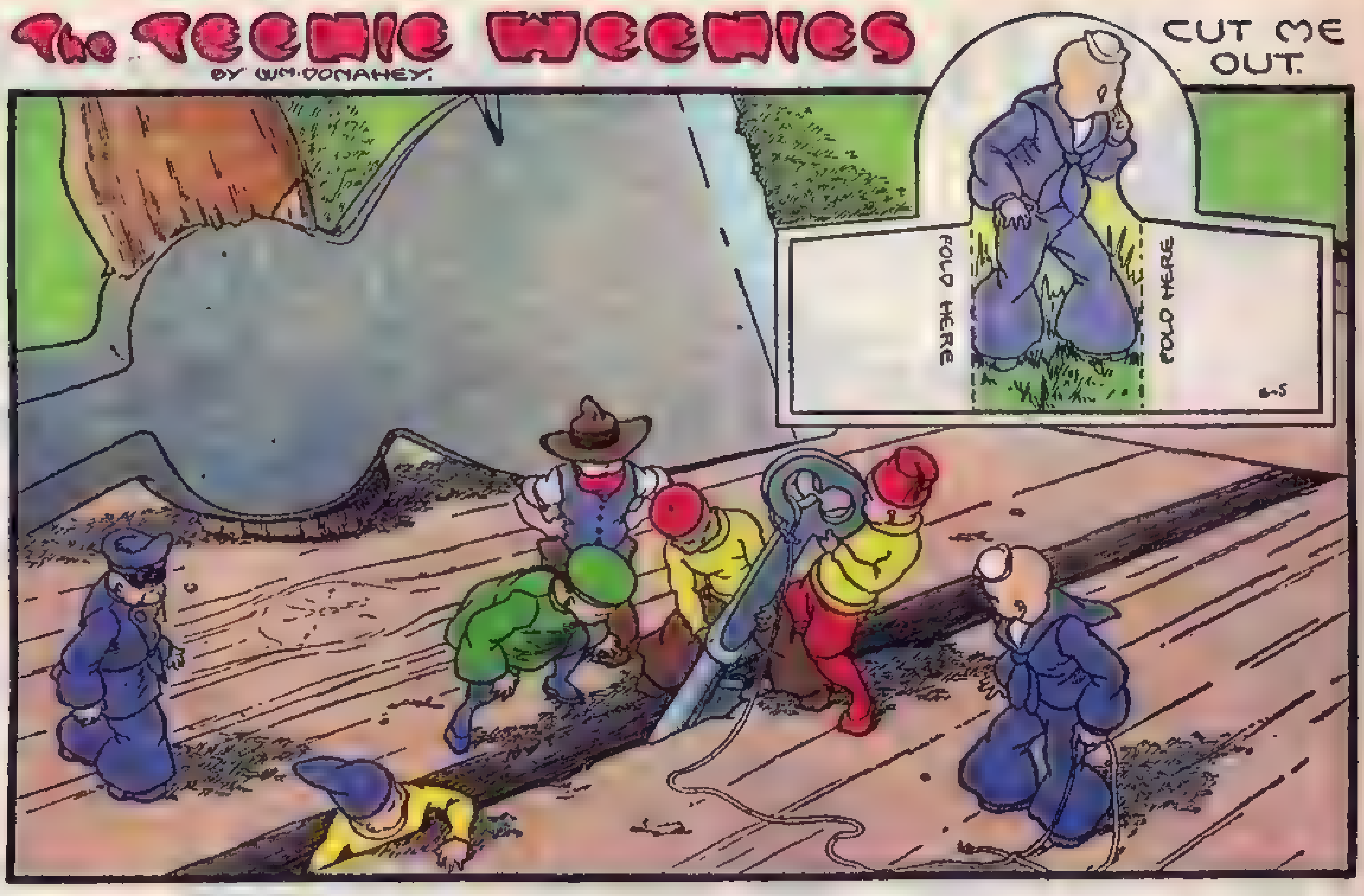
Shamed by Gogo's willingness to go under the porch, the Dunce changed his mind and offered to go. Taking the end of the rope, he slipped through the crack and tied the line to the key. The men quickly pulled the key up and removed the string. They had just laid it on the door sill where Grandma could easily see it when they heard footsteps coming around the house. The Teenie Weenies hid under a bush near the porch and presently Grandma appeared with Uncle Jimmy following close behind. (Uncle Jimmy lives near the lane that runs past Grandma's house and he does odd jobs for the big people in the neighborhood.)

"It fell right down there," Grandma said, pointing to the crack. "Just pry up that plank and you can easily get it."

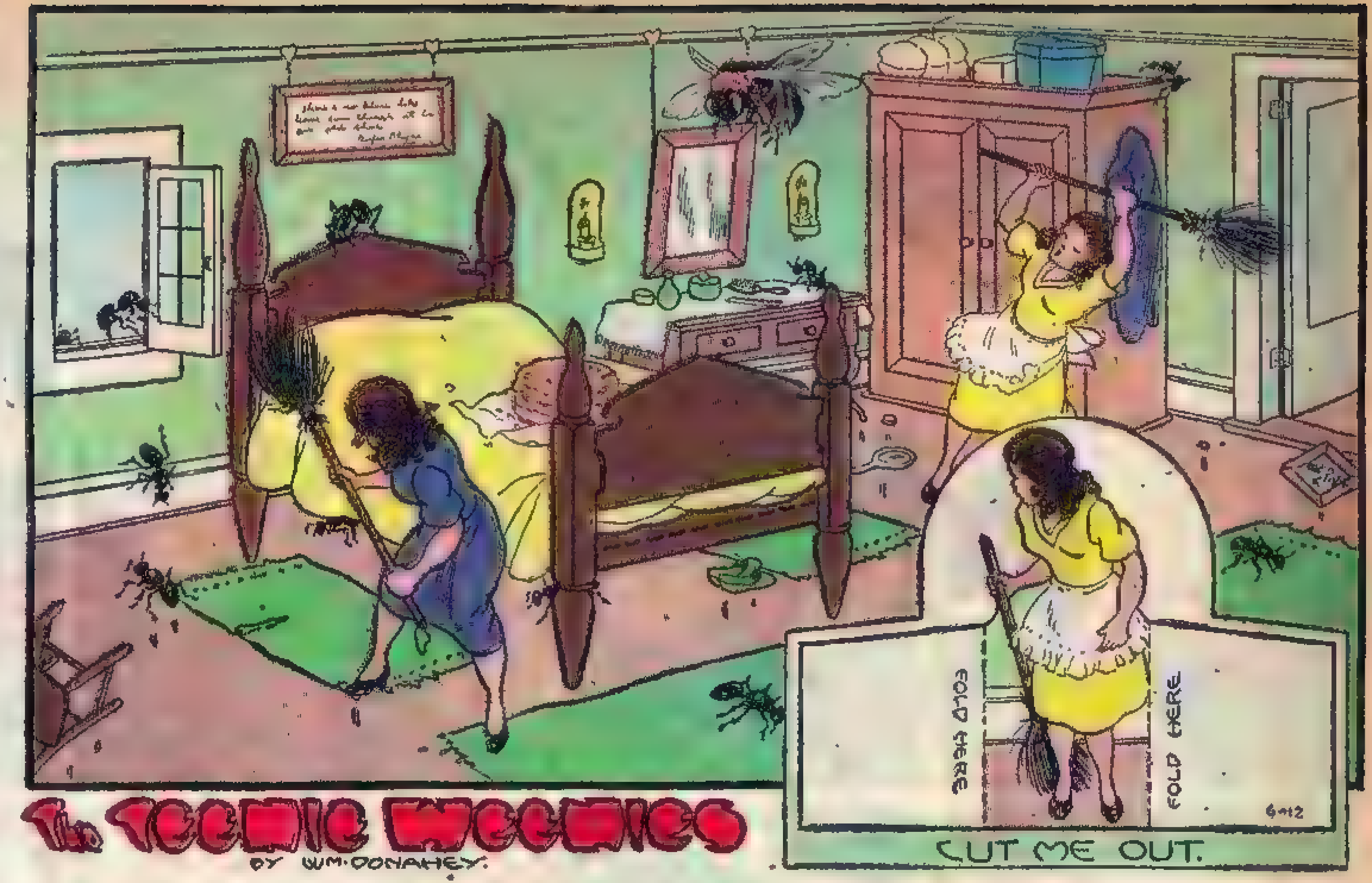
Uncle Jimmy was about to pry up the plank with a wrecking bar when Grandma screamed, "STOP!"

"Look," she said, pointing to the key. "Someone got that key out." She looked suspiciously about and then whispered, "There are goblins or fairies of some sort hanging around this house."

"Yes," nodded Uncle Jimmy. "Little people live near here; I've seen their tracks around my house."



A BIRTHDAY PARTY



THE Teenie Weenie women always get up a special meal on the General's birthday. They shoo the Teenie Weenie Cook out of the kitchen right after breakfast on the big day and set to work preparing the food the General likes best. All the little people look forward to the feast, for Teenie Weenie women are excellent cooks.

Meat pie is the General's favorite dish, which may account for his plump appearance. The Lady of Fashion makes it so delicious there is never a single bite left, no matter how big the pie. The little lady rolls out several paper-thin sheets of wheat pastry. Each sheet of pastry is thoroughly rubbed with black walnut oil and several are used to line a large bottle top of metal. Next, a half-thimble of chopped frog ham is browned in a Teenie Weenie skillet and put into the pastry-lined pan together with eight or ten grains of salt, some black pepper and three drops of onion juice. Three fresh green peas are peeled of their outer skin and cut into the pie as well as some grated carrot and tiny cubes of potato. Then she covers the top with pastry and the pie is baked in a slow oven.

Of course, there are pickles, jelly and jam, besides a salad of chopped young dandelion leaves and grated carrot which is served on crisp watercress leaves. For dessert, the Lady of Fashion makes one of her famous cakes, which is beautifully iced and served with sassafras tea and wild strawberry slices.

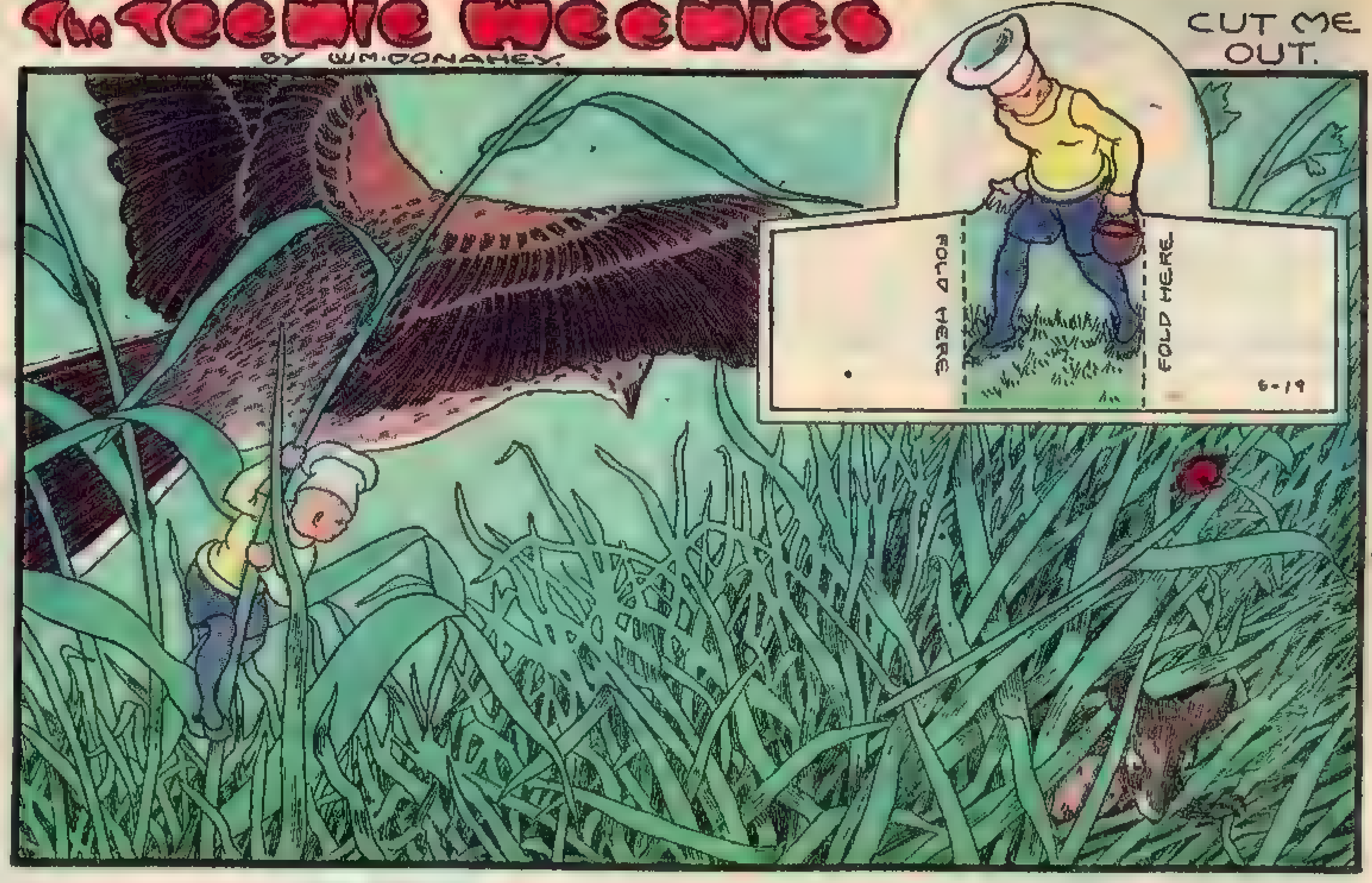
When the cake had been baked and decorated, the Lady of Fashion carried it up to her room and set it on the bed. She always likes to keep the cake for a surprise. When it is brought to the table for serving, that is one of the big events of the meal.

Just before mealtime the Lady of Fashion went to her room to change into a clean dress. When she opened the door she saw a swarm of black carpenter ants running all over the place. Some were sampling the cake and others were coming and going through the open window. The little lady screamed for help. Grabbing a broom, she frantically tried to chase the ants out. Tess, another Teenie Weenie woman, came running with a broom and the two began chasing the insects. When they had nearly cleared the room of ants, a bumblebee flew in and added to the general excitement. But finally they managed to get rid of the pests after a terrific battle.

Some of the icing had been eaten off the cake, but the little women quickly repaired that. The General and the other Teenie Weenies ate the cake without the least suspicion of the unfortunate incident.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY



THE Teenie Weenies heard that Ginky had been prowling about birds' nests. He had been seen sneaking through the tall grass where several small birds had built their nests on the ground. Some eggs had been taken from the nests while the mothers were away, and Ginky had been seen nearby at the time.

It is a very serious matter to rob birds' nests and the Teenie Weenies were greatly worried. They couldn't prove that the mouse had robbed the nests, but it certainly looked mighty suspicious.

"It's hard to believe that Ginky would stoop so low as to rob a bird's nest," said the Lady of Fashion.

"That mouse is a bad one, I tell you," said the Old Soldier with a wooden leg. "He's been eating the eggs, no doubt. The ornery loafer is too lazy to work for his meals like an honest mouse."

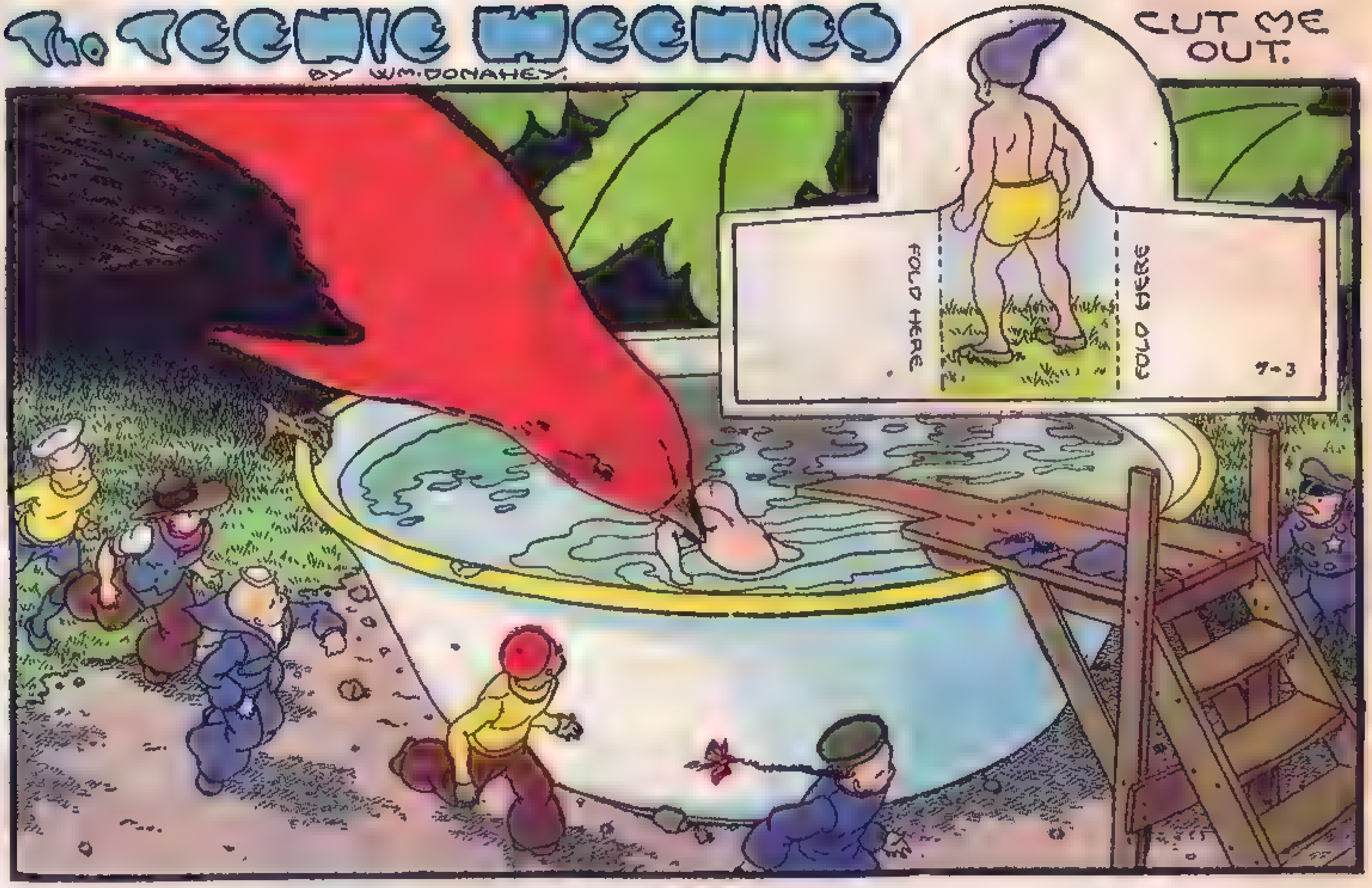
The Teenie Weenies determined to watch Ginky. One morning the Teenie Weenie Cook caught the rascal right in the act of stealing eggs. The Cook had gone to a big field of tall grass near the Teenie Weenie village to gather certain grass seed which he uses in making his delicious frog meat loaves. He was slowly making his way through the tangled grass when he heard a sparrow chirping in great anger. The bird was flying just above the top of the grass and occasionally it would dive down as though it were fighting an enemy. The grass was too thick for the Cook to see more than a few inches and in order to get a better view he climbed the stem of a tall stalk of grass that towered above the surrounding jungle. When he had climbed up part way he plainly saw Ginky pushing his way through the tangle. The thief clutched a bird's egg in his paw and he was making a frantic effort to get out of the thick grass.

Finally the mouse managed to get out of the tangle and he started to run across a small clearing. That gave the bird a good chance to get at Ginky. She flew at him, beating him with her wings, and knocked the mouse head over heels. Before he could get to his feet, the bird gave him a good pecking. Ginky ran off squealing at the top of his voice. The Cook picked up the egg and started back toward the bird's nest. While the Teenie Weenie worked his way through the grass, the bird was telling him what she thought about that terrible Ginky. When the Cook put the egg down at last, the shell had not been broken and no doubt it hatched out a young bird in due time.

THE HARD WAY

THE Dunce is a most stubborn Teenie-Weenie. He has his own ideas and he seldom listens to good advice. He learns the hard way. He is particularly disagreeable over the rules governing the use of the Teenie Weenie swimming pool. He continually fights the birds of the neighborhood when they come to drink out of the pool. The birds often bathe in it too. That splashes out considerable water which the Teenie Weenies have to replace when the weather is dry and no rain falls to fill it. The water has to be hauled from the creek and that makes a lot of extra work, which puts the Dunce out of temper.

The little people have made an old dish into their swimming pool. When it is full it holds about 200 thimblefuls of water, which is over the head of a Teenie Weenie and deep enough to be dangerous. The little folk have a rule that no Teenie Weenie is to go in swimming without waiting at least an hour after eating and nobody is permitted to go in alone.



"You're liable to get cramps and drown," warned the Doctor more than once.

The Dunce paid no attention to the warning. Now and then he sneaked in for a swim all by himself, and he continually said nasty things to the birds when they came for a drink. But one afternoon the Dunce learned a lesson he won't soon forget.

After stuffing himself with strawberry shortcake one hot day, he sneaked off for a swim. He dived into the pool, but he had been in the water only a few moments when he was doubled up with cramps. He promptly sank and that would have been the end of him if it hadn't been for a scarlet tanager that happened to fly down at that moment for a drink. The bird caught hold of the Dunce and held his head out of the water until some Teenie Weenies came running to the spot and pulled him out. They rolled him about, then held him upside down and drained about a thimble of water out of him.

He was a mighty sick Teenie Weenie and he spent the rest of the day in bed, where he did a lot of thinking. He decided that the rules concerning the swimming pool were good and very necessary.

He was so grateful to the scarlet tanager for saving his life that he never complains when birds come to the pool for a drink. He wishes they would take their dips in the bird baths in the gardens of the big houses near the Teenie Weenie village, but even the visitors who splash in the Teenie Weenies' pool now find the Dunce courteous.

A GARDEN RAID

THE Teenie Weenie garden is a very important matter in the lives of the little people for there they raise most of the vegetables they eat. Each spring the Respectable mouse is hitched to the Teenie Weenie plow and the ground is thoroughly broken up. When the seeds are planted the little men must spend a great deal of time digging out the weeds and carrying water.

One morning Gogo and the Dunce discovered that a number of the young plants had been bitten off. There were many big tracks in the garden but neither of the Teenie Weenies could make out what animal had made them. The two excited Teenie Weenies decided to follow the tracks and they traced them to a dense wooded spot near the creek where they led into a hole under a stump.

The two little chaps hid behind a fallen tree limb and watched the hole for a long time. Finally a great hairy head came out of the hole and after one frightened glance at it the two Teenie Weenies took to their heels. They broke all Teenie Weenie speed records on their way to the shoe house where they gasped out their discovery.

"What did the animal look like?" questioned the Policeman.

"Like a b-b-bear. Only b-b-bigger than any bear you ever saw," gasped the Dunce.

"It was a c-c-camel!" put in Gogo.

"Lawsy!" exclaimed Gogo, "Ah didn't stay long enough to see."

After a great deal of questioning and after a careful study of the tracks the Cowboy announced that the animal was a wood chuck.

"They are sometimes called ground hogs," said the Cowboy. "They live down deep under the ground and they live on vegetables and plants."

"They sleep during the winter," added the Doctor, "and some people believe that they wake up on February the second, come out of their holes and if they see their shadows they go back into their burrows and sleep six weeks longer."

"We can't let that wood chuck eat up our garden," said the General.

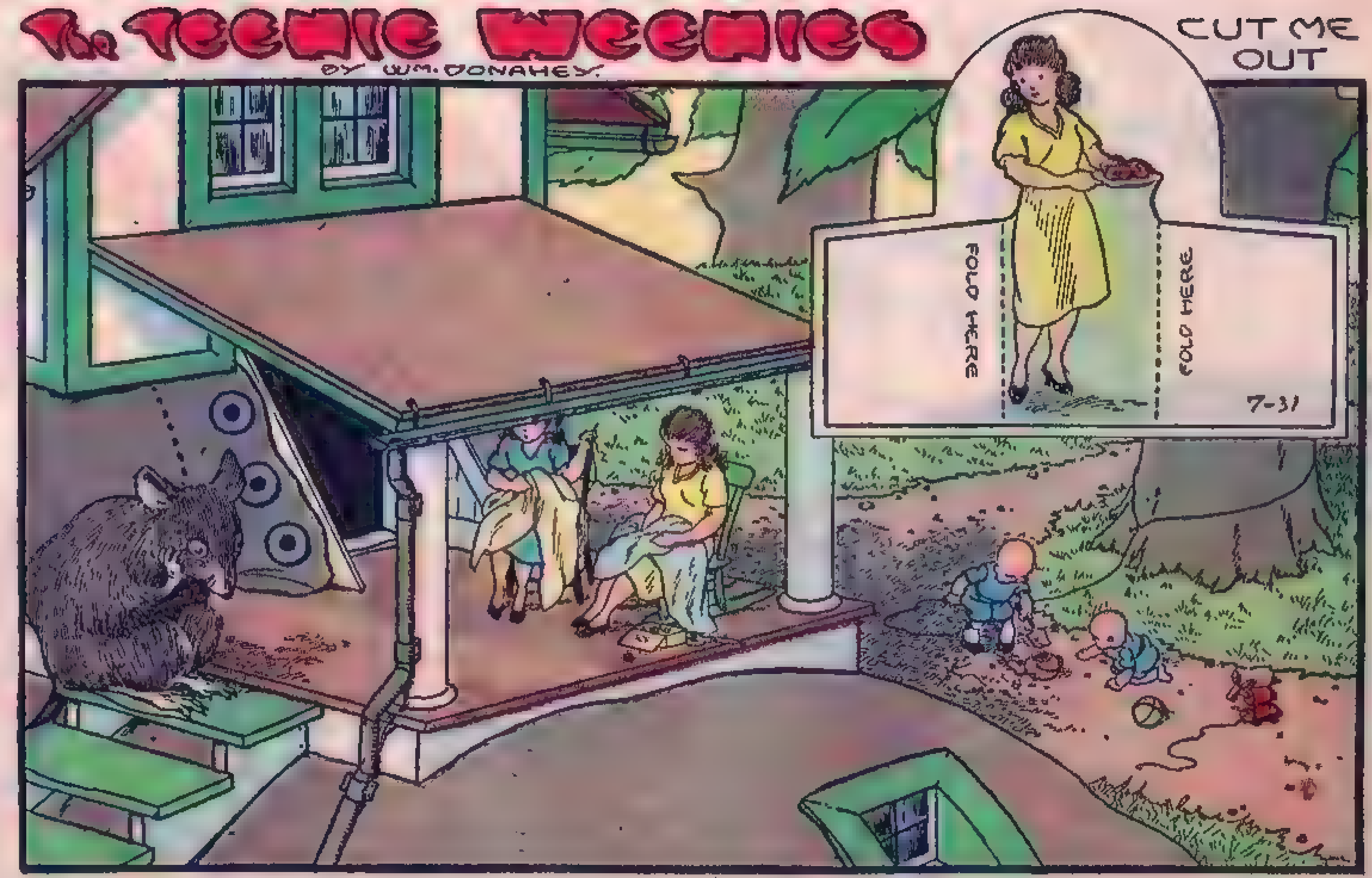
A regular guard was placed about the garden. The guard made a lot of noise which probably scared the wood chuck away for the Teenie Weenies haven't seen the animal since.

The TEENIE WEENIES

BY W.M. DONAHEY

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY



AN OLD TRICK

THE Teenie Weenie village was deserted except for the Teenie Weenie women and children. The men had gone to the creek in search of crawfish and after the women had made a batch of doughnuts, they decided to put in a quiet afternoon sewing. They brought chairs out onto the front porch and settled the children at play in the yard. They tied Nipper, who has an itchy foot and frequently wanders away, to the stem of a rosebush. They provided the youngsters with a little heap of sand, shovels, cherry seed buckets and several toys to keep them occupied so the sewing could go on uninterrupted.

The little women had been working only a short time when Tess, one of the Teenie Weenie women, uttered a groan and pointed to Ginky, who came slouching towards the shoe house. "He has smelled those doughnuts and he's after some," said Tess. "Now, don't you get soft hearted and give the beggar any."

"Don't worry," answered the Lady of Fashion. "I'm tired of feeding that grafting mouse and he won't get a single doughnut out of me today."

Ginky labored up the steps and sat down at the top. He had a woebegone look on his hairy face and his ears had a depressed droop.

"Don't you feel well?" asked the Lady of Fashion.

Ginky licked his lips and stared vacantly at a carpenter ant that ran across the moss in front of the shoe house. "No," he answered. "I'm discouraged. Nobody likes me. I haven't a single friend. I've been thinking about hunting up a good trap and ending it all."

"WHY, GINKY!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "You must not talk that way."

"What's the use of going on? Nobody understands me. I never get a single word of kindness," Ginky went on as he wiped his eyes with the back of his dirty paw.

"Oh, Ginky!" said the Lady of Fashion. "You must cheer up and take a brighter view of life."

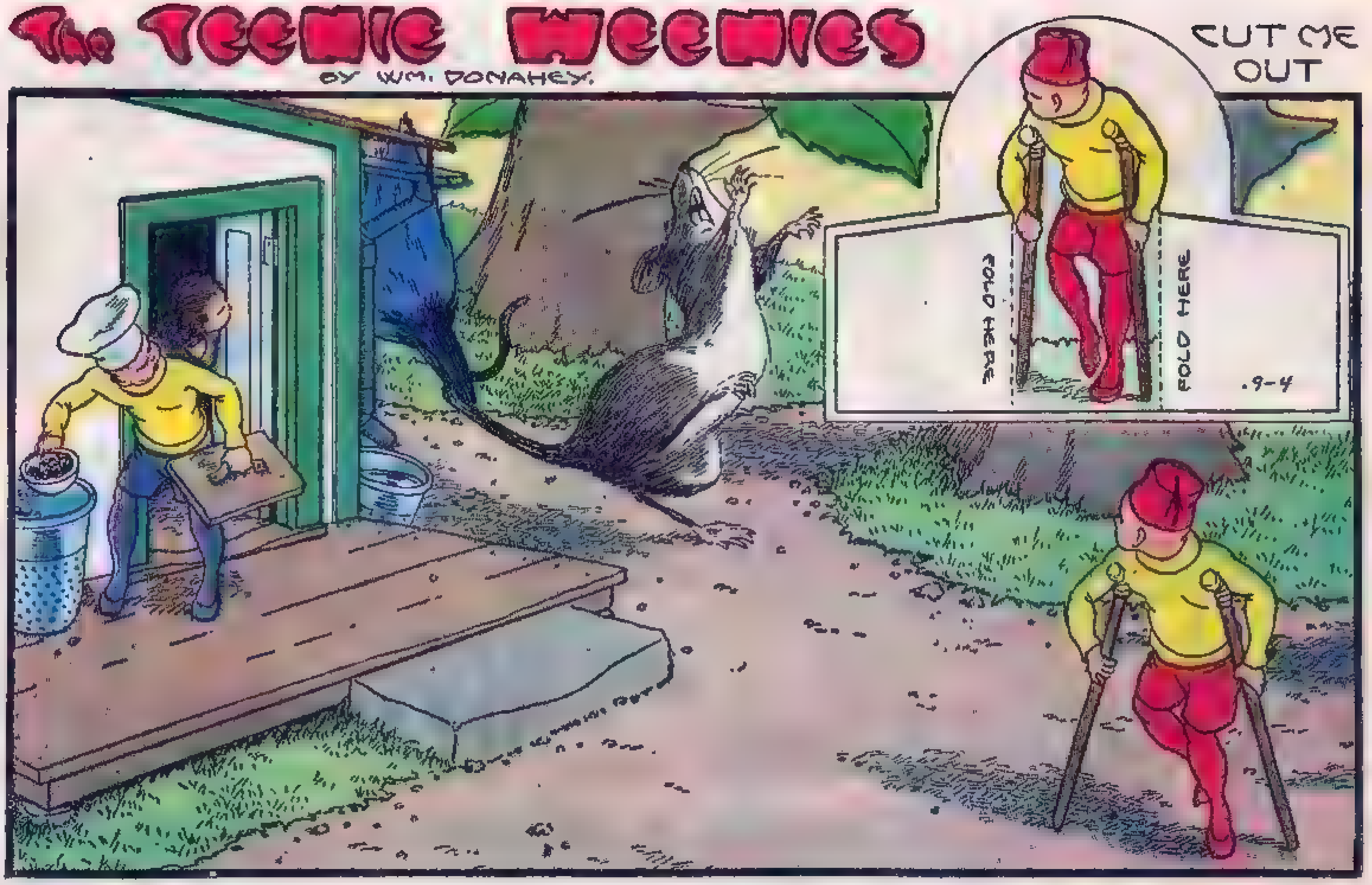
"No, I'm not wanted and the sooner I leave this dark and bitter world the better," Ginky said as he shot the Lady of Fashion a calculating glance under cover of wiping away a tear.

Tess gave the Lady of Fashion a withering look when the little woman put down her sewing and went into the house. Presently she returned with three golden doughnuts on a Teenie Weenie plate and handed them to the mouse. "These may make you feel better," she said.

Ginky snatched the doughnuts and quickly departed. The little women sewed in frigid silence for a long time and then Tess said, "I knew you'd give him those doughnuts."

"So did I," answered the Lady of Fashion, and the two women burst into hearty laughter.

JUST IN TIME



THE Teenie Weenie Cook carefully greased a metal bottle cap with a bit of hickory nut oil and then spread in the dough he had rolled out. "The men will be hungry when they come in tonight," he said. "It's hard work curing frog hams and they always eat like weasels when they work hard."

"Yes, they'll be hungry and nothing would please them better than a meat pie," said the Lady of Fashion, who was cutting frog meat into small pieces at the kitchen table.

When the meat was ready the Cook spread it on the dough he had laid in the pan, sprinkled a little seasoning on and then covered it with a top crust. He put the pan into the oven and set about cleaning up the table while the pie baked. The fragrance of the baking pie drifted out through the kitchen window and spread through the tangle of bushes that surround the Teenie Weenie village. Presently it reached Ginky, who had been taking a nap under an old log. The mouse lifted his head and took a deep sniff. "Smells like meat pie," he muttered, and he set off cautiously toward the Teenie Weenie kitchen.

Moving quietly around the corner of the kitchen, he peered through the open window just as the Cook removed the pie from the oven and set it on the kitchen sink. "When it cools a bit, I'll grab it," the mouse said to himself. The Cook and the Lady of Fashion were still working about the kitchen. But keeping out of sight, the mouse patiently waited. Soon the Cook went out the back door with a cherry seed full of garbage. He had just lifted the cover off the garbage thimble when Ginky leaped into view. He was screeching at the top of his voice and trying to free his tail from the beak of Teasing Tom, the big blue jay, who is a friend of the Teenie Weenies. After several mad leaps, Ginky finally pulled his tail free. He disappeared with such speed he nearly knocked down the Turk, who came hobbling along at that moment on his crutches. (The Turk got a broken leg when he was kicked by a big frog while the Teenie Weenies were out frog hunting.)

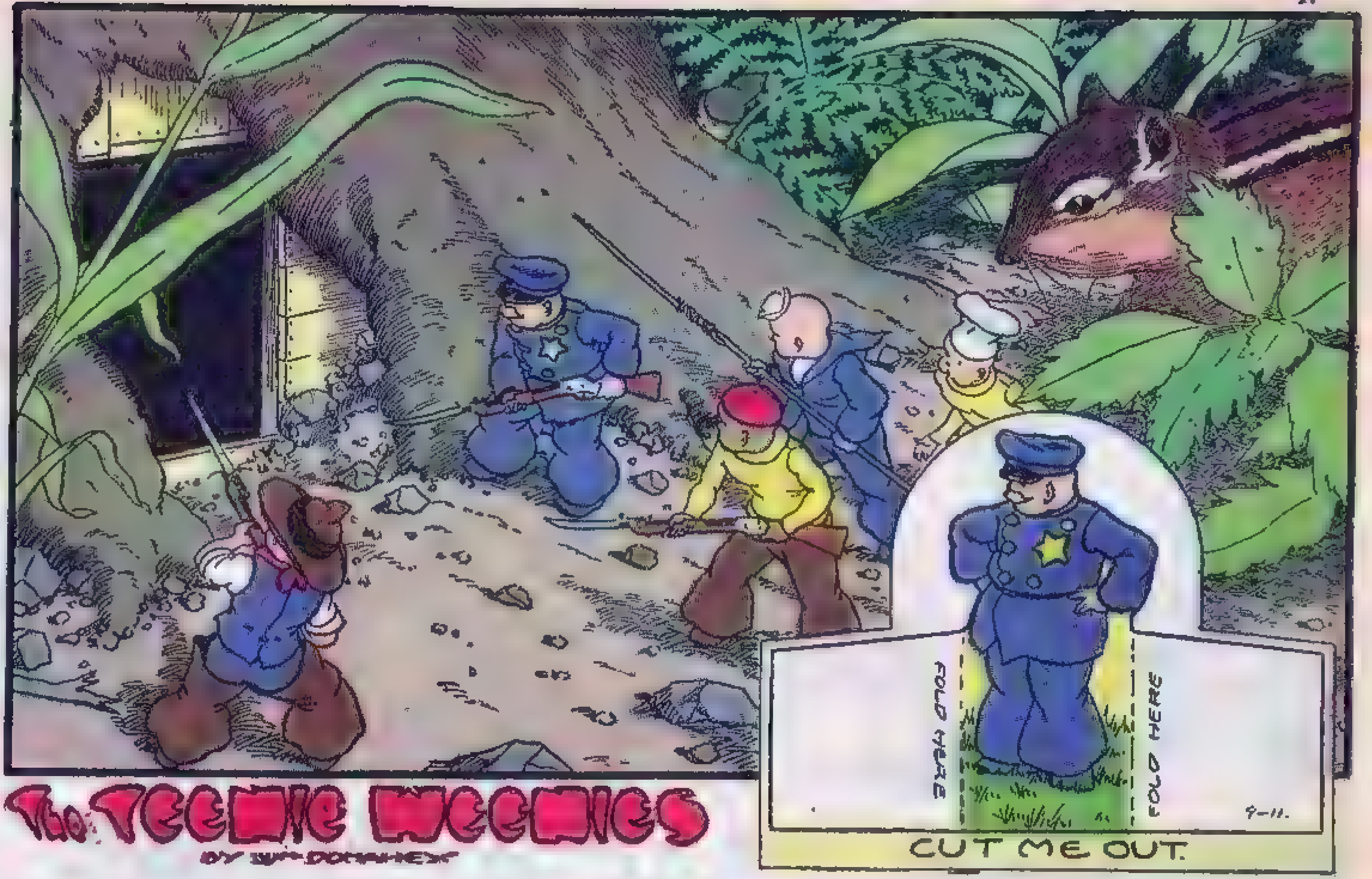
Teasing Tom had seen the mouse hanging around the shoe house kitchen and decided to watch him. When Ginky reached for the pie Tom grabbed the mouse's tail in time to save the Teenie Weenies' dinner.

The blue jay flew about spreading the story of the trick he played on Ginky. He knew the mouse would like to pull out his beautiful feathers, but Tom never let Ginky get near him.

MIGHTY CAUTIOUS

SKIPPY, who lived under an old stump not far from the Teenie Weenie village, was a very nervous chipmunk. Skippy had a good reason for being nervous, for he had a great many enemies to watch. First and most dangerous were weasels. Then there were house cats and dogs, and often he had to watch out for boys as well as foxes and snakes. He wasn't safe from the air, either. Owls and hawks were always ready to pounce down on a chipmunk. The Teenie Weenies built a stout little door to the entrance of his hole and taught him how to fasten the door, but in spite of that Skippy had to be very cautious.

The Teenie Weenies had just finished their supper one evening when Skippy came bounding into the village. He was chattering so excitedly that it was only after a great deal of talk that the Teenie Weenies finally understood that somebody or something was in the chipmunk's house. Skippy told the Teenie Weenies that the intruder smelled like a reptile and he was afraid it might be a snake.



The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY

Led by the Policeman, some of the men brought out Teenie Weenie guns while others carried sharp needles that had been fixed to the end of poles to serve as spears. When the little men came to the door of Skippy's house they heard faint noises deep down in the hole.

"That sounds like a snake snooping around down there," said the Dunce in a loud whisper.

"What would a snake be snoopin' aroun' in Skippy's house fo' when it's too dark down there for him to see?" Gogo wanted to know.

"We'll never get anywhere trying to guess who this housebreaker is," the Old Soldier with a wooden leg reminded them. "We have enough men here to go down and bring the rascal out."

"Whoever you are come out of there!" yelled the Policeman.

The Policeman called again and again, but no answer came from the visitor. Finally, the men lit Teenie Weenie candles and cautiously made their way down into the hole. There they found a big toad blinking at the candlelight. With a little prodding, the Teenie Weenies drove the toad out of the hole and chased him away.

Skippy was greatly embarrassed at having called on the Teenie Weenies for help. He could have driven the toad out himself. But he didn't know his visitor was just a harmless fellow who got down into a neighbor's house by chance. As Skippy explained, chipmunks have so many enemies, they must always be mighty cautious.

TOO MUCH CARROT

AUTUMN is a busy time of the year for the Teenie Weenies. Firewood has to be cut for the Winter and potatoes and carrots must be dug out of the ground and stored away in the shoe house cellar. It takes a lot of digging to get the Teenie Weenies' five potatoes and seven carrots out of the ground, but this task has to be done every Autumn.

This year was a hard one for the men. They were short of help because the Turk was kicked by a frog and was laid up with a broken leg. Then the vegetables were unusually big, especially the carrots. The Teenie Weenies use only two or three carrots during the Winter, but they must raise several for the Rhyming Rabbit as payment to him for not eating the growing plants in the Teenie Weenie garden.

The Rhyming Rabbit, who is an old fellow, always thanks the little people with some of his verses and sheds a few happy tears when they bring a carrot over in the Teenie Weenie cart. But during the Summer, he comes hopping over when he is feeling spry to see how their garden is growing. He knows most of the carrots are being raised for him and it makes his mouth water just to look at their fine, green tops.

One of the carrots was really a prize vegetable. It was so big and went down into the ground so deep, the little men had to dig and dig. It became necessary to shore up the hole with Teenie Weenie planks to keep the earth from caving in on the men who were working to get the vegetable out. They dug down nearly 24 Teenie Weenie feet, which would be 9 inches in our measurement.

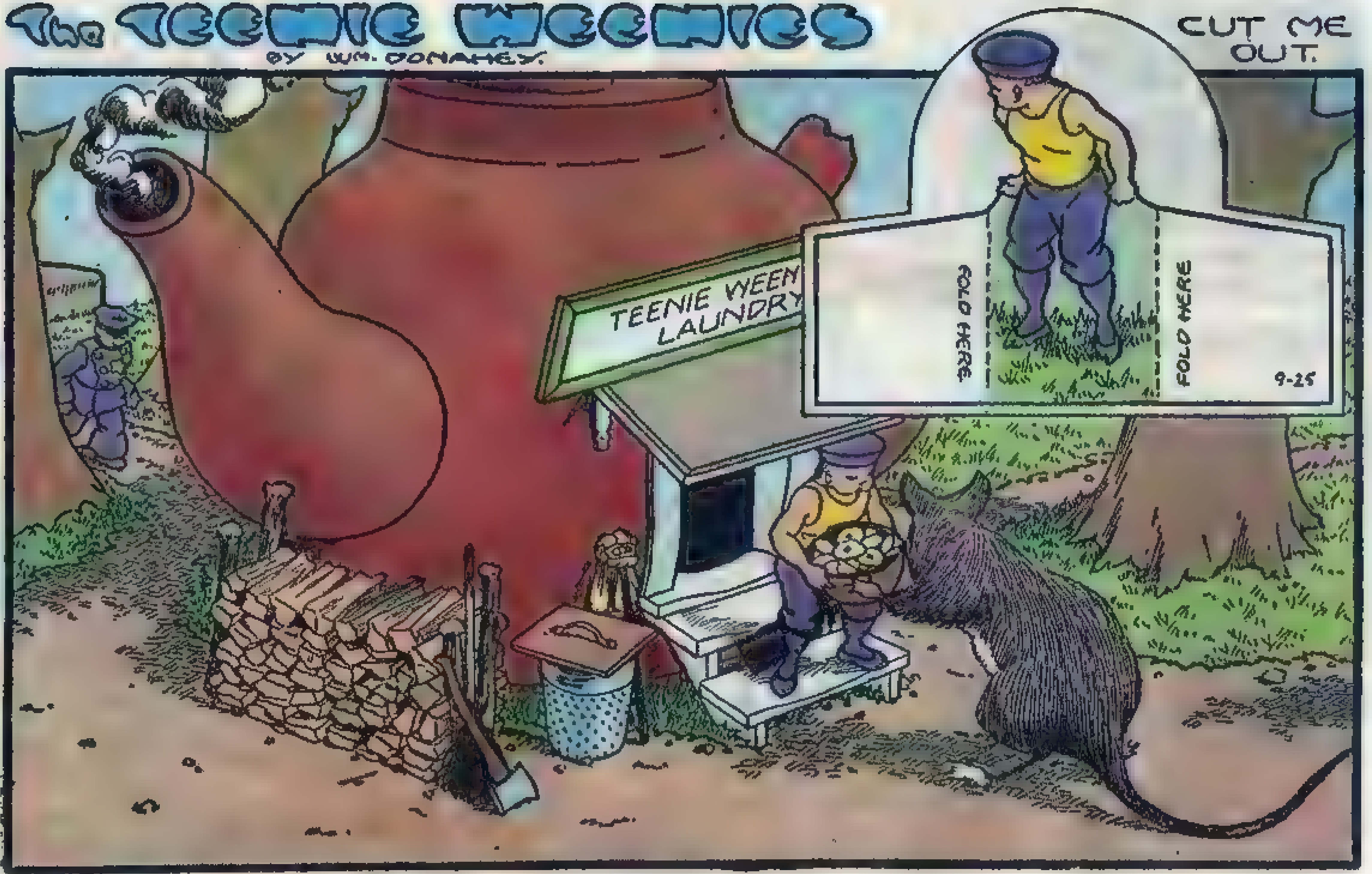
When the earth had been cleared away from the carrot, the little men found the vegetable so heavy they couldn't pull it out with a Teenie Weenie windlass. They were forced to rig up a Teenie Weenie block and tackle and hire Skippy, the chipmunk, to pull the carrot out of the hole. In spite of Skippy's help, it took a lot of lifting, pushing and grunting to get the big vegetable onto the Teenie Weenie cart so Skippy could haul it to the shoe house cellar. The carrot then had to be rolled down the narrow underground tunnel on lead pencil rollers. The Rhyming Rabbit breathed a sigh of relief when it slid into the space prepared for it in the cellar.

The men were tired when they finally had the carrot stored away, and they all agreed with the Old Soldier with a wooden leg when he said, "That's entirely too much carrot in one vegetable."

A NASTY TRICK

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY.



THE little men had been so busy getting the vegetables out of the Teenie Weenie garden they had little time for cutting firewood. They had cut a little, but that had been left piled where it had been split because the men had not been able to store it in the half-gallon peach can which served the village for a woodhouse. The Cook was using the wood sparingly, and the Chinaman had almost reached the end of his little hoard piled near the teapot door. He boiled his rice while he heated his tiny laundry irons on his stove and in that way he saved some of the precious wood.

Ginky, who hangs around the Teenie Weenie village most of the time in hope of picking up a bit of choice food now and then, smelled the cooking rice and made tracks for the teapot to beg the Chinaman for a few grains of rice.

"No, Ginkies. You all time lazy mouses. Me no feed lazy mouses," answered the Chinaman. "You all time cut me a cord of firewood and me give you whole hazelnut full of rice and maybe two, three cookies if you pile wood nice right here beside door."

Ginky hates work, as all the Teenie Weenies know, and he was on the point of losing his temper over the Chinaman's suggestion when he suddenly agreed to cut the wood.

"I have never chopped wood," the mouse said haughtily, "but I have watched the Teenie Weenies at work and I'm sure I can have a big stack of sticks ready for your stove in a few minutes."

"Rice and cookies all time ready for you, when job is done," the Chinaman answered.

The Chinaman handed the mouse a Teenie Weenie ax and Ginky disappeared into the brush. In a very short time Ginky had piled a Teenie Weenie cord of wood, which is 1 inch wide, 2 inches long and 1½ inches high. He stacked it neatly by the teapot door, borrowed the Chinaman's broom and swept up, then demanded his rice.

The Chinaman handed him the bowl of rice with several cookies on top, but instead of sitting down to eat it on the doorstep as he usually did, Ginky snatched the bowl and was off at top speed.

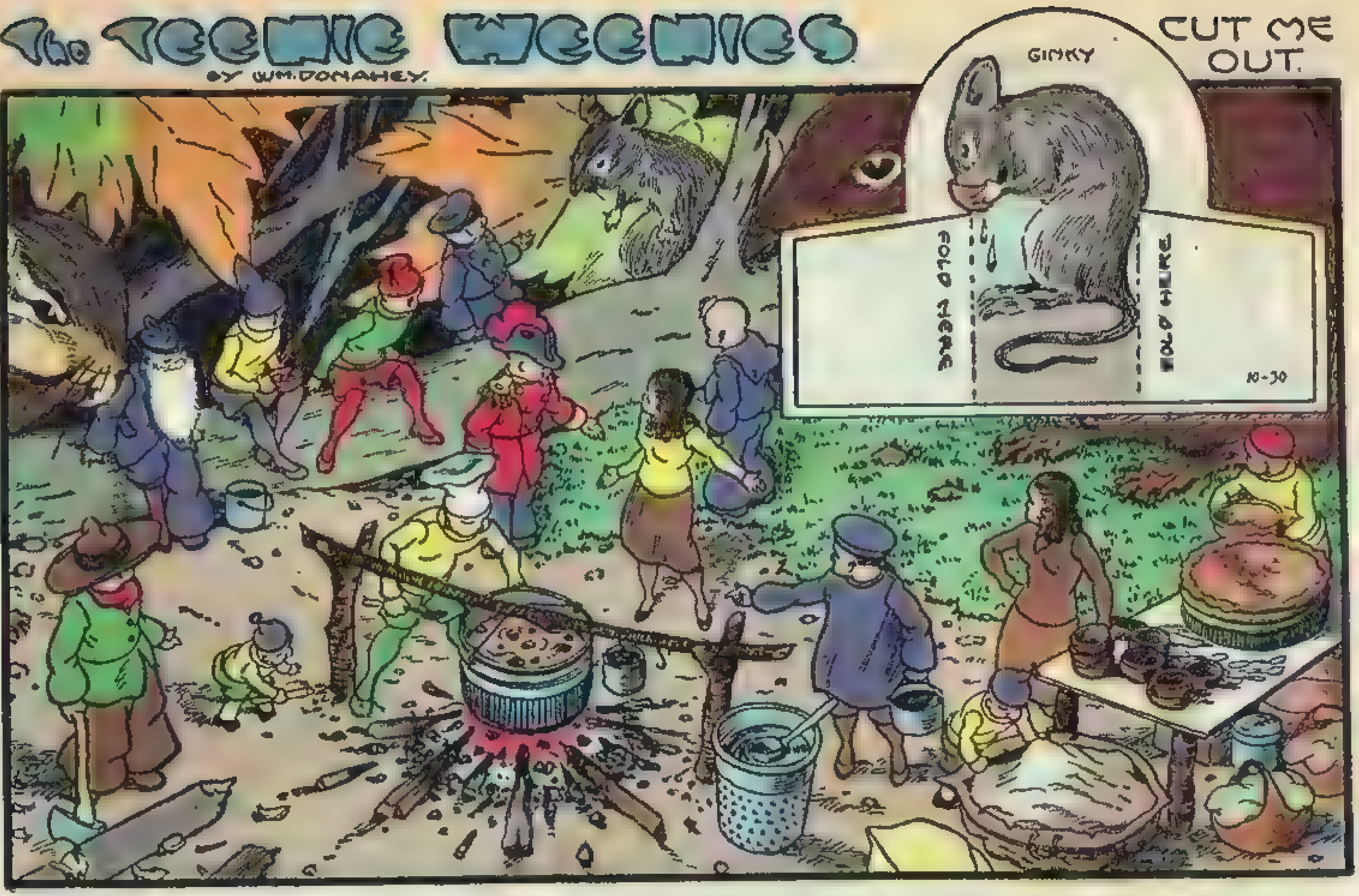
"Him in funny hurry," thought the Chinaman. But he soon learned why the mouse ran away. The Teenie Weenie Policeman reported that Ginky had not cut a single stick of wood.

"He simply stole the wood the men had cut and piled it here," said the Policeman, pointing to the wood beside the teapot door.

The Teenie Weenies

By Wm. Donahey

HALLOWEEN PARTY



INVITATIONS had been sent out for the annual Teenie Weenie Halloween party. It had been decided to hold the party down by the creek because the town hall was entirely too small for such big guests as Nick, the red squirrel. Skippy, the chipmunk, could probably wiggle through the small door, but with the Respectable Mice and all the Teenie Weenies, the half-gallon syrup can would be rather crowded.

The Teenie Weenie women spent a great deal of time cooking and getting ready for the party. They made a tremendously big pumpkin pie and baked it in the metal cover for a small jar. They filled half an English walnut shell with sandwiches, baked doughnuts and cookies and filled a big hazelnut shell basket with Teenie Weenie salad.

Nick and Skippy said they would come to the party. Mr. and Mrs. Respectable Mouse had to refuse because they were not able to get a suitable baby-sitter for their four lively children. The new chipmunk, who has recently moved to the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village, never answered his invitation nor did he come to the party. This was extremely rude, but the Teenie Weenies were not surprised because the newcomer, a noisy, greedy fellow, had been quarreling with Skippy, who is one of the Teenie Weenies' best friends.

Ginky was not invited and the Teenie Weenies tried to keep him from hearing about the party because they knew he would certainly come though he understood he was not wanted.

All the food, cooking pots and pans were carried down to the creek in the Teenie Weenie cart, which Skippy gladly pulled. The Cook built a fire and made gypsy stew in one of his biggest kettles. Cherry seed bowls, Teenie Weenie spoons and plenty of tiny napkins were provided for serving the stew.

Ginky appeared just as the little folk and their guests were about to eat. The Policeman ordered him to leave, but the Lady of Fashion begged to have the mouse stay. After a great deal of argument the Teenie Weenies finally agreed to let the mouse join the party. Out of gratitude to the Lady of Fashion, Ginky behaved himself for once although he refused to eat his stew with a spoon and he wiped his mouth on his elbow.

After supper, the little folk told stories and sang songs until the Dunce fell asleep. This was a sure hint that the party had lasted long enough. Nick said good-night, but Skippy stayed to pull the Teenie Weenie cart back to the shoe house.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

ALTHOUGH the Rhyming Rabbit lives near the Teenie Weenie village, the little people seldom see the old fellow. He isn't very sociable and besides he will only talk in rhyme. It is rather hard for the Teenie Weenies to carry on a conversation with him. The Chinaman is the only Teenie Weenie who can talk rabbit and he is a very poor rhymer. The little folk often carry a few vegetables over to the rabbit, but that is done as much to protect the Teenie Weenie garden as to feed the old fellow.

The little people have an agreement with the rabbit to supply him with several carrots and other vegetables each year in payment for not eating their plants. As the rabbit grows older, he is becoming more and more forgetful. When the Teenie Weenies see him eyeing their garden with a hungry look, they immediately present him with a vegetable to refresh his memory.

The little people raised so many vegetables this Summer they didn't have storage space enough in their cellar. So they piled several carrots near the cellar entrance until they could make room for them. One morning Gogo reported that he had seen the old rabbit sniffing at the carrots and the little folk decided it would be wise to present him with one of the carrots before he helped himself to their vegetables.

"That old fellow may be absent-minded," said the Cook, "but he knows good food when he sees it."

The men loaded a carrot into the Teenie Weenie cart to which Skippy, the chipmunk, had been hitched and hauled a carrot to the ledge of rock under which the rabbit lives. They pulled the big carrot up the steep hill with a rope and then to make the occasion a happy one the little folks began to sing:

"Happy birthday, Rhyming Rabbit. Happy birthday to you."

Presently the old rabbit came shuffling out of his hole and when he saw the carrot he began to shed great rabbit tears. This is his way of showing how deeply he feels. After a proper amount of weeping, the rabbit cleared his throat and rhymed his thanks in this little verse which the Chinaman translated to the rest of the Teenie Weenies:

It seems to me you've made a habit
Of being kind to this old rabbit.
I give you thanks and wish you peace,
And may your habits never cease.

The Dunce wanted to ask the rabbit if he really likes carrots better than cake, but he couldn't think how to put his question into rhyme.

CAW! CAW! CAW!

GENERALLY speaking the Dunce is not a bad Teenie Weenie. He is usually good natured and most of the time he gets along with the other Teenie Weenies very well. He is something of a pig and he often eats too much, especially sweets. That doesn't hurt anyone but himself and his pain usually can be relieved by liberal application of a heated button on his aching stomach or a dose of powdered mustard seed. The Dunce's worst fault is saying sharp things at the wrong time. This sometimes injures others and makes his own tiny mouth his worst enemy. The General has warned him many times to guard his sharp tongue, but the heedless Dunce has paid little attention to the advice. However, a big black crow gave him a lesson lately that may help him to think before he speaks in the future.

The Dunce and Gogo had decided to try fishing through a hole in the ice. Early one morning they gathered up their hooks and lines, two stools to sit on, an acorn basket of lunch and a Teenie Weenie ax and set off for the creek. Gogo cut a hole through the ice with the ax. Then, after baiting the tiny hooks with bits of dried grasshopper, they sat down on the stools to fish. The Dunce scolded the fish for being slow to snap up his bait but Gogo reminded him that they were in no hurry to go home. While they were waiting for the fish to bite, a big, bold crow flew down and perched on the limb of a bush near by.

Crows are very curious and this fellow stared at the two Teenie Weenie fishermen. He probably would have flown away peacefully in a few moments had the Dunce kept quiet.

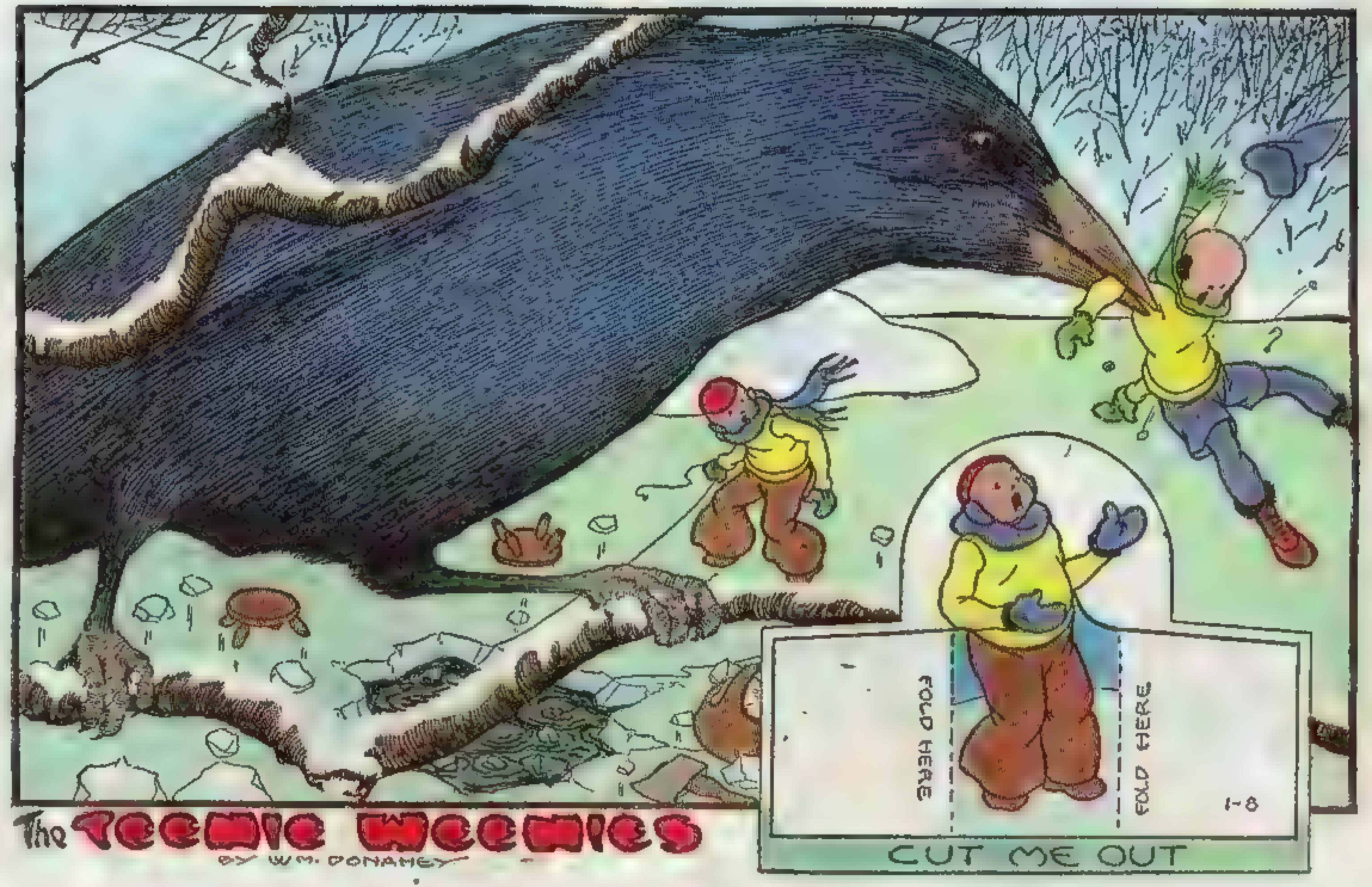
"Get out of here, you bum!" shouted the Dunce, shaking his fist at the crow.

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered Gogo. "Don't make any fuss. Dat crow ain't doin' us any harm."

"Well, he'll scare the fish away," answered the Dunce. "Get out of here, you big old scarecrow!"

The crow fixed his narrowed eye on the Dunce. Suddenly leaning down, he grabbed the Teenie Weenie by the arm, lifted him high into the air and shook him so hard several pants buttons flew off and a number of fishhooks flipped out of his pocket. After several hearty shakes, the crow set the Dunce on the ice and flew away. As he left the Teenie Weenies, he screamed, "CAW! CAW! CAW!" This might mean almost anything in the crow language.

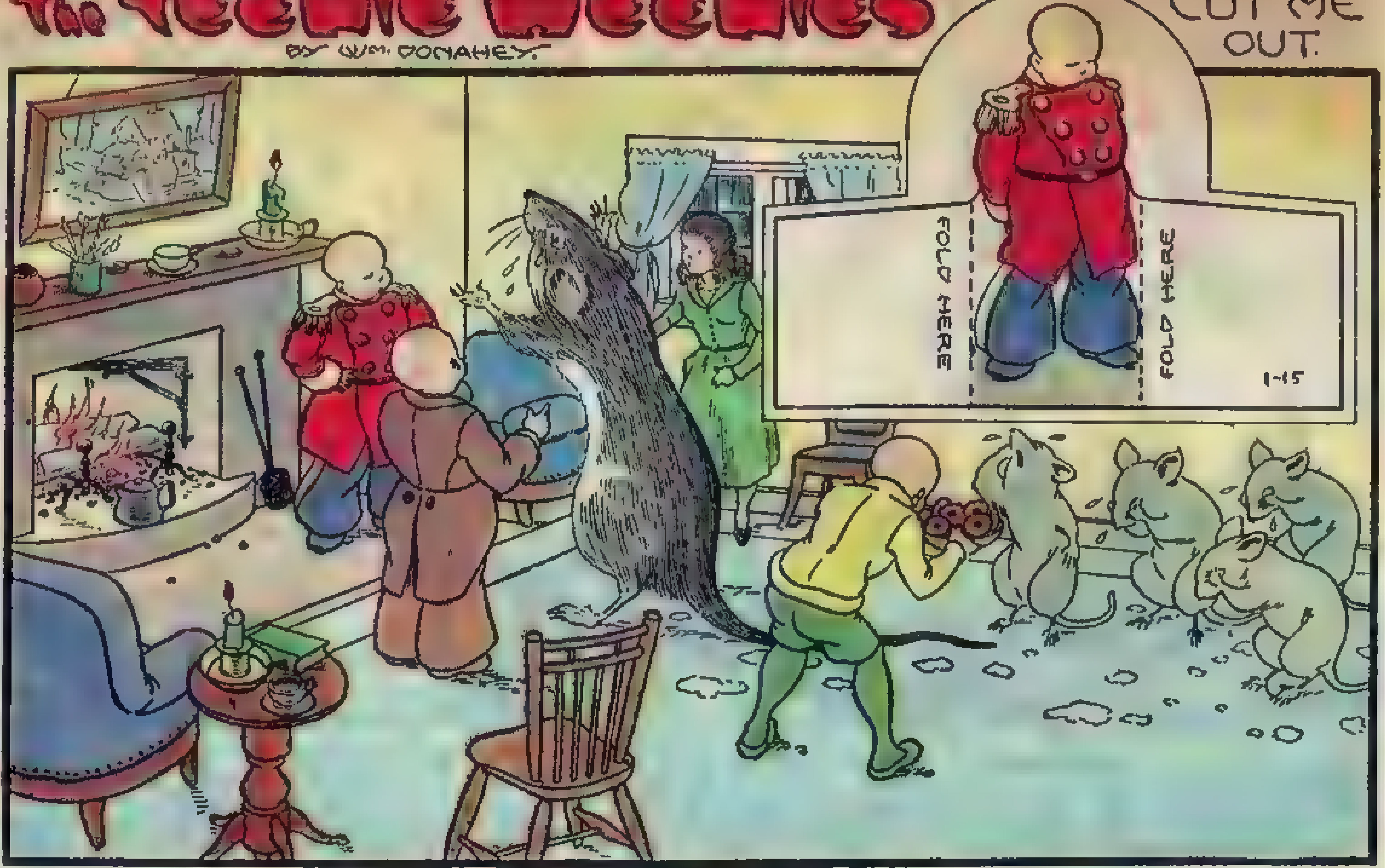
The Dunce has been a little sober since this affair with the crow and it is to be hoped that he will think once or twice before he speaks his mind.



A HAPPY ENDING

The Teenie Weenies

By Wm. Donahey



IT was a nice night to sit in front of a blazing wood fire. Outside the snow lay deep and a cold wind whined through the rosebush stems, high above the shoe house roof. The Lady of Fashion made a pot of sassafras tea and set it on the tiny fireplace hob to steep after the younger Teenie Weenies had gone to bed, for the children are forbidden strong drinks.

Several of the little people sat around the fire and sipped their tea while they talked of this and that. Suddenly, there was stamping of soft feet on the front steps and unmistakable sounds of weeping. After several loud knocks, the Doctor opened the door and Mrs. Respectable Mouse squeezed through the doorway followed by the Respectable quadruplets. All of them stamped off a great deal of snow on the sitting room rug and sobbed at the top of their mouse voices.

After a lot of sympathy and a bit of shaking, the mice finally told the Teenie Weenies that Mr. Respectable Mouse was missing.

With a great many patient questions, the Doctor finally learned that Mr. Respectable Mouse had been missing for many hours and his poor wife insisted he had either been pounced upon by a cat or trapped. She said he would never have stayed away from home so long. She wanted the Teenie Weenies to begin an immediate search for her lost husband, but the General told her that nothing could be done in the way of an investigation until morning. This threw the mouse into such a fit of hysterical weeping that it was necessary to throw a cherry seed of cold water in her face to quiet her.

While Mrs. Respectable Mouse was wiping the water out of her eyes, the front door burst open and Mr. Respectable Mouse came screaming into the room. "My wife and children!" he bellowed. "They are gone!" Then he saw his family and a happy meeting took place.

Mr. Respectable Mouse had been holed by a cat, he claimed, and had to remain in the hole many hours before the cat grew tired and left. He rushed home hungry and frightened only to find his family missing. He called and called and searched the neighborhood in vain. Then he ran to the Teenie Weenies for help. After tea and doughnuts had been passed around, the Respectable Mouse family left for home. Before the Lady of Fashion and the other Teenie Weenie women went to bed, they mopped up all the puddles from snow that had been tramped into the living room.

A SLEIGH RIDE

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THERE was a great deal of excitement and noise in the Teenie Weenie village. The little folk had planned a sleigh ride party. A big sled, which had been made out of the top of a small cardboard box, stood before the shoe house. Nick, the red squirrel, had been hitched to the sled and he pranced about considerably, impatient to be off. A lot of soft moss had been spread in the bottom of the sled and a tremendous lot of Teenie Weenie blankets and comforters had been piled on top of the moss, for it was a mighty cold day.

"Hurry up or we'll never get started," shouted the Cowboy, who was driving Nick.

"We must heat some pants buttons for the women to keep their feet warm," answered the Cook from the kitchen door.

"Don't forget my skates!" screamed the Sailor.

"Where's my heavy sweater?" someone shouted.

"Don't forget that acorn basket of cookies and the chocolate pot!" cried the Lady of Fashion, as she was tucked in.

"Did anyone put in the kindling for the fire?" asked the Old Soldier with a wooden leg.

After a tremendous lot of confusion, laughter and shouting, the little people finally piled into the sled and they were off. They had gone only a short way when the Policeman let out a whoop. "NICK'S LUNCH!" he screamed. "We've forgotten Nick's lunch."

The squirrel stopped in his tracks before the Cowboy had time to pull the reins.

Gogo and the Turk climbed out, ran back and soon returned with a big English walnut which they rolled into one corner of the sleigh. After a fast ride over the soft snow, the sled stopped beside the frozen creek. While some of the little people put on their tiny skates, others built a fire. The Cook put on a big pot of chocolate and Gogo helped him to fry slice after slice of smoked frog. The Teenie Weenies have big appetites for such little people when they go skating.

When even the Dunce could eat no more, there was more skating. Then everybody piled into the sled for another ride. There were frequent stops to recover the Dunce, who was continually falling off the small sled he hitched on behind the big sleigh. No Teenie Weenie toes were frostbitten, but some tiny noses were mighty red when the sleigh finally stopped in front of the shoe house. Everyone had a grand time, including Nick, although he did most of the work.

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When Teenie Weenie tummys were full there was more skating and then they piled into the sled for another ride although there were frequent stops to recover the Dunce who was continually falling off his small sled which trailed behind the big sleigh. No Teenie Weenie toes were frost bitten, but some tiny noses were mighty red when the sleigh finally stopped in front of the shoe house. Everyone had a grand time including Nick the squirrel although he did most of the work.

A NIGHTMARE

MOST of the Teenie Weenie men had gone off for the day to cut firewood when the Doctor and the women were called to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Respectable Mouse to help pull the Respectable quadruplets through severe cases of mouse poisoning. The women left Nipper, the oldest of the Teenie Weenie children, under the care of the Chinaman and they asked the Cook to look after Zero, the youngest baby. The Cook, not having much experience in caring for babies, willingly consented and the following hours, he said later, "were one dreadful nightmare!"

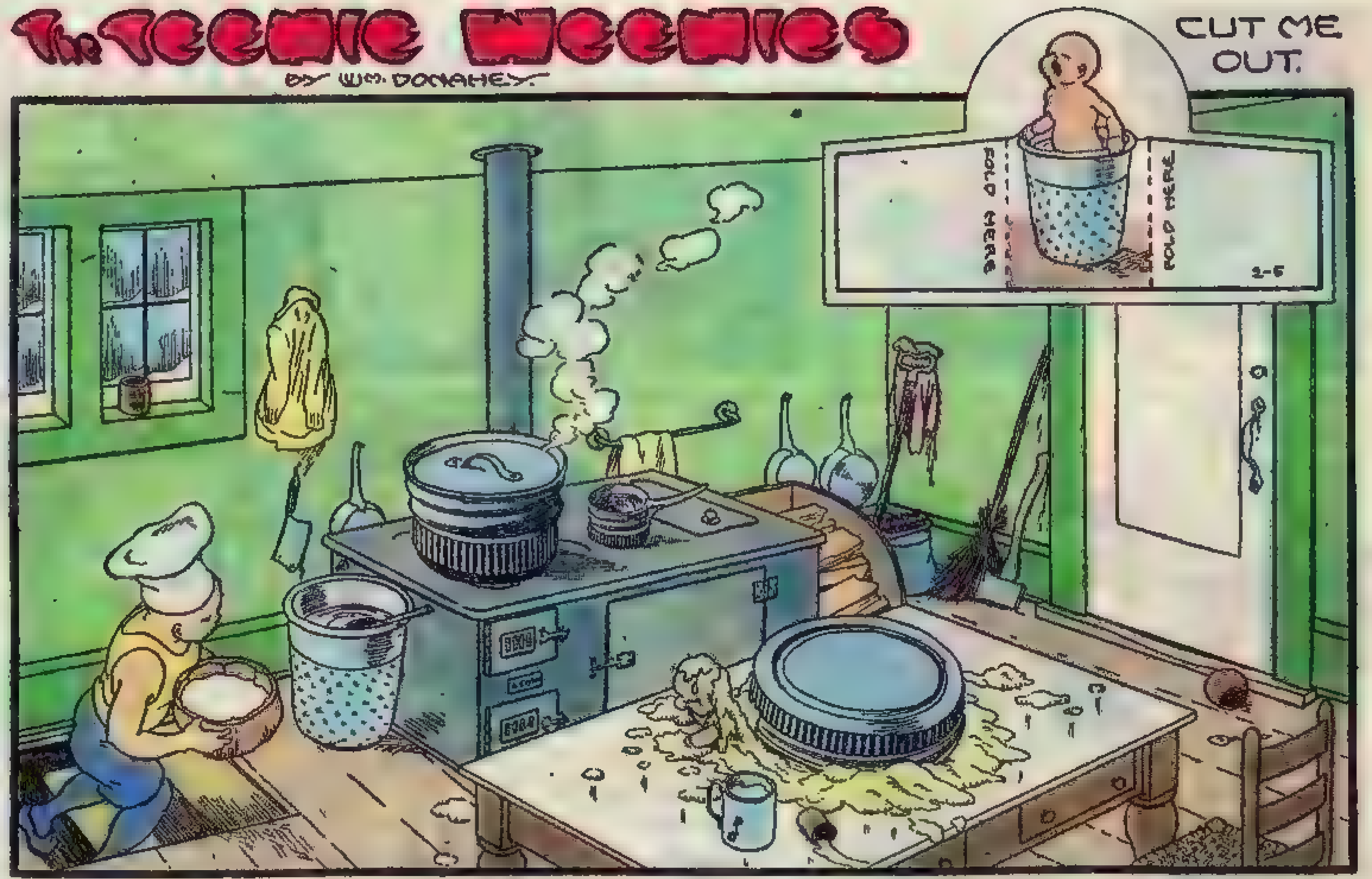
The baby's first quick move was to pull one of the drawers out of the kitchen table, spilling the Teenie Weenie knives and forks all over the kitchen floor. While the Cook was picking up the silverware, the child tackled the firewood box. Before the Cook could stop him, Zero had dropped a stick on his toe and the screams that came out of him were anything but Teenie Weenie. After removing the baby's shoe and bathing the toe in warm water, the Cook persuaded the youngster to stop crying. Zero went back to his play and soon pulled a hazelnut bowl of flour off the table. While the Cook swept up the flour, Zero pulled the drain pipe from under the sink.

In order to keep the mite quiet while he mended the sink, the Cook gave the child a doughnut. That proved disastrous, for Zero promptly choked on the doughnut. He had to be shaken to dislodge the obstruction. This brought more tears, but a drink of water with a bit of sugar in it soon put him in a good humor.

To keep the baby out of mischief while he went to the cellar for more flour, the Cook gave the child a cherry seed bowl and a spoon and left him sitting on the kitchen floor. The Cook ran down to the cellar, filled the bowl and stopped just a moment to remove a sprout from a potato. Then he heard screams from above. Dashing upstairs, the Cook found that the child had climbed up on the table and upset the dough for seven loaves of bread. Zero had to be stripped and soaked in a thimble of water before he could be cleaned.

When the Doctor and the women returned the Cook was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. He was put to bed and given a dose of quieting medicine while the women set new sponge and finished the breadmaking.

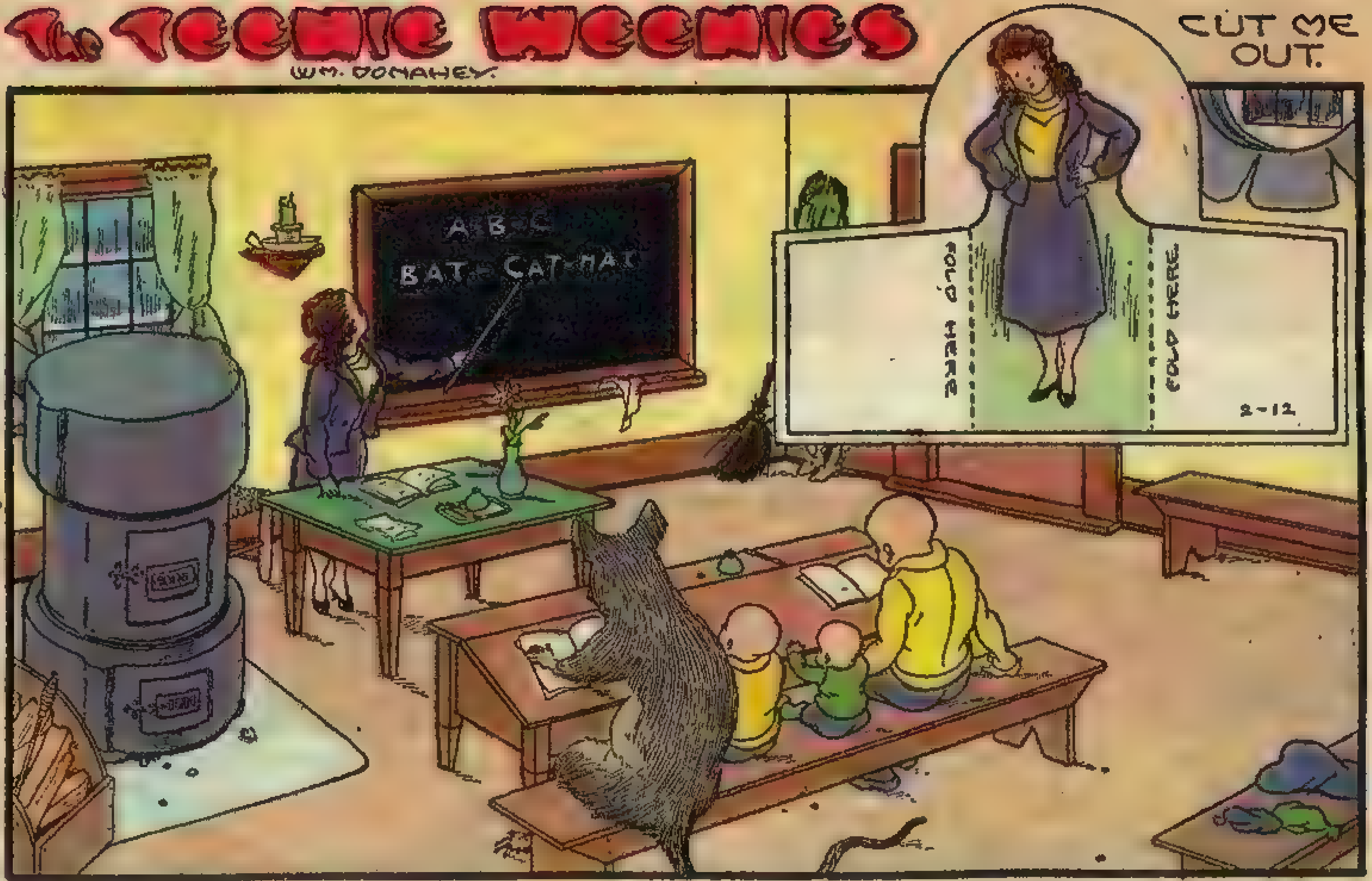
"I am afraid the Cook's career as a baby-sitter is over," said the Lady of Fashion.



AN OBJECTOR.

The Teenie Weenies

WM. DONAHEY.



THE Teenie Weenie school was very late in getting started this year. The tiny thimble stove which heated the place last year failed to keep the schoolroom warm enough and so, while a new stove was being made, there was no school in the Teenie Weenie village. After a great deal of hard work, the little men finally built a fine stove out of a 1¾-inch pipe nipple, and two pipe caps. It takes a lot of heat to keep the little folk comfortable in the half-gallon syrup can they use for a town hall and a schoolhouse.

The Lady of Fashion teaches the three scholars, who are the Dunce, Nipper and his younger brother, Zero. Zero is a bit young to be in school, but, as the General says, "You're never too young to learn." Besides, it keeps that bit of dynamite out of trouble. Ginky asked to be enrolled as a pupil, but the Teenie Weenies thought the mouse was merely trying to get a warm place for himself during the Winter. Finally, though, after Ginky promised to be good, he was allowed to enter school.

Ginky is not stupid. He picks up information quickly and he has learned to talk the Teenie Weenie language after a fashion. The first two days went very nicely. The conceited mouse was attentive and a model student.

Then one morning after the Lady of Fashion had written the day's lesson on the blackboard, Ginky made a violent protest. He jumped to his feet, pointed to the word "cat" on the blackboard and fairly hissed, "I won't have anything to do with that word. It should never be allowed in a free school. It's insulting and an outrage against mouse nature to force it on me."

"But, Ginky," asked the Lady of Fashion, "don't you want to learn something about cats?"

"I know everything there is to know about cats and a great deal more," answered Ginky, in a voice that was actually squealing with anger.

"In that case," said the Lady of Fashion, "there is no need of your coming to school. I think you had better leave because there is nothing we can teach you."

Ginky was so angry he couldn't answer. He caught up the beechnut he had brought along for his lunch and went out, slamming the door so hard he knocked a candlestick off a shelf.

"Hurray!" yelled the Dunce. "Now we won't have that guy here for our St. Valentine's Day party."

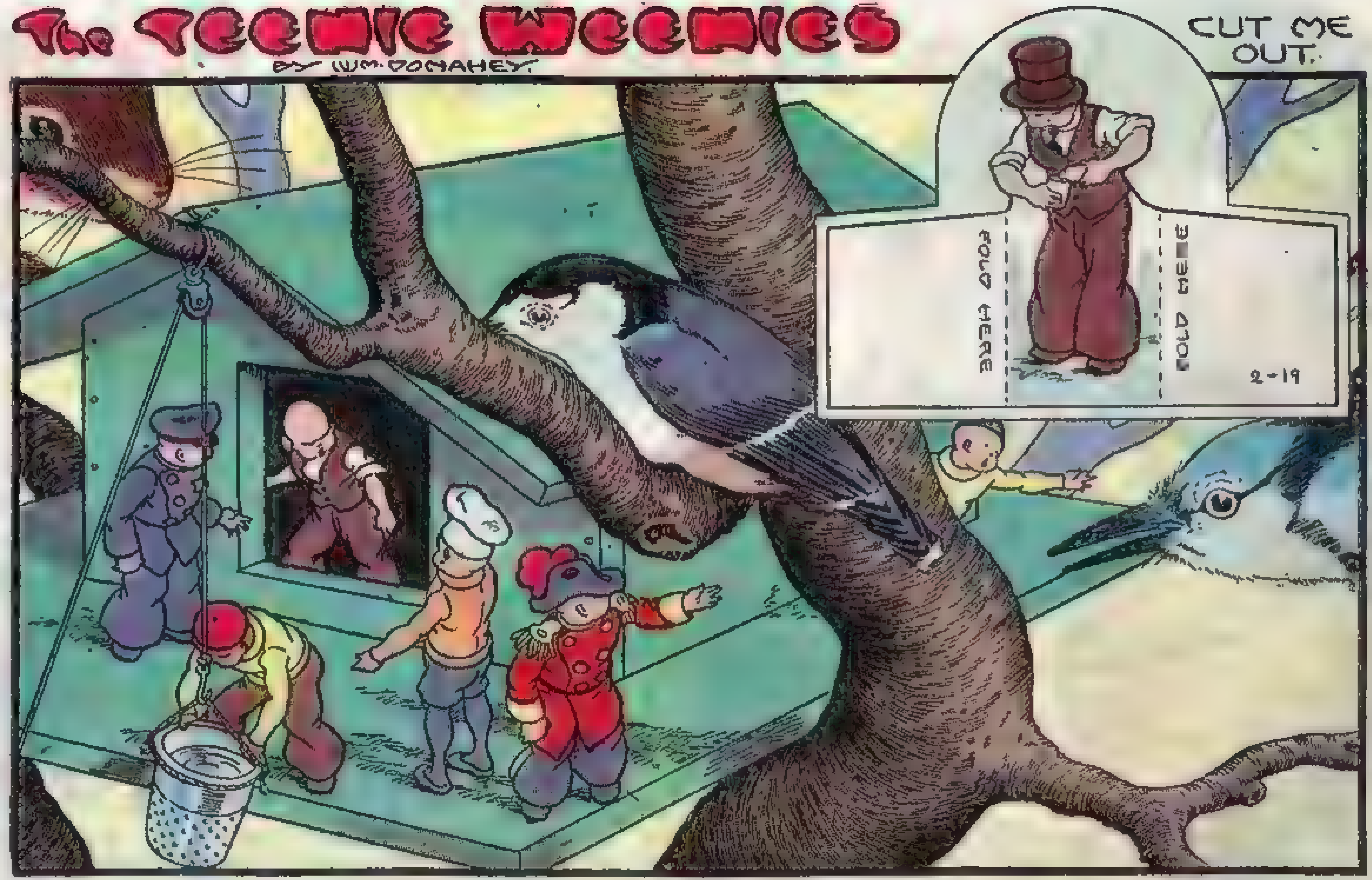
"Quiet!" said the Lady of Fashion. "We will now go on with our lesson."

BOYS AND A GUN.

TOM the Teaser, the big blue jay, brought the news to the Teenie Weenie village. Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, had been shot. She had been sitting on a tree limb beside her home, which is a deserted wren house. Two boys had come along the lane and had hit her with a bullet. The bird had been able to flop into her little house before the boys could fire again. The Teenie Weenie Doctor grabbed his medicine bag and he and the General climbed onto Tom's back. The jay flew them to Tilly's house, high up in a tree near the Teenie Weenie Village.

She had fainted from pain and fright, but the Doctor was able to revive her quickly.

News spreads fast throughout the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village and soon a number of birds and squirrels, and most of the Teenie Weenies, were gathered near Tilly's house. Nick, the red squirrel, carried several of the Teenie Weenie men up to the bird house while the Doctor examined Tilly.



"She's badly hurt," said the Doctor, popping his head through the door of the house. "We need plenty of hot water and bandages."

The Cook soon heated water on the kitchen stove and two of the Teenie Weenie men carried it to the tree in which the bird house stands. Nick offered to carry the men up the tree with the thimbles of water, but they decided most of the water would be spilled going up that way. So the men rigged up a Teenie Weenie pulley. Of course the water was cold by the time the Old Soldier with a wooden leg and his helpers were ready to send it up to the Doctor. More had to be heated and rushed over to the crew working the pulley. But eventually the Teenie Weenies got the water up to the bird house without spilling a drop.

Poor Tilly had lost so much blood the Doctor decided the bird must have a fresh supply. Tom, the blue jay, and a nuthatch offered the necessary blood, which was soon given to the injured bird. The Doctor and a Teenie Weenie nurse watched over Tilly constantly. It was chilly in the bird house, and so the men set up a thimble stove and brought in beds. The Cook sent up their meals and prepared special dishes for Tilly. Tom was very helpful in carrying messages between the bird house and the Teenie Weenie village.

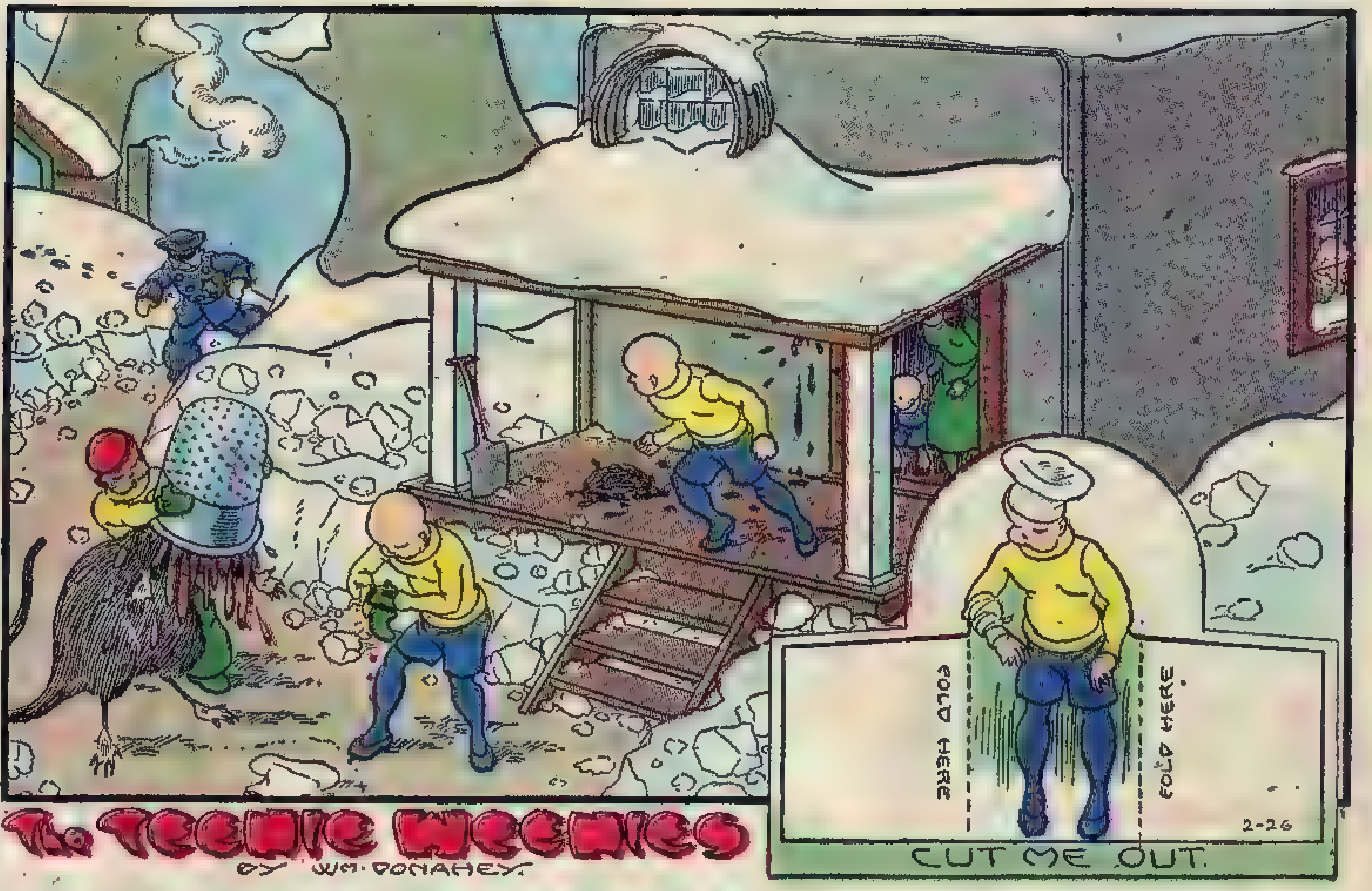
Tilly was mighty sick for more than two weeks, but slowly she began to get well. Besides poor Tilly's suffering, all the little people were put to a great deal of trouble and worry and all on account of two thoughtless boys with a gun.

THAT NASTY MOUSE

GINKY plowed through the snow to the back of the grocery store, hoping to find a scrap of food that had been swept out the door. He was hungry and he was in a spiteful frame of mind because he had been brooding for several days about being expelled from the Teenie Weenie school. He saw a black object lying in the snow. When he picked it up he found it was a ripe olive. It was extremely ripe and Ginky threw it down in disgust, but suddenly a gleam came into his wicked little eyes.

"I'll show 'em it don't pay to throw me out of their measly school," he muttered. "I'll get even for the insult."

Picking up the soft olive, he held it lightly under his paw and tramped through the snow to the Teenie Weenie village. It was a cold day and no one was in sight. After glancing all around to be sure nobody was watching, he walked up in front of the half-gallon syrup can which the village uses for a schoolhouse and hurled the olive with all his might at the building. It just missed the front door, splattered over the side of the schoolhouse and fell with a soft thud on the front porch.



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At that moment, Gogo and the Cook came around the corner with half a thimble of hot soup for the scholars' lunch. The Cook gave Ginky a good scolding, called him some names that would have been better unsaid, and ordered the mouse to clean up the mess he had made. Ginky flew into a rage and knocked the Cook's hat off. The Cook hit Ginky in the nose and the mouse fastened his sharp teeth in the Cook's arm, tearing his sweater and bringing out Teenie Weenie blood. Then Gogo lifted up the thimble of soup and brought it down neatly over Ginky's head, giving the mouse a soup bath.

The loud voices of the fighters and the screams of the Lady of Fashion soon brought the Teenie Weenie Policeman running to the spot. Ginky pulled the thimble off his head and began licking his paws.

The Policeman gave the mouse a sound scolding, marched him out of the village and told him to keep out unless he could behave himself in the future. Ginky strolled off, too busy licking soup off his dirty paws to answer in his usual nasty language. But when he got down to the lane which runs near the Teenie Weenie village he suddenly realized that he had missed a good chance to get into the Teenie Weenie jail, which means a comfortable place to sleep and at least one meal a day.

"It's that fat policeman's fault!" he raged. "He rushed me out so fast I didn't have time to think."

SLUNLIGHT

THE old teapot in which the Teenie Weenie Chinaman lives and does the Teenie Weenies' washing makes a comfortable home and workshop. It is easy to keep warm in Winter and it is the coolest house in the Teenie Weenie village during hot Summer days. However, there were a couple of things about it that could be improved. There were no windows in the upper floor and sometimes, during a hard rain, water dripped in around the lid.

The Chinaman had nagged the men for a long time to cut windows through the side of the pot, but they said it would be difficult to cut the windows and they kept putting the Chinaman off with one excuse or another. They remembered what a big task it was to cut the door and windows on the first floor, and they did not want to tackle another job like that. The Teenie Weenie workmen did seal the lid so that rain seldom comes through, but in spite of all the Chinaman's pleading they never have cut the windows.

"It all time dark upstairs," wailed the Chinaman. "Me have to burn plenty much clandles to all time see."

Finally the Turk, who is a good Teenie Weenie engineer, had an idea. He suggested that the lid of the teapot could be taken off and a skylight built over the opening. The Chinaman was delighted, but weeks went by and nothing was done other than a lot of measuring. There was a tremendous amount of argument among the men as to the best way to build the skylight.

"You mens all time talk, but no do," the Chinaman told the Turk.

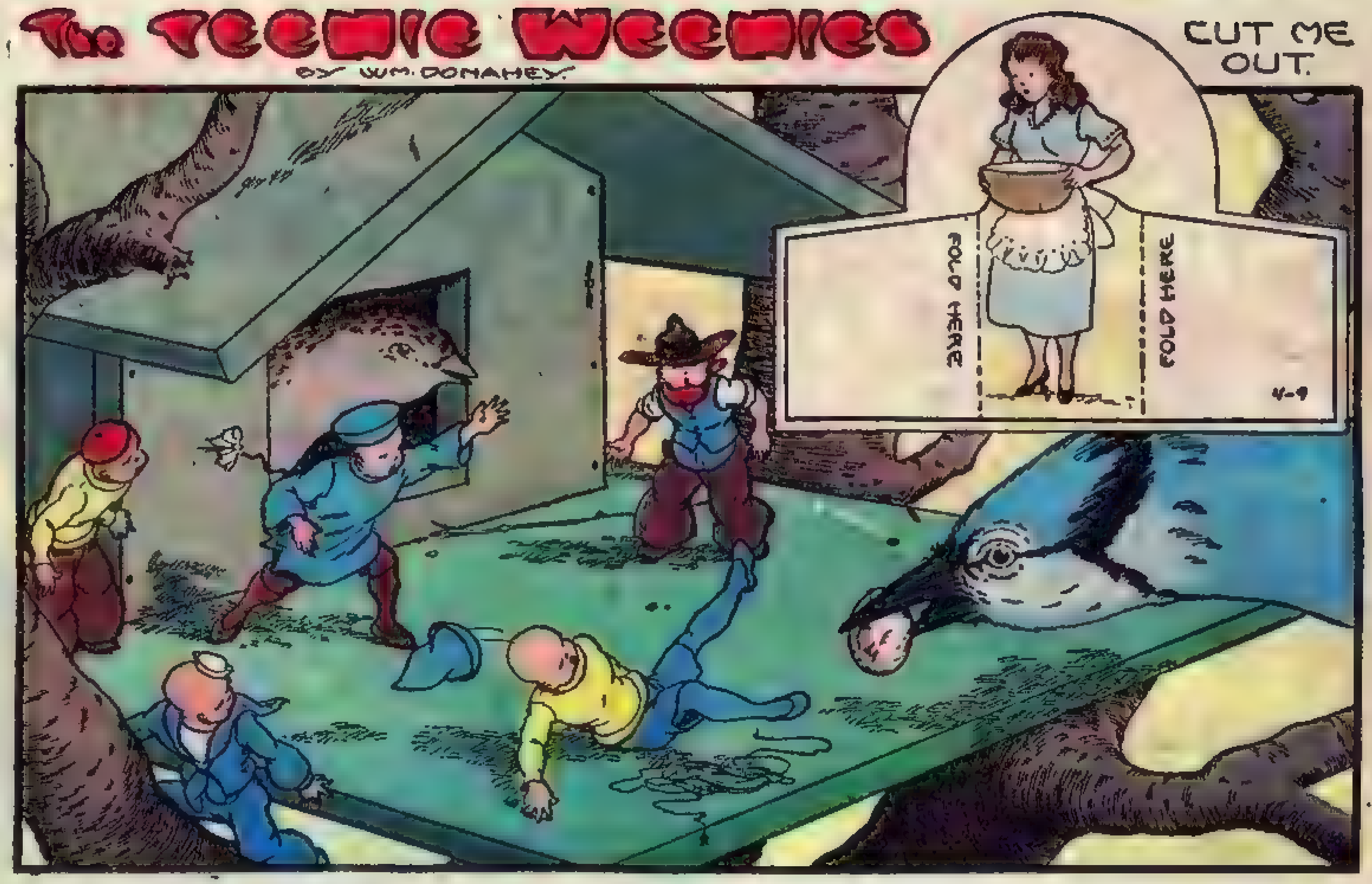
When the men grew tired of arguing over how to put up the skylight they finally went to work. They brought out their Teenie Weenie tools and pulleys and their big windlass and moved the heavy lid from the pot. Then they built a window frame to cover the hole where the lid had been and put in some heavy panes of cellophane to let the daylight through.

The skylight made the dark room lighter than the first floor and the Chinaman was greatly pleased. He made two thimblefuls of chop suey, baked a lot of rice cakes and gave a party.

"Me velly happy over skylights," he told the men. "Now me all times no use clandles. Me see plenty by slunlight."

"Just the same we had better store that lid to the teapot carefully," said the Old Soldier with a wooden leg, "because he may want it back next Summer when the sun shines hot."

AN EASTER THIEF



IT looked very much like an eggless Easter for the Teenie Weenies after they quarreled with the Boomer, a crotchety and noisy old hen who asked a terribly high price for an egg. But Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, promised the little folk a couple of her eggs. She promptly laid one egg on Friday and the Teenie Weenie men brought it safely to the shoe house.

"I'll 'ave the other egg for you in the morning," Tilly told them.

The Cook and the Lady of Fashion decided that the two sparrow eggs wouldn't be enough egg to feed Skippy, the chipmunk, Nick, the red squirrel, and Mr. and Mrs. Respectable Mouse. So they decided to invite Tilly as their only guest at Easter.

"Of course, we can't ask Tilly to eat her own eggs," said the Lady of Fashion. "She is very fond of boiled rice and we can give her a couple of dried grasshoppers."

They decided to use one of the eggs in making a cake and some cookies for the Easter dinner. The other egg was to be hard-boiled and served to the Teenie Weenies in delicate, thin slices.

Early Saturday morning when the Cook and the Lady of Fashion set to work preparing for the feast, several of the men went to Tilly's house for the second egg. The Cook broke open the first egg and the Lady of Fashion had just beaten some of the white in an acorn shell mixing bowl when the Dunce rushed into the kitchen with the news that Tom, the big blue jay, had stolen the second egg.

"I was up in Tilly's house just getting ready to tie a rope to a basket so I could lower her fresh egg to the ground when that ornery bird flew down and grabbed the egg," reported the Dunce.

"OH DEAR ME!" wailed the Lady of Fashion. "We won't have any boiled egg for our Easter dinner. We've already used the first egg for cooking."

"Shucks! Never mind," put in the Cook. "We'll put a couple of frog hams on to boil and we'll have ham for Easter."

It takes a long time to boil two hams. But the dinner was delicious and the Teenie Weenie appetites were even better than usual. So the little people agreed that the party was a great success without the usual boiled Easter egg.

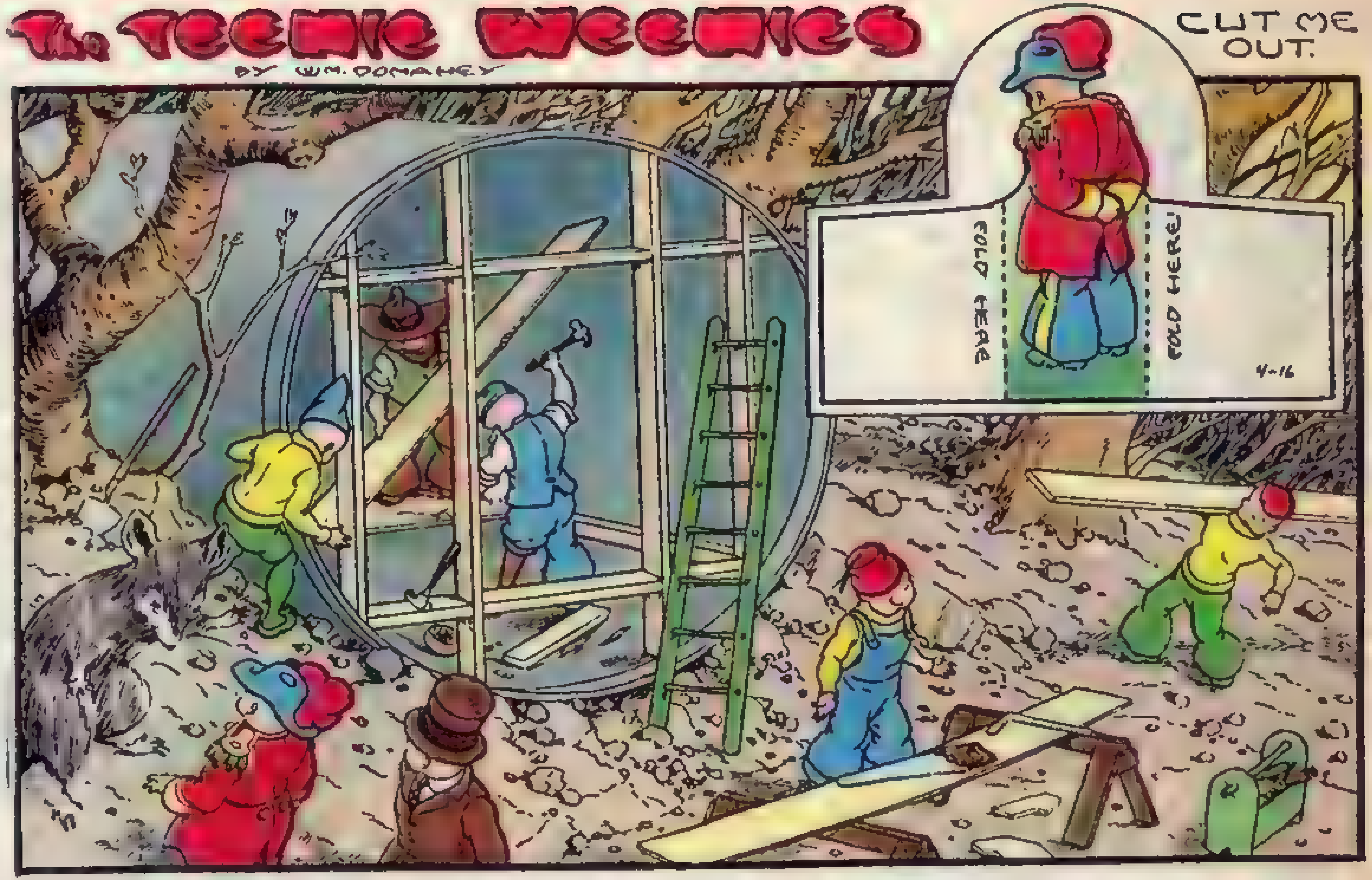
Tilly feasted on two of the dried grasshoppers the Teenie Weenies had saved to buy an egg from the Boomer, and the Teenie Weenie Chinaman brought her some boiled rice from his home in the teapot.

"Tom," said Tilly," is a big tease."

TOO MANY CLOSETS

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM. DONAHEY



MRS. RESPECTABLE MOUSE made up her mind that she wanted her own house, and when she makes up her mind, Mr. Respectable Mouse says, she usually gets what she wants. She hinted many times to the Teenie Weenie General that she would like to have the Teenie Weenies build her a home. Finally, when the General failed to offer Teenie Weenie help, she came right out and asked him pointblank.

"It's for the children's sake," Mrs. Respectable Mouse told the General. "It's damp in our present apartment under the foundations of a big house. Besides, I want to get our little ones away from the influence of cats, traps and poison."

Finally, an agreement was reached for the Teenie Weenies to remodel an old tomato can for the Respectable Mice with the understanding that Mr. Respectable Mouse would do odd jobs for the little people to pay for the building.

A big tomato can was selected from the dump where the big people throw their trash. It was rolled to a spot Mrs. Respectable Mouse selected, painted to keep it from rusting and set in place beneath some bushes. There was to be a floor, ceiling, two bedrooms, a living-room and plenty of closets. The space under the floor and above the ceiling was to be used for storage.

The men set to work and everything went along well for a few days until Mrs. Respectable Mouse, who watched every nail driven in, insisted on more closets. In spite of her constant nagging for more closets, the Old Soldier with a wooden leg, who was in charge of the work, kept his temper and tried to show her that the house would be much too crowded if he let her change the plans.

"But can't you just slip in a little closet here and another little closet over there?" she asked.

"Madam!" answered the Old Soldier. "There is a limit to the number of closets that can be built into a tomato can." With this, he packed up his tiny tools and called the other Teenie Weenies off the work.

Mrs. Respectable Mouse squealed and cried so hard, the Old Soldier was alarmed. Finally, he agreed to go on with the job when she promised to stay away while the men were at work. "And we don't want to hear anything more about little closets, either," growled the Old Soldier.

When Mrs. Respectable Mouse was telling her husband about how "unreasonable" the Old Soldier was about an extra closet or two, Mr. Respectable Mouse hid a smile behind his paws.

ROOM FOR RENT

THE Respectable Mice enjoyed the new house the Teenie Weenies had built for them out of a deserted tomato can. In payment for building their home, Mr. and Mrs. Respectable Mouse had agreed to work for the Teenie Weenies, doing odd jobs around the village. Debt rested rather easily on Mr. Respectable Mouse's conscience, but Mrs. Respectable Mouse, who had a most unusual streak of honesty for a mouse, worried a great deal over their obligation.

The couple spent so much time working for the Teenie Weenies they had little time to gather food for themselves and their four children. Finally, Mrs. Respectable Mouse determined to take in a roomer to help pay the family expenses. She rented Ginky a room much against the advice of the Teenie Weenies.

"He'll trick you," warned the General. "He's a mighty slick mouse."

"Oh, I believe I can handle him," answered Mrs. Respectable Mouse, who managed her husband with great skill.

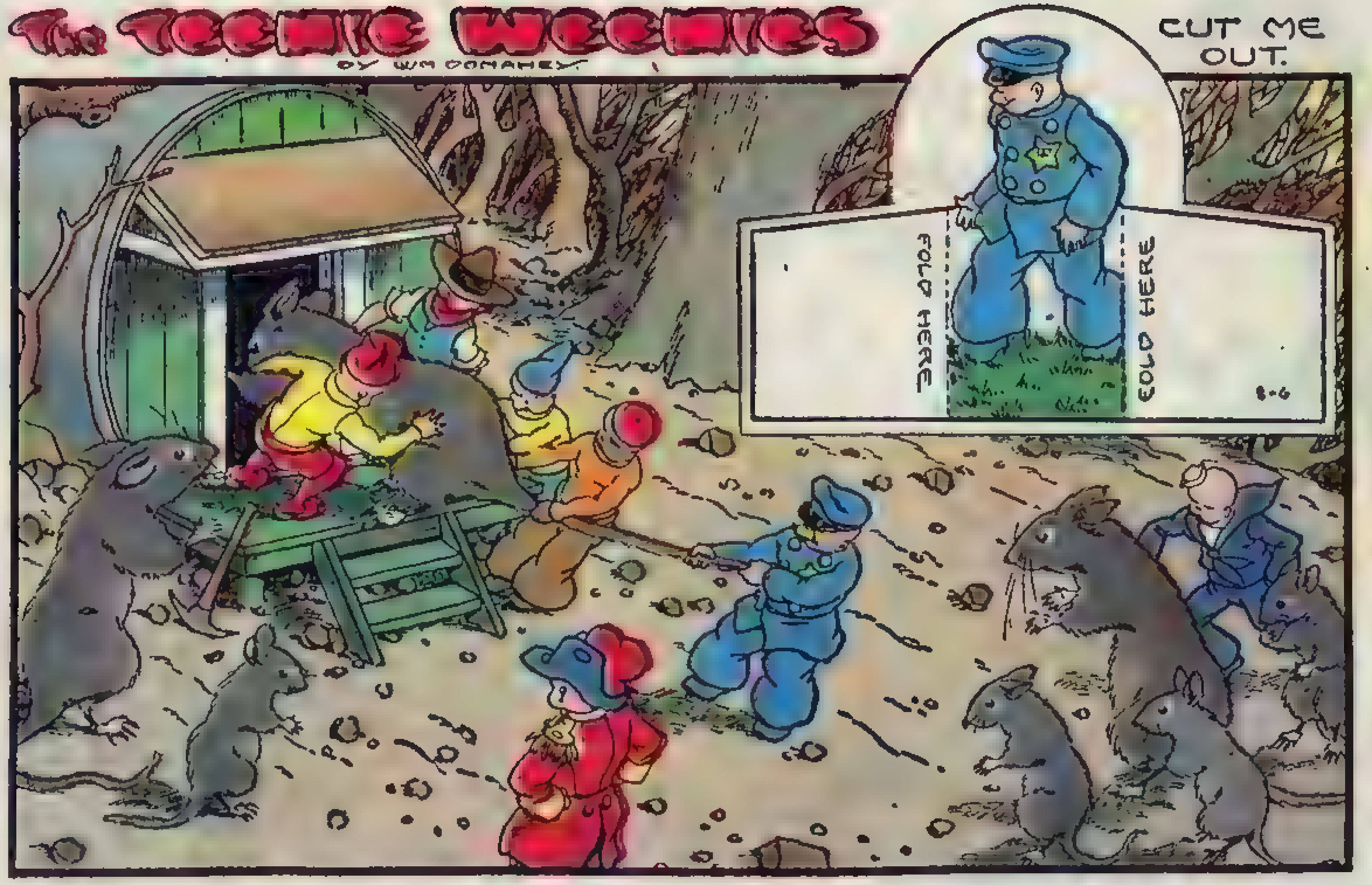
Ginky moved in after paying 110 grass seeds in advance for the first week's rent. But he soon fell behind in his payments. Mrs. Respectable Mouse nagged him for her rent, and he put her off from day to day. Then the landlady began to nag her husband to throw the roomer out.

"Just have a little patience," said Mr. Respectable Mouse. "We don't want to have any trouble with him. He might get nasty."

The days went by without Ginky offering as much as a single grass seed for his rent. Then one morning the roomer put the children out of the house and locked the door. The children came crying to the shoe house, where their mother was washing windows. Mrs. Respectable Mouse appealed to the General for help.

"He'll have to be evicted," said the General. He called a number of the men to join him, and the Teenie Weenies hurried over to the home of the Respectable Mice. Ginky refused to come out, so the little men pried open the door with a Teenie Weenie pickax. They found Ginky in bed, and it took several of the men to drag the roomer out of the house. He became very abusive and threw several rocks, but the Teenie Weenies quickly chased him away.

The quadruplets squeaked with joy when they learned Ginky had been thrown out. Mr. Respectable Mouse gave a great sigh of relief and told the Teenie Weenie Policeman he hoped he would never hear of Ginky again. Mrs. Respectable Mouse was grateful that the General did not say, "I told you so!"



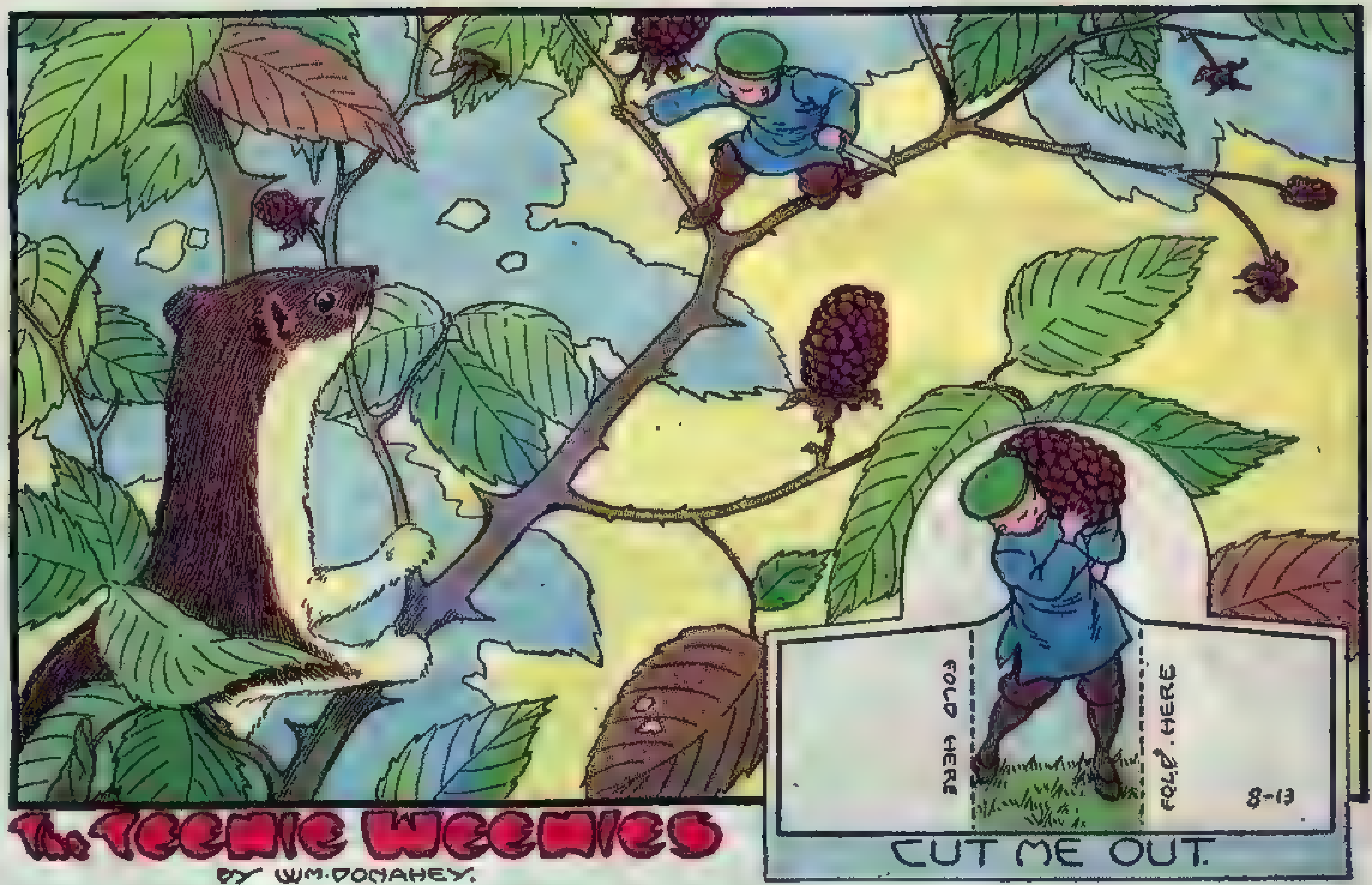
AN ADVENTURE

BLACKBERRY bushes grow in a deserted sandstone quarry not far from the Teenie Weenie village. The little folk are so fond of blackberry jam and jelly, they sometimes venture into the wild tangle of rocks and brush to pick berries. It is a dangerous thing for them to do because weasels sometimes live in holes beneath the rocks. These little beasts are more feared by the Teenie Weenies than bears.

Birds who had flown over the quarry reported that the berries were nearly ripe, but they also told of seeing weasels there. Since none of the Teenie Weenies dared to venture near the quarry while the weasels were there, the Cook gave up the idea of making blackberry jam this Summer.

The Teenie Weenie Chinaman is particularly fond of blackberry jam and he makes some each year for his own use. After considerable debate, he decided to try to get a couple of berries.

"You're mighty foolish to venture into that quarry," the Policeman told him. "I wouldn't take a chance on one of those weasels for a hundred blackberries."



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BY WM. DONAHEY.

In spite of this warning, the Chinaman set off for the blackberry patch. He carried a half-inch Teenie Weenie butcher knife which was as sharp as a razor. He intended to use the knife to cut the berries from the bush and it also would come in handy should he be attacked by a weasel. When the Chinaman drew near the quarry, he moved forward cautiously. He stopped every few inches to listen and to sniff the air, for weasels have a strong odor. He reached the stem of a blackberry bush and climbed up carefully to avoid the sharp thorns. He stopped up near the top where the best berries grow.

He quickly cut off a big berry with his knife and climbed up a bit higher towards another beauty when suddenly he felt the bush shake. Glancing down, he saw a weasel coming up the stem towards him. The Chinaman's heart was pounding with fright and he wished he had listened to the Policeman's warning. Just when the Teenie Weenie was ready to fight for his life, the weasel jumped out of the bush. He found climbing through blackberry briars is painful business.

The Chinaman sat up in the bush for a long time before he considered it safe to come down. He cut off another big berry, made his way to the ground, picked up his berries and set out for the Teenie Weenie village. He arrived safely in record time and was welcomed by all the little people. The precious blackberries made 11 two-drop jars of jelly. This, the Chinaman says, will be shared with the rest of the Teenie Weenies.

STILL HUNGRY

THE TEENIE WEENIE COOK and the Teenie [illegible] [illegible] for several days [illegible] for the annual Hallowe'en party. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Teenie Wee[illegible] [illegible] party [illegible] the [illegible] had [illegible] cook [illegible] when Ginky got news of the party.

[illegible]

"No Ginky, you [illegible]," [illegible] "You generally [illegible] a fight and you eat a [illegible] than your share of the food."

"Well shucks! [illegible]!" [illegible] the [illegible] "Ain't food supposed to be et?"

"Certainly food is supposed to be eaten at a party," answered the Lady of Fashion, "but you are [illegible] eat more than your share [illegible]."

"Well, shucks!" squeaked Ginky. "What's the use of goin' to a party if you can't eat all you want?"

"If everyone ate all they wanted there wouldn't be enough food to go around," said the Lady of Fashion. "You [illegible] expected to eat all you can hold at a party. It isn't polite."

"Skin my tail if I wouldn't rather be [illegible] up than be polite," argued Ginky.

"Well that's why we don't want you to come to our parties," said the Lady of Fashion. "You are not polite."

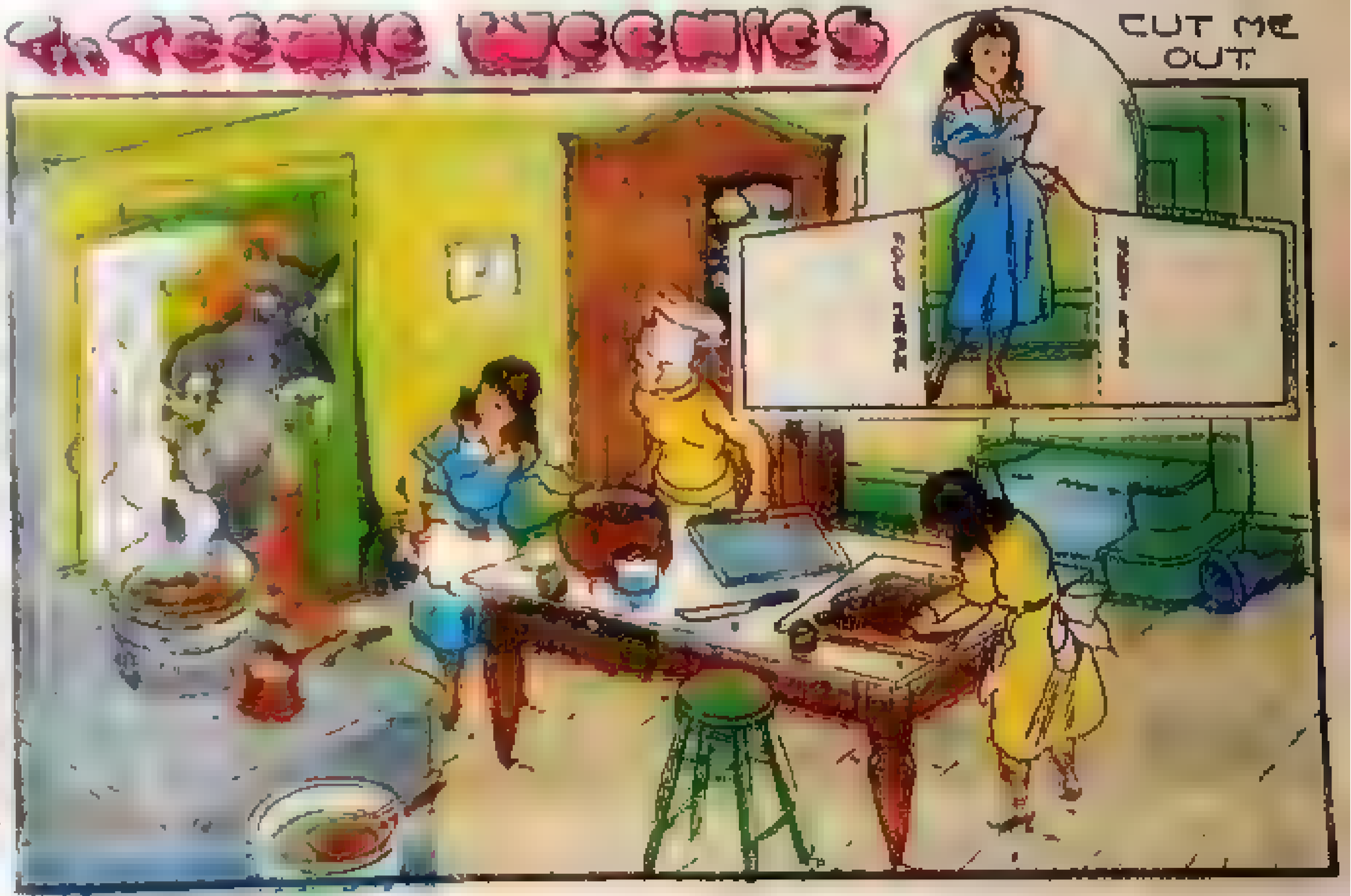
"If you'll invite me to your Hallowe'en party I hope I'm trapped if I don't stay polite," promised Ginky.

"All right, Ginky," said the Lady of Fashion. "We'll give you one more chance to prove that you are a [illegible] if you don't behave yourself you will never be [illegible] again."

Ginky behaved himself very well for a [illegible]. He only ate nineteen doughnuts, seventeen chocolate cookies, drank a great deal of grape juice and spent the rest of the evening staring at the food.

"Now," the Lady of Fashion told Ginky when the party was over, "you behaved very well. Don't you think it pays to be polite?"

"No!" answered Ginky sourly. "I'm still hungry!"



THOUSANDS OF FROGS

"SAY! Jimminie Christmas!" shouted the Dunce one day as he came running up to the shoe house kitchen. "I-I-I've made a discovery—I mean a discovery. I've found something mighty p-p-peculiar in that little pond near the creek."

"Did you find a whale?" grinned the Cook.

"N-N-No," gasped the Dunce. "I found a great bunch of little round things. They are just under the water and they are hanging to a fern leaf. Looks like a lot of little black spots in balls of jelly."

"Frog's eggs," said the Doctor. "Don't touch them and they will hatch out into little tadpoles and later they will grow into frogs."

"Crickety!" exclaimed the Dunce. "There will be a lot of frogs around there."

"Frogs usually lay about five or six thousand eggs," said the Doctor.

"LAWSY!" put in Gogo, "We sure are gonna have a lot of frog meat this year."

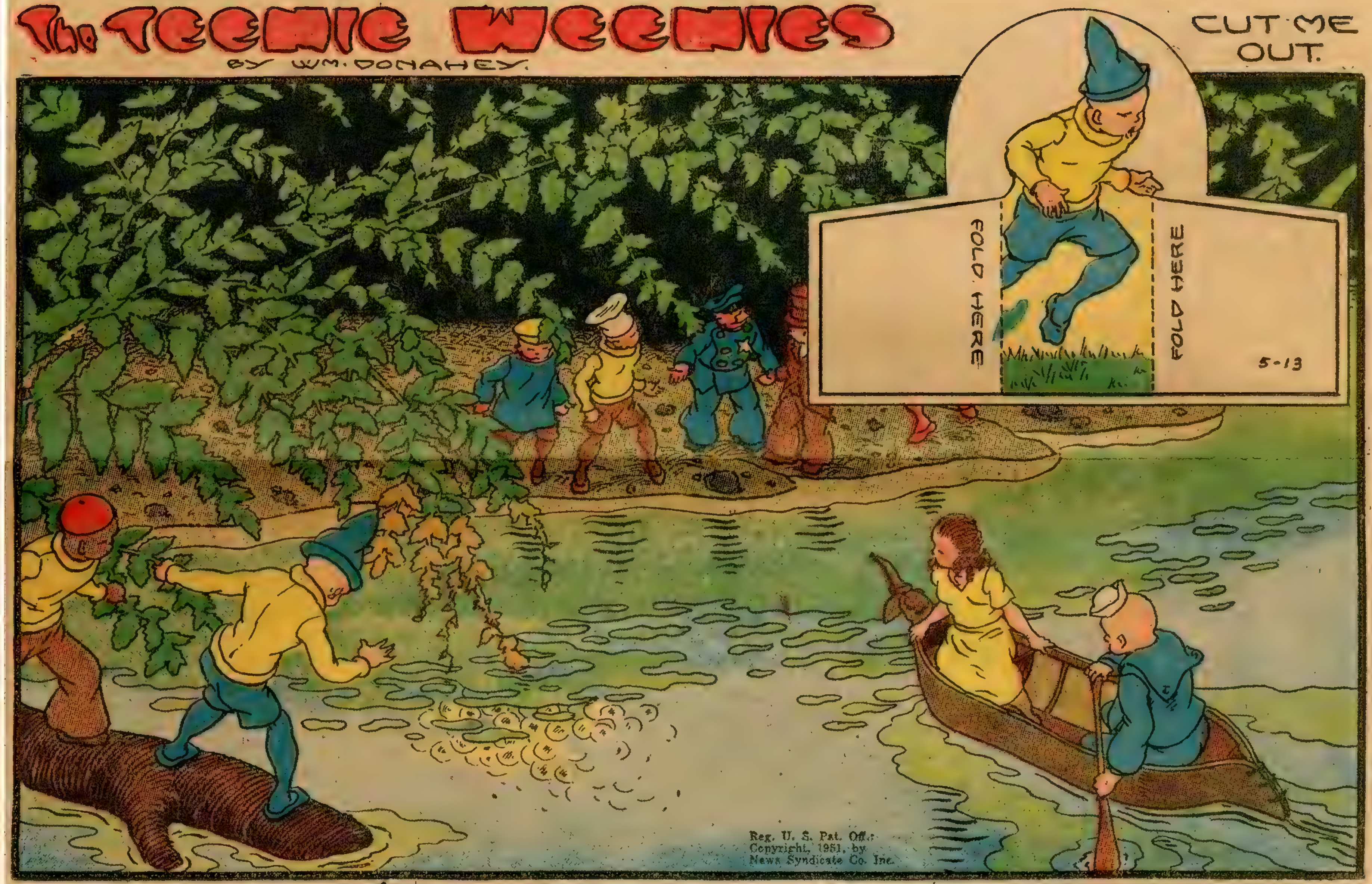
"A lot of those eggs will never grow into frogs," continued the Doctor. "The water bugs and the diving beetles will get a lot of them. Fish and turtles will eat a good many more and only a few of the little frogs will be lucky enough to grow up."

All the Teenie Weenies wanted to see the eggs and they flocked down to the little pond to stare at them. The Sailor carried his pea pod canoe down to the pond and he paddled many of the Teenie Weenies around the eggs for a closer view.

"Now if you keep a close watch on those eggs you will see how they hatch out into little tadpoles," the Doctor told the little folks. "That little black spot in the center of the egg will get bigger in a few days and soon you will see that the tadpole is forming. In another few days you will notice that the tadpole will shake out of the jelly and begin swimming around. In a week or so you will see that the tadpole has grown legs and then later he will shed his tail and then he will turn into a little frog."

"Jinks!" exclaimed the Dunce, "I hope all those eggs grow into frogs for then we'll have all the frog meat we need."

The Dunce was so anxious to see the eggs hatch out he spent most of his time watching them. One day he fell asleep and tumbled into the water but Gogo who was with him fished him out.



Right Into the Kitchen

"NOW that we have an egg it would be nice to make a divinity roll," said the Lady of Fashion.

"You'll have to make it," answered the Cook who never takes much interest in fancy desserts.

The Lady of Fashion took down her tiny recipe book from the shelf over the kitchen sink and began reading. "Chop finely one-half raisin, one-fourth date."

"Haven't any date," put in the Cook.

"We can use dried prune," said the Lady of Fashion, and she went on reading. "One-half hickory nut meat and then moisten this to make a thick paste with orange juice."

"No orange juice either," said the Cook. "But we can use strawberry juice instead."

"Boil to the thread stage two brakens of sugar, one-fourth cherry seed of clover sirup and one-fourth cherry seed of water," continued the Lady of Fashion, "whip until thick. Pour onto waxed paper, cover it with chopped raisin, dried prune, and nut meat. Roll it while hot. Chill before slicing."

The Cook sent the Dunce for a wild strawberry while the Lady of Fashion brought out the various things needed and in a jiffy she set to work making the roll. It was a very warm day and the Cook had propped open the kitchen door for the Teenie Weenie stove heats up the tiny kitchen when it is fired for baking.

The work went on nicely for a few minutes and then with a swish of wind a great butterfly sailed thru the open door and began fluttering wildly about the kitchen. Its great flapping wings knocked things off the wall, brushed dishes from the table and completely wrecked all the work that had been done. The Lady of Fashion is foolishly afraid of butterflies and her screams brought Gogo and the Dunce running to the kitchen. With their help the Cook finally drove the butterfly out of the place.

The kitchen was a mess but the men soon cleaned it up and the Lady of Fashion had to start all over again for most of the material she had prepared was hopelessly ruined. However the Teenie Weenies had divinity roll for supper that night in spite of all the trouble.

Note: A braken is a tiny measuring cup made out of a hollow weed which holds one-eighth of a cherry seed. They are also used as Teenie Weenie drinking cups.

THE POISON CLASS

TEACHING [illegible] the half gallon syrup can which the Teenie Weenies use for a school house is not an easy task for the [illegible] range from Zero and Nipper the Teenie Weenie chi[illegible] as Gogo and the Dunce. The [illegible] quadruplets are also students and they must be taught [illegible] different lines.

"I [illegible] children to know all about poisons," Mrs. Respectable Mouse told the Lady of Fashion. "They do not need to read and write, but it is most important that they know all about poison."

The Lady of Fashion, who teaches the Teenie Weenie scholars, has thought up a very good way to teach the little mice about the danger of poison, and the quadruplets are learning fast, for all of them want to grow up into big strong mice.

Ginky heard about the poison class and one day he knocked on the schoolroom door and asked permission to visit the school. The Lady of Fashion [illegible] in and handed him a chair. Ginky [illegible] the chair up against the wall, crossed his legs and rested his head against the Lady of Fashion's coat which hung from a peg.

"I'd remove the coat," said the Lady of Fashion as she [illegible] it from behind the mouse's head.

"O, I don't mind it," said the mouse. "It makes a soft place to rest my head."

"I don't want it all mussed up," answered the Lady of Fashion [illegible] and she put the [illegible] another peg.

Ginky listened while the Lady [illegible] explained to the [illegible] the danger of poison [illegible] and how to find it. "Never eat food that has been left out where mice might find [illegible]," explained the Lady of Fashion. "Examine it carefully to see that there is nothing on it, especially any powder."

"Shucks," exclaimed Ginky. "[illegible] stuff [illegible] with all that chatter. There's an easier way of finding poison than [illegible] that stuff you [illegible]."

"Well, Ginky," said the Lady of Fashion, "if you have a better way of teaching I'd love to hear it."

"All you've got to do is to first take a little taste of any suspicious food," said Ginky. "Then, if you don't get a belly ache, it's safe food to eat."

"Stomach-ache is better," suggested the Lady of Fashion.

"O. K.," answered Ginky. "They're both the same to me."

NO MATTER WHERE YOUR REAL ESTATE IS LOCATED, A CHICAGO TRIBUNE WANT AD CAN HELP YOU FIND PROSPECTS FOR IT.

A FRIENDLY WARNING

FOR some time Slowsy and another mouse have been living in an old wine bottle that lays half buried in the dump where the big people in the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village throw away their rubbish. The two mice have caused the Teenie Weenies much trouble for they are mighty tough and the little folks have had to keep a close watch on them. Several times the two mice have tried to break into the tomato can in which the Teenie Weenies keep their supply of smoked frog hams, but the little folks have been able to chase them away before any harm was done.

Ginky had run around with the two mice but he soon found that they were too tough even for him, and Ginky is far from being a model mouse. One day he overheard the two mice planning to rob the Chinaman. He hurried to the teapot where the Chinaman lives and does the Teenie Weenie washing and reported the planned robbery.

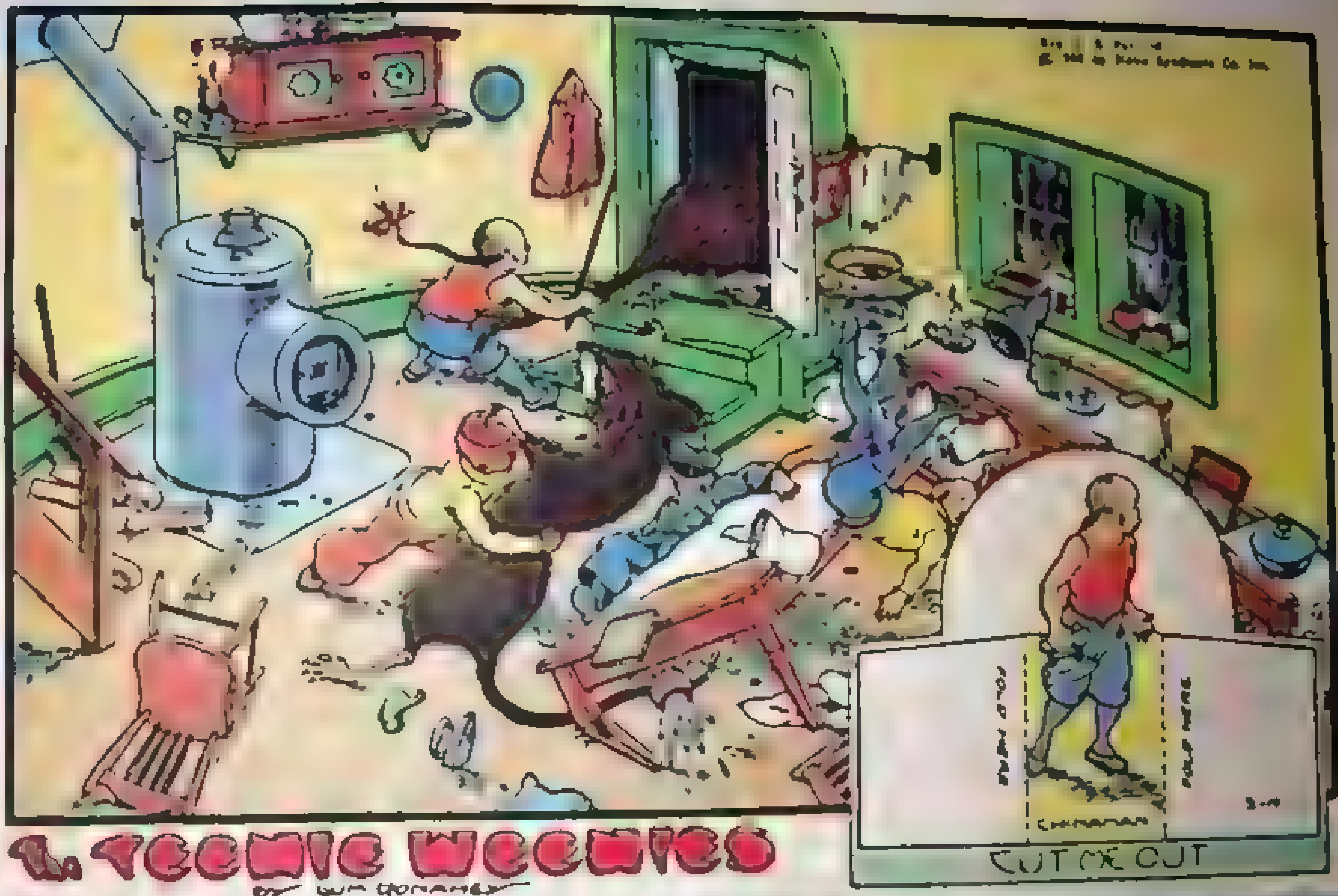
The Chinaman gave Ginky some cookies for his warning and then reported the matter of the robbery to the Teenie Weenie policeman who immediately made plans for the capture of the thieves. Several Teenie Weenie men hid inside the teapot and three others hid outside. When the robbers knocked on the door the Chinaman let them in and then the Teenie Weenies came out of their hiding places and a terrible fight took place.

Slowsy managed to get out of the teapot altho the Chinaman held onto his tail right up to the doorway. He dodged thru the Teenie Weenies outside and managed to escape. However, the other mouse was captured after a great struggle but a lot of damage was done to the tiny furniture in the teapot. The leg of the big table on which the Chinaman does his ironing was broken off, several chairs banged up, a few dishes broken, and a lot of freshly ironed clothes spilled all over the floor.

The captured mouse's paws were tightly bound and he was taken a distance from the Teenie Weenie village where he was freed after a final warning.

"If you and your friend Slowsy ever show up again around here you'll both be carried to Grandma Pettigob's cat, Thompkins," warned the Policeman.

The Teenie Weenies were most grateful for the warning Ginky had given them and as a reward they presented him with five dozen Teenie Weenie doughnuts.



FOSTER PARENTS

THE Turk and the Sailor were hunting mushrooms one morning when they found a young bird. It was too small to fly and the Teenie Weenies could not find the bird's mother or any sign of a nest. It was too young to find food for itself and without its mother it wouldn't last long.

"We can't leave it here. Without a mother to look after it, the poor thing will starve or some animal will get it. We'll have to get it to the village and take care of it. You stay here and watch it while I go to the village for help," said the Turk.

While the Sailor guarded the bird, the Turk hurried to the Teenie Weenie village and reported what they had found to the General.

"We can't leave the bird there," said the General. "Get the cart and haul it back to the village."

"You are letting yourself in for a lot of trouble," put in the Policeman. "It's a big job to bring up a young bird. It will keep most of us busy feeding it."

"Of course we must get the bird and care for it," said the Lady of Fashion. "It would be wicked to leave the poor little thing without a mother's care."

Skippy the Chipmunk was hitched to the Teenie Weenie cart and several of the men went after the young bird. It took five of the Teenie Weenies to get the bird into the cart, and then they drove it back to the Teenie Weenie village.

"We can keep it overnight in the greenhouse until we can build it a home," said the Turk, and he told the Cowboy to drive the cart up to the quart glass fruit jar which the little folks used for a greenhouse. When the cart stopped in front of the greenhouse the Old Sailor with a Wooden Leg came to the door.

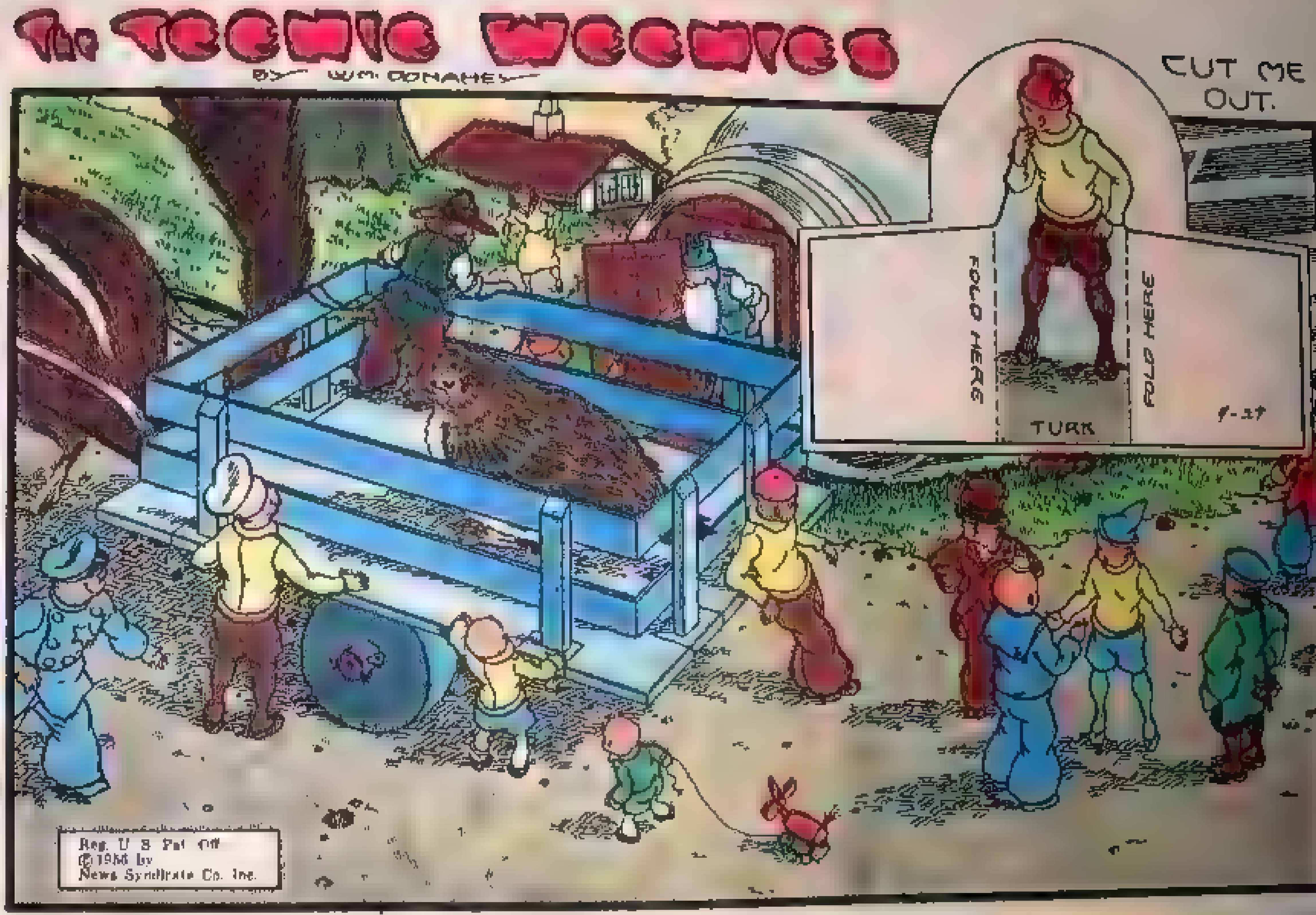
"You can't put that bird in here!" roared the Old Sailor. "It would eat or tramp down all our young garden plants."

"How about putting it in the schoolhouse until we can build it a home?" the Turk asked the General.

"No, we can't do that, for it would be necessary to dismiss school," answered the General.

"Me take birds in," said the Chinaman, and he led the way to the teapot where he lives and does the Teenie Weenie laundry.

"That Chinaman is going to have his hands full takin' care of that bird," said the Policeman.



NO LUCK

"Teeter Totter was an otter,
Wild as she could be.
Peter Potter, when he caught her,
Rode her home to tea

"Mama Potter thought he ought'er
Set the otter free,
But Teeter Totter quickly sought her
To let her stay for tea."

THE Dunce sang the Teenie Weenie song one morning when he brought an armful of stove wood.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Gogo. "You sang [illegible] before breakfast and we goin' fishin' today. That's bad luck."

"Ah shucks," groaned the Dunce. "That's foolish talk."

Gogo didn't mention the matter again but he looked most serious when the two Teenie Weenies stuffed half a small fish worm into a cherry seed, gathered up their fishing tackle and set off for the creek. They cut two twigs from a bush for poles, got into a pea pod canoe and paddled to a shady spot under some ferns where they anchored the canoe and began fishing. The water was muddy and about four inches deep and a good place to catch bullheads, but they didn't get a nibble.

Finally a wasp began flying around the canoe and a wasp is an insect that Teenie Weenies fear. Presently the nervous Dunce picked up the canoe paddle and made a mighty swing at the wasp as it circled overhead. The wasp dodged and the paddle landed on Gogo, who was knocked out of the canoe into the water. He quickly climbed back into the canoe and the Dunce humbly asked his pardon.

"Didn't hurt me any," grinned Gogo, "but you sure spoiled the fishin' now. I told you that singing about animals before breakfast was unlucky."

"Shucks!" said the Dunce. "A wasp isn't an animal."

"Makes no difference," said Gogo. "You all been singin' about that otter and the otter told the wasp about it. The wasp decided to get even for the otter. The birds, animals and fishes don't like singin' before breakfast. They all help each other out so we just might as well quit fishin' for we won't catch anything with that bad luck on us."

The Dunce agreed to stop fishing and the two Teenie Weenies went back to the shoe house where they made molasses candy.

Ready for Winter

THE Teenie Weenies must keep warm during the cold winter days. They do not have gas or oil to heat their tiny houses, so they must depend on wood to keep the little stoves going. They sometimes find a piece of coal, but that makes an awful lot of soot in the Teenie Weenie chimneys. The little folks like wood better for fuel although it takes a lot of work to gather enough to keep them warm.

One morning while the little people were eating their breakfast, they heard the honk of geese as they flew overhead. "Hear that?" asked the Old Soldier with a wooden leg. "The geese are going south and that means it is time to get in our wood before the winter."

"We'd better get busy," said the Cook. "I saw Skippy carrying dry leaves into his nest. He's getting ready to hole up for the winter and if we want him to haul our wood up after we have split it, we'd better get it cut."

Right after breakfast the men set off for the thick bush that grows down by the creek. They hitched Skippy to the Teenie Weenie cart, threw in axes, wedges, saws, a maul and a cant hook and drove to the creek. First, they cut up some fallen limbs, and then they decided to cut down a bush which was partly dead.

"To keep this from falling and lodging on those other bushes we'll have to cut off some of the limbs first," said the Old Soldier.

The Sailor climbed into the bush and sawed off most of the larger limbs, which the men soon cut into lengths for splitting. While the Dunce and the Sailor split the sawed wood, the Turk and Gogo set to work at the big bush. They notched the trunk on the side they wanted the bush to fall and then began sawing on the other side with a Teenie Weenie crosscut saw. When it was nearly sawed through the bush began to sag.

Gogo immediately yelled "Timber!" to warn the other Teenie Weenies to keep out of the way. Everyone scampered to a safe place and the bush came crashing to the ground.

Just after it fell, the Cook and the Lady of Fashion came with lunch for the little woodcutters. The Cook carried two hazelnut baskets filled with sandwiches and the Lady of Fashion brought two Teenie Weenie buckets of hot sassafras tea. After the hungry woodsmen ate their fill, they set to work turning all the branches and the thick trunk into a great pile of firewood.

When they finished Skippy hauled the wood to the village in the Teenie Weenie cart.

AN ANGRY ROOSTER

HERMAN, Grandma Pettigob's rooster, is a most unpleasant fellow. He is troublesome to the Teenie Weenies when they try to buy an egg from one of Grandma's hens. Herman demands half of what the little people pay for an egg. Recently, [illegible] Plymouth Rock hen known as the Boomer, they paid three fat fishing worms. Herman knew nothing about the deal until a foolish young pullet told him, then he vowed he would get even with the Teenie Weenies for "cheating" him.

A few days later when some of the Teenie Weenies were passing Grandma's chicken pen, Herman spied them. He glared through the wire fence and abused the Teenie Weenies at the top of his voice.

"You ornery little potato bugs!" Herman screamed. "You cheated me out of my share of what you paid for the egg you bought from the Boomer."

"Why should you get any pay?" retorted the Dunce. "You don't lay any eggs."

Herman was so angry his comb turned purple. "You sneaking little thieves!" he screamed. "I'll teach you a lesson one of these days."

"You're the thief!" shouted the Dunce. "You're a first-class grafter. You haven't any right to take half the Boomer's egg money."

[illegible] arm and dragged him away from the pen. "You [illegible] Dunce. "Much too much talks. Yelly bads."

"Well, he is a grafter, and he started abusing us [illegible] said the Dunce. "I only told him the truth."

"Because Hermanses is no gentlemanses is no reason for you to be rudeses," said the Chinaman.

Grandma Pettigob sometimes lets her chickens out of their pen, and not long after their encounter with Herman a few of the men were walking at the edge of the woods back of Grandma's house when they saw Herman stalking about looking for choice morsels to tempt his appetite. The moment he caught sight of the Teenie Weenies he rushed toward them.

The little men ran for the cover of some prickly bushes where Herman couldn't follow. He did manage to give the Dunce a glancing peck on the back that sent the Teenie Weenie sprawling under a bush. The Chinaman lost his hat in his race for safety and the angry rooster pecked it to pieces. The Teenie Weenies were so frightened they stayed under the bushes till Herman went home for his supper.

"Bad wordses makes troubles," said the China- [illegible]

Doctor! Doctor!

THE TEENIE WEENIE Indian lived comfortably in the tomato can the Teenie Weenies furnished for him. It stands in a lonely spot near the creek which runs not far from the Teenie Weenie village. There is plenty of firewood in the thick brush nearby and the can had been stocked with plenty of food to last during the winter.

The Indian likes to live alone, but some of the Teenie Weenies often visit him and that helps pass the time. The Indian adopted a chickadee which spent the winter with him. The Indian and the bird became great friends. The Indian fed the bird until it gave up hunting for its own food. It became fat and lazy and spent most of its time sleeping. When spring came the Indian, who knows a great deal about the habits of birds, knew it soon would start its spring migration to the north but when it showed no signs of leaving the Indian became worried. The bird ate little and slept most of the time. The Indian brewed medicine from roots and fed it to the chickadee, but that did not seem to help it.

Finally the Indian asked the Doctor to come and see the bird. He arrived with his little medicine bag and several other Teenie Weenies. The Doctor listened to the bird's heart and breathing with his tiny stethoscope. He looked at its eyes and examined its tongue and then asked the Indian what the bird had been eating during the winter.

"Plenty meat," answered the Indian. "Me chop up fine plenty frog ham for bird."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the Doctor. "No wonder the bird is sick. Frog ham is salty and that's not good for it. You've got to get some fresh insects and caterpillar eggs for this bird to eat if you want it to get well."

Some of the Teenie Weenie men helped the Indian find insects in old logs and under stones. They gathered many caterpillar eggs from beneath the bark of trees and soon the bird was eating so much it kept the little men busy finding enough food.

In a short time the chickadee seemed quite itself again and one day it flew away toward the north. The Indian was lonesome for a time, but he felt sure the bird would come back when it flew south with the rest of the birds next fall and perhaps would spend another winter with him.

A BIG ONE

The Teenie Weenies

CUT OUT

FISHING in the creek that runs near the Teenie Weenie village had been very poor. [illegible] and the Chinaman, who [illegible] had spent many days [illegible] make one catch. Finally, [illegible] crawled out on a bush [illegible] hung over the water and tied a stout line to it. [illegible] baited the hook with par[illegible] fish worm and dropped [illegible] the water.

[illegible] "I'll just let this [illegible] maybe a fish [illegible] and get hooked."

[illegible] the hook, but they were always disappointed. One day the [illegible] had been taken off the ho[illegible] encouraged them to [illegible] again.

"We all time catches a fishes sometimes," said the Chinaman. "All time have to be much [illegible]."

[illegible]rning while Skippy, the [illegible] chipmunk, was running [illegible]eek he saw that a fish [illegible] lives and with much [illegible] that there was [illegible]

It was [illegible] by the Chinaman and the Cook. The other [illegible] stood on the shore and screamed advice. The Sailor brought out a pea-pod canoe he had [illegible]

[illegible]ater.

[illegible] to the surface so I can hit it with the paddle."

The Dunce gave a mighty pull. The fish's tail came out of the water, then it [illegible] jerked the Dunce off the limb. [illegible] the canoe, upsetting it and spilling the [illegible]

After several hours' work, the men fi[illegible]

[illegible] inch perch. [illegible] Weenie cart, and Skippy [illegible] to the village.

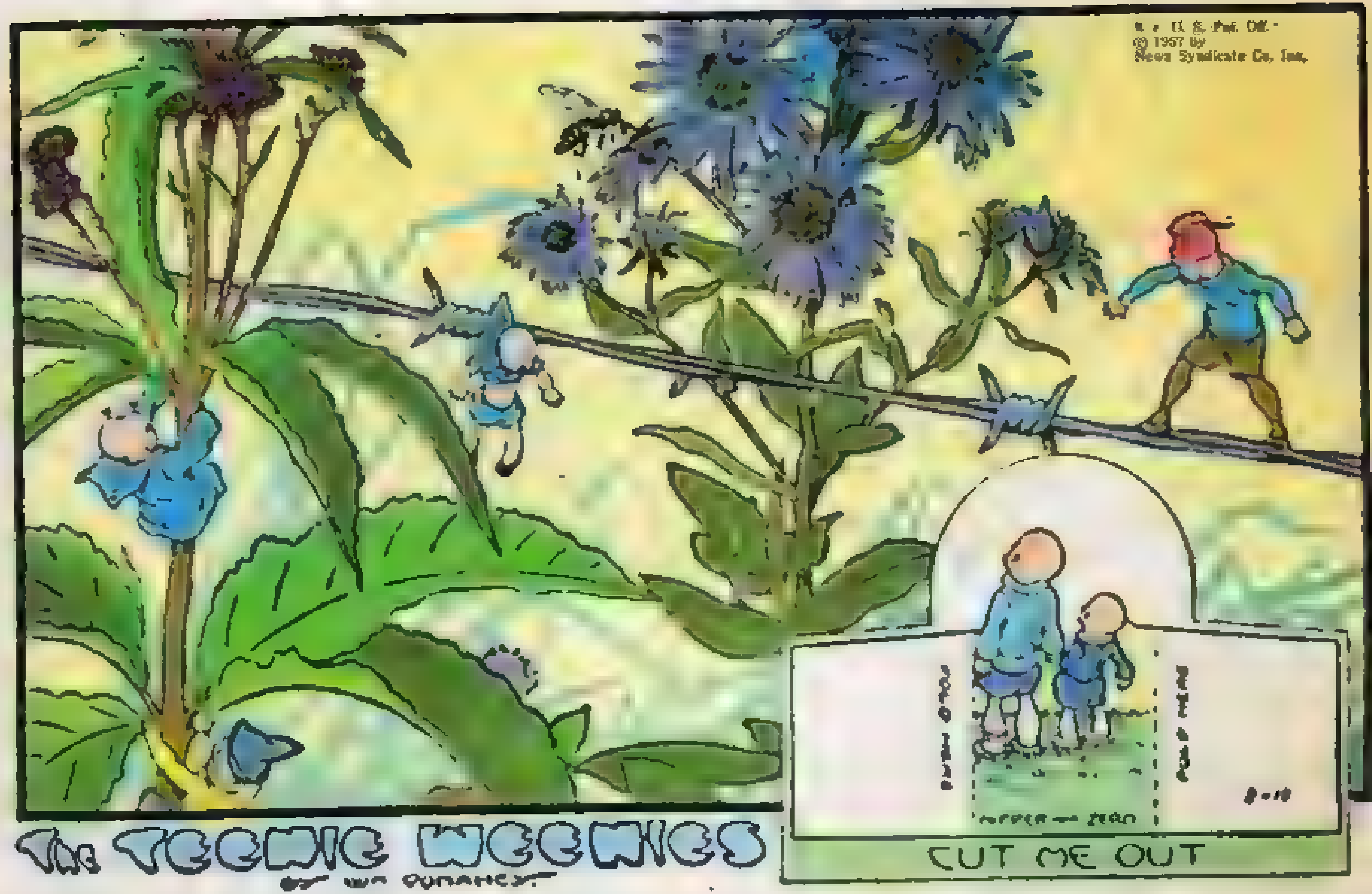
[illegible] had a fish dinner that night, and the Cook still [illegible] The head was [illegible] to Tompkins, Grandma Pettigob's [illegible]

[illegible] are planning to go [illegible]

NIPPER NIPPED

TESS TURK hurried over to the shoe house to borrow a cherry seed of sugar while her two children were sailing paper boats in the wading pool their father made out of a discarded butter chip. But Nipper, the oldest of the two boys, seldom loses an opportunity to go places. As soon as their mother was out of sight, he took his baby brother, Zero, by the hand and they set off in search of adventure.

They headed up the tiny trail toward the big lane which passes near the Teenie Weenie village. They stopped for a few moments to poke sticks down an ant hill, and then they chased a grasshopper until it became lost in the thick grass. Finally, they arrived at the edge of the lane just as an automobile came by. The mites were bowled over by the rush of air as the car roared past. After the two explorers picked themselves up out of the grass beside the lane, Nipper decided to return home. Then he spied a stand of purple asters.



The Teenie Weenie child longed for one of the flowers, but it was impossible to get through the tangle of matted grass that grew around the wild asters. As he looked about, he noticed a stalk of Joe Pye weed in a little clearing. It was leaning against a wire fence, so Nipper climbed the weed, reached the fence and crawled along a strand of wire until he was near the asters.

Just as he stood up to reach one of the flowers, a bee flew past. Nipper dodged and lost his balance. Fortunately his clothes caught on the fence. But there he dangled.

Meantime, the children's mother borrowed the sugar and started out of the shoe house. But she stopped to admire a new dress the Lady of Fashion was making out of some very fine spider web cloth. Poor Tess stayed longer than she intended and when she got home, her children were not in sight. After considerable searching, some of the Teenie Weenie men heard Nipper's cries and found him caught about 30 Teenie Weenie feet above the ground.

The child was unhooked and passed safely to the ground, where he was given a lecture on the dangers of running away. Above all, the boys were warned, they must stay away from the big lane because a motorist would never see them in time to avoid hitting them.

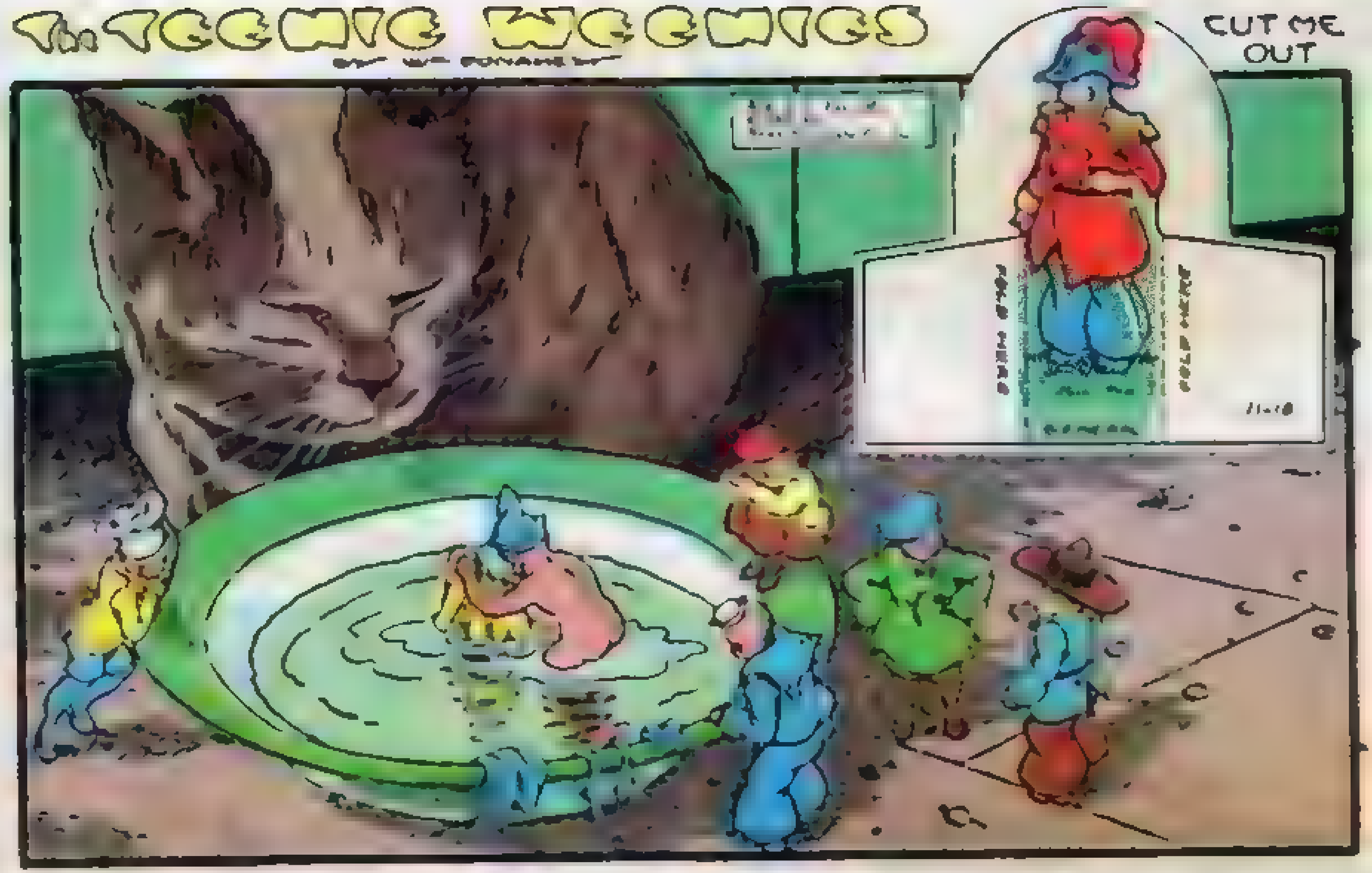
"Nipper ought to get a good spanking," grumbled the Policeman.

"No!" answered the children's mother. "That would break his spirit."

"Not that kid's spirit," the Policeman retorted.

GREEDY DUNCE

The Teenie Weenies



IT was a bit lonesome in the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village, for most of the birds had gone south to stay till spring and Skippy, the friendly chipmunk, had gone underground for his long winter sleep. Nick, the friendly red squirrel, was resting in his hole high up in a big tree with lots of nuts in his storehouse. Even the Rhyming Rabbit stayed at home in the chilly November weather.

"Jiminie fishhooks!" exclaimed the Dunce, as he stood looking through one of the shoe house windows. "It's lonesome around here with all our friends gone. Wish we had something to do."

"Let's go over to Grandma Pettigob's house," suggested the Sailor. "We always find something interesting over there."

That suggestion pleased several of the Teenie Weenies. They picked up the Chinaman and stopped in the Teenie Weenie workshop to get the Cowboy to go along.

When the little men came to Grandma Pettigob's house they made sure that she wasn't at home before they went in. Grandma's old cat, Tompkins, was snoozing near the kitchen stove, but he seldom bothered the Teenie Weenies so they decided to look around the place.

It didn't take long for the always hungry Dunce to find something to eat. In the kitchen sink he discovered a bowl in which Grandma had whipped some cream for a dessert. Although the other Teenie Weenies tried to tell him he was taking dangerous chances, he leaped up to reach the rim of the bowl. He made it, but slipped and fell into the bowl.

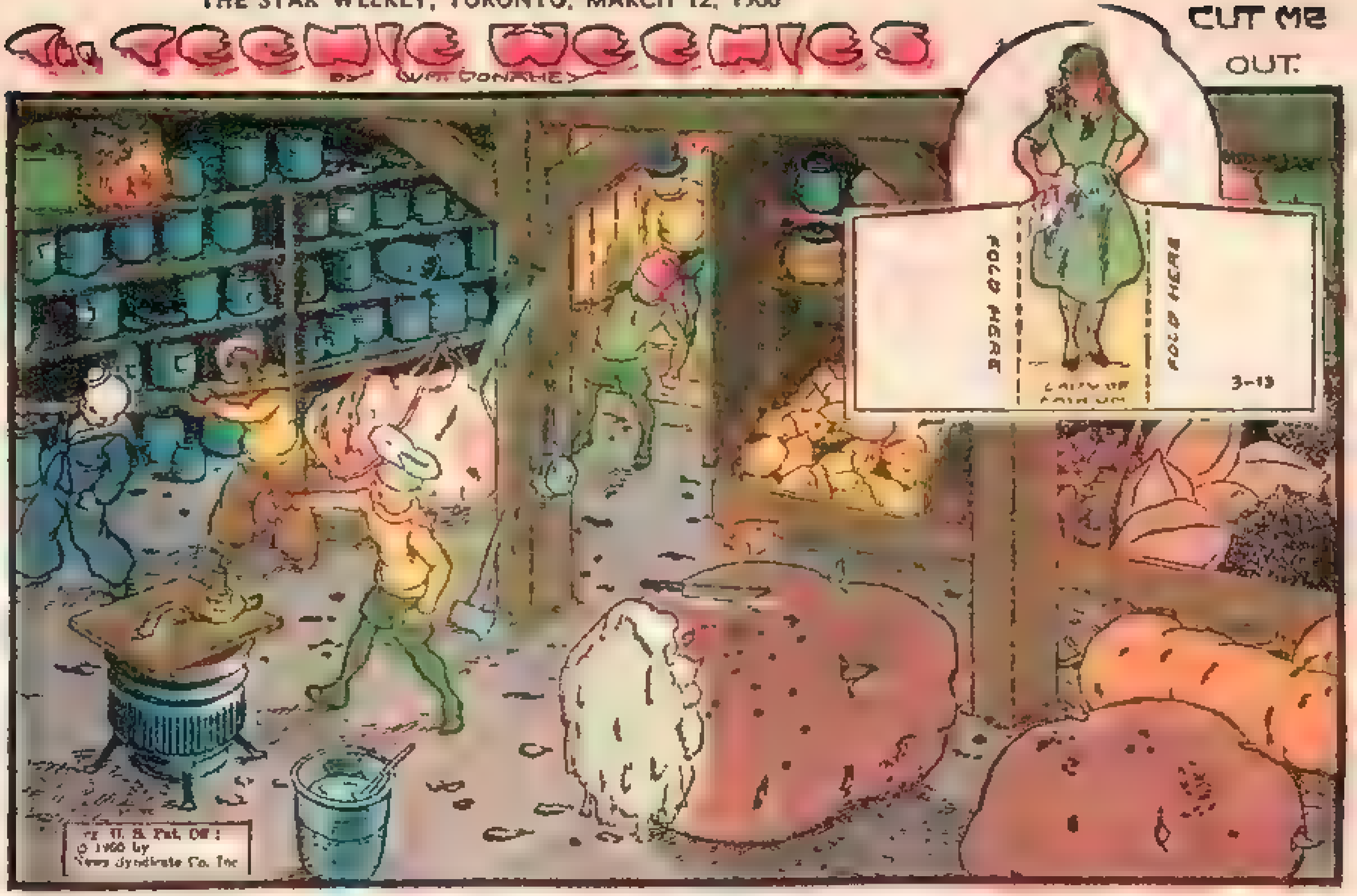
At first, the greedy Dunce didn't worry because he saw he could eat all of the whipped cream he wanted for once. Finally he crawled out by climbing up the beater Grandma left in the bowl. But his clothes were covered with cream and he knew the General would punish him if he discovered he had been meddling with big people's things.

The Dunce decided to wash his clothes in a saucer of water Grandma kept on the floor for Tompkins. Stripping, he climbed into the dish to do a clean-up job. The other Teenie Weenies stood around and gave advice. Even Tompkins interrupted his nap to watch. In fact, Tompkins was smiling, a rare thing for him to do.

Without soap to get the greasy cream out of his clothes, the Dunce didn't do much to improve his appearance. When the General saw him, he sent him to bed without supper. The Dunce didn't mind that much, but he did long for some of the raisin pie the little people were having for dessert that night.

Jam and Jelly Again

The Teenie Weenies by William Donahey



THE Teenie Weenies always store plenty of vegetables in their cellar to last through the winter. They lay in plenty of hazelnuts, hickory nuts and black walnuts to provide the oil they use in their cooking. They also gather a supply of corn, wheat and wild rice each autumn at harvest time.

Of course the little people never eat a whole potato or carrot at one meal. But they have a way of preserving vegetables when they cut off a small piece now and then for daily use. They heat wax in the cap of a catsup bottle and when a piece has been cut out of a potato they immediately cover the raw surface with heated wax. That keeps the air out and helps to keep the vegetable fresh so it can be cooked as it is needed.

The little people put up many 10 and 5-drop jars of jam, jelly and apple butter, for they are fond of such sweets. They dry cherries, a peach and an apple because it takes a lot of fruit to last the village through the winter. This year they seem to have eaten more than usual, for only a few jars of jam and jelly were left in the cellar.

"I don't know where all our spreads have gone," said the Cook. "If we expect to have jam or jelly we must find something to make it from."

"I'll keep a close watch back of the grocery up on the lane," the Policeman promised. "Sometimes they throw out an apple or two that we can get lots of good fruit from."

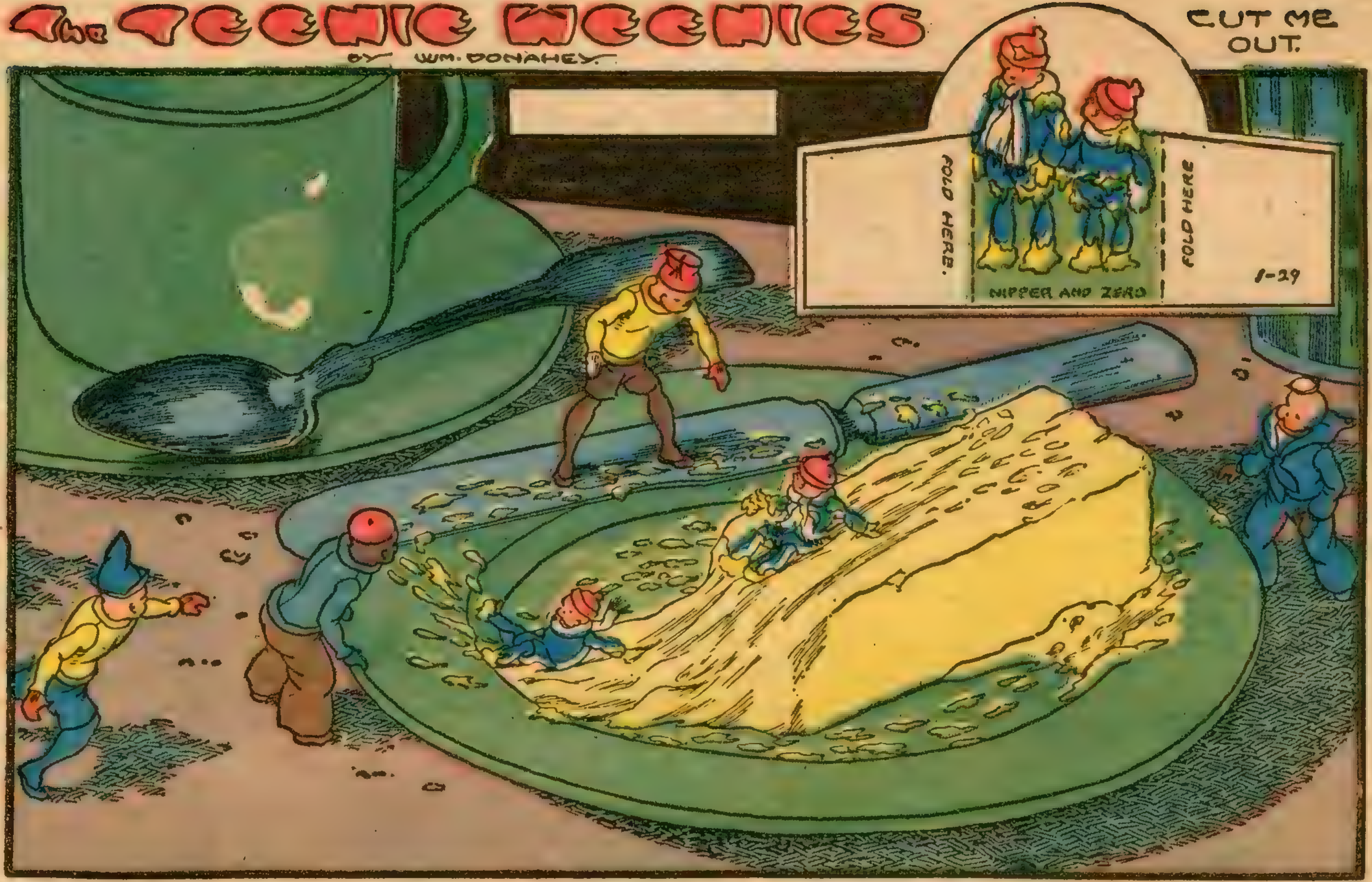
The little Policeman made several trips each day to the back of the grocery where the big people in the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village buy their food. After more than a week of patient watching, he reported that he had found an apple and half of it seemed to be usable. Several of the Teenie Weenie men hurried over to the grocery with some Teenie Weenie tools. They cut off the part of the apple which could be used and tied the piece of fruit to a long pole. Four of the men carried it to the shoe house and put it in the cellar. Then the Cook and Gogo peeled the piece of apple and cut it into suitable slices for Teenie Weenie cooking.

The Lady of Fashion and Tess Turk washed many 5 and 10-drop fruit jars and in a couple of days these were filled with apple butter and stored in the shoe house cellar. Besides apple butter, the Cook made fresh apple pies and all the little folks were happy.

BUTTER BALLS

The Teenie Weenies

by Wm. Donahey



NIPPER and Zero, the two Teenie Weenie Turk children, managed to evade the watchful eye of their mother and set off on the Teenie Weenie trail that leads up to the lane where the big people live. They reached the lane just in time to see Grandma Pettigob going to the grocery store to do her marketing, and they headed for the old lady's house, because many interesting things are to be seen there.

The two boys crawled through the crack under the kitchen door and looked about. Tompkins, Grandma's old cat, was curled up under the kitchen stove. He opened one sleepy eye, stretched and went back to dozing. The children waited to be sure he was asleep, then they headed for the kitchen table, where they sometimes find crumbs of coffee cake or other tidbits. Teenie Weenies are expert climbers and with Nipper helping his brother, they soon reached the top of the table.

Grandma had left her breakfast dishes on the table. After tasting a few crumbs of toast, the youngsters began to explore. Nipper climbed up onto a small plate where Grandma had left a stick of butter. He discovered it was slippery and decided that it would make a fine slide. After watching Nipper make several exciting swoops, Zero joined the fun.

Their disappearance was soon discovered in the Teenie Weenie village and their father finally traced them to Grandma's house with the help of other Teenie Weenies. The men heard the children's screams of delight in Grandma's kitchen. Climbing up onto the table, they saw the well buttered pair at play.

"Get out of that butter this minute!" shouted their father.

"Good slide," shouted Nipper. "Not cold like snow."

After getting his sons out of the dish, the Turk hurried the two butter balls home. As soon as their mother saw them, she stripped them, bathed them and dressed them in clean clothes.

"We've got to clean up that mess the children made at Grandma's house," the Turk told the other men in the rescue party. So they went back to her house carrying plenty of rags, hazelnut shell buckets and some Teenie Weenie shovels to smooth out the sliding streaks on the butter. They did such a neat job that Grandma never suspected what had happened.

KEEP 'EM BUSY

The Teenie Weenies

By Wm. Donahey

THE LAZY male mice in the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village are in terror of Aunt Tess, the Old Soldier's sister. Aunt Tess, who has recently come to live in the Teenie Weenie village, is full of energy and she keeps everyone busy. She is particularly critical of Mr. Respectable Mouse because he will not do a bit of work and lets Mrs. Respectable Mouse support him and their four little mice without ever lifting a paw.

One day when Mrs. Respectable Mouse had promised to help Aunt Tess wash the windows in the coffee pot home of the Turk family, she failed to keep the appointment. Aunt Tess thought somebody in the Respectable Mouse family might be sick, so she set off for the tin can bungalow which the Teenie Weenies built for the mice.

Mrs. Respectable Mouse told Aunt Tess that her husband had promised to watch the four little mice so she could go to the Teenie Weenie village to help with the cleaning. But Mr. Respectable Mouse disappeared and that meant she had to stay home, because she couldn't leave the young mice alone.

"Where did he go?" asked Aunt Tess.

"I suppose he is at the dump where the big people around here throw away their trash," Mrs. Respectable Mouse answered. "He usually spends most of his time there with that terrible Slowsy and his disreputable friends."

Aunt Tess tossed her head and set off with determined steps in the direction of the dump. In a short time she returned, leading Mr. Respectable Mouse by the ear. He looked sheepish but did not try to break away.

"I put that batch of lazy mice to rout and here's your husband," Aunt Tess told the astonished Mrs. Respectable Mouse. "He's going to stay right here until you come back or I'll know the reason why! Give him a broom and he'll sweep off the porch and then give it a good scrubbing. He might as well be busy while he is watching over the children."

Mr. Respectable Mouse meekly took the broom and began sweeping off the porch. His wife told the little mice to play in their own yard, and she set off with Aunt Tess.

"You've got to keep a husband busy if you want to keep him out of trouble," Aunt Tess told Mrs. Respectable Mouse. "Don't give him a chance to loaf while you work."

FISH BY AIR

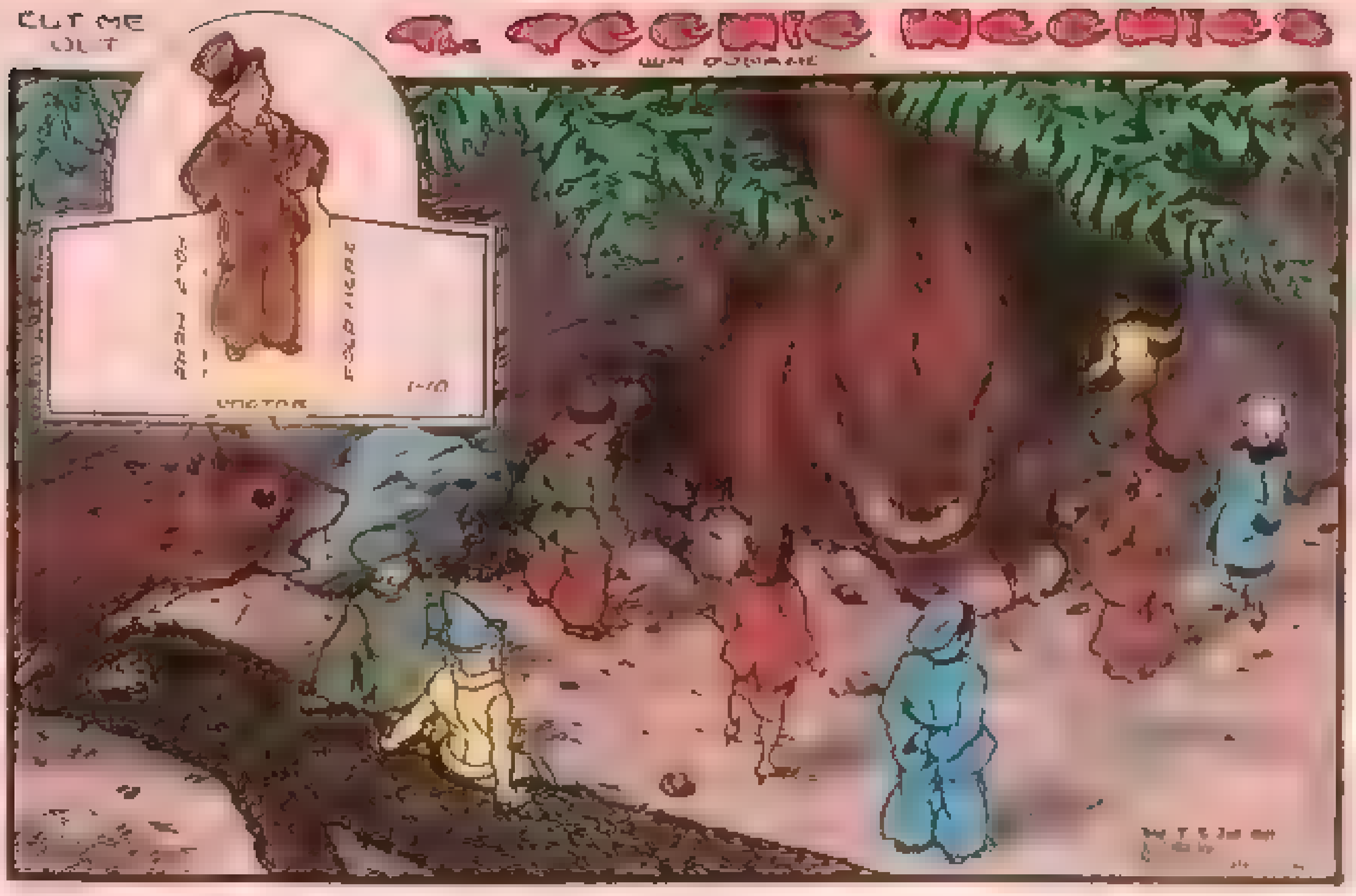
THE Sailor thought it would be nice to get a minnow for the Doctor's birthday dinner, because the Doctor is especially fond of fish. So the Sailor and the Dunce took a pea-pod canoe and paddled off up the creek to a spot where they thought a fish might be caught. After spending several hours trying out various pools, they caught a nice minnow more than 2½ inches long. They pulled their catch into the canoe and started off down the creek, keeping a sharp watch out for birds and animals who might try to snatch their prize.

Since the Teenie Weenies have been robbed several times by mink, raccoons, fish hawks, king fishers and crows, the Sailor and the Dunce were on the lookout for such enemies. When they came to a place where some maple leaves overhung the bank, the Sailor thought it would be a good place to land and the Dunce agreed.

Just as they were about to head in for shore, a cat popped its head through the thick leaves and stared at them. It was a strange young cat and the Teenie Weenies didn't dare trust him, because few cats can resist fish. The Sailor paddled out into the middle of the creek and started drifting down the stream looking for a safe place to land. But the cat followed them along the shore. The Teenie Weenies knew that the cat wanted the fish and there was nothing to do but paddle around on the water until the cat got tired and went away. For more than an hour he watched them from the shore, waiting for a chance to get the fish. Then Tom, the big, noisy blue jay, saw the cat and the worried Teenie Weenies in the canoe. The Sailor motioned for Tom to fly over to the opposite bank of the creek, knowing the cat would never try to swim across.

After the little men made the bird understand that they wanted him to take the fish to the Teenie Weenie village, Tom picked it up in his beak and flew off to the shoe house where he delivered it to the surprised Cook.

The Cook soon cleaned the minnow and stuffed it with wild rice. It was beautifully cooked by the time the Sailor and the Dunce reached home. They were just in time for the Doctor's birthday dinner, which all the Teenie Weenies enjoyed thanks to Tom, their blue jay friend. Of course the Dunce had two pieces of the birthday cake Aunt Tess had baked that afternoon.



A SAD TALE

NICK, the friendly red squirrel who lives near the Teenie Weenie village, told the Chinese man that the Rhyming Rabbit was in a most distressed state of mind.

"He has been sitting in front of his burrow for the past few days looking as sour as a green crab apple."

"He is always mournful," said the Chinese man. "The poor old fellow seems to thrive on troubled thoughts."

When the Chinese man told the little people what Nick had reported to him, the kind-hearted little Lady of Fashion insisted that the Teenie Weenie Doctor should go to see the rabbit.

"I expect to find there is nothing the matter with that rabbit," said the Doctor. "He's just having one of his regular mourning spells. But to keep you from worrying about him, I'll have a look at him."

Followed by a number of the Teenie Weenies, the Doctor went to the rabbit's burrow. They found the animal, a picture of gloom, sitting at the entrance and looking down at the ground.

"Well, how are you?" asked the Doctor. "We have come over to find out what we can do for you."

"I am feeling very bad," the rabbit complained. "Got to thinking of my great grandchildren and it makes me very sad." He shook tears from his eyes and then to the astonishment of the Teenie Weenies, he began to talk in rhyme, something he hasn't done for a long time.

"I've lost some kin this year so far,
 Two by hawks and one by car . . .
Dogs have taken several more
 And traps account for three or four,
Boys with guns have helped a lot
 To populate our family lot
And then of course you are aware
 That cats have had their usual share."

"I think you'll feel better if you dwell on pleasant thoughts," said the Doctor.

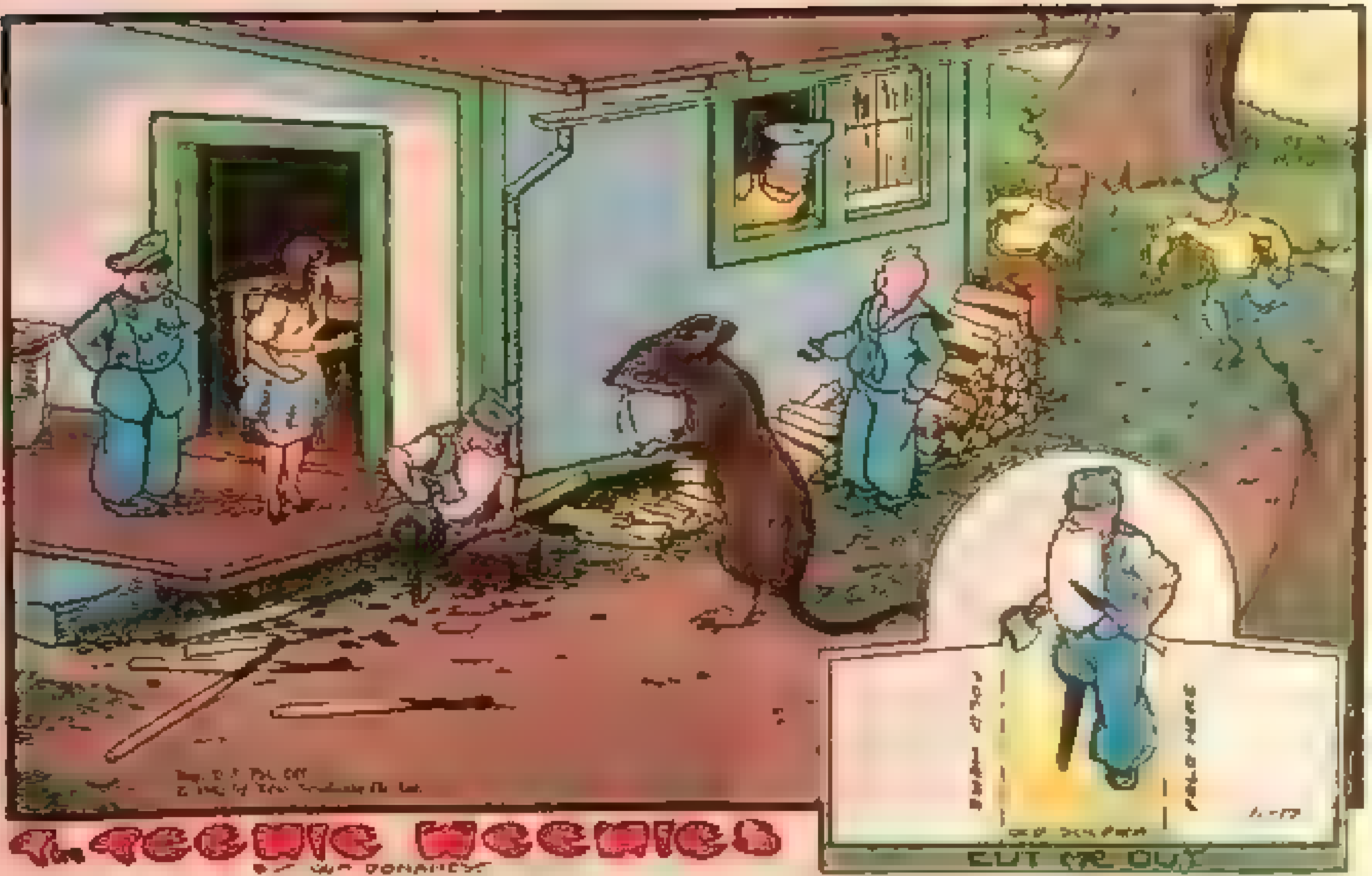
"Pleasant thoughts like dogs and guns, I suppose," answered the rabbit bitterly. "That's the trouble with you Teenie Weenies, you always try to be cheerful."

The Lady of Fashion soon got him in a better mood by promising to send over an apple.

"All that rabbit needs is something to do. Something to keep his mind off his troubles," said the Doctor as the little folks walked home.

"And a dose of sage tea," added Aunt Tess.

SNIFFING AROUND



ONE evening the Cook pulled a roast of frog ham out of the kitchen stove and added a bit of hot water.

"My, but that smells good!" said the Lady of Fashion, who was cutting tiny bits of carrot onto a leaf of watercress for a salad.

"I'll bet a cookie that Ginky will sniff it," said the Cook. "That mouse always seems to know what the Teenie Weenies are having for supper."

The Old Soldier with a wooden leg sat on the kitchen porch splitting burned matches into kindling for starting the morning fire. He is the first Teenie Weenie out of bed in the morning and he builds the fire in the kitchen stove so the Cook can start breakfast as soon as he gets up.

Unnoticed by the Old Soldier, Ginky suddenly appeared. "Going to build a house?" he asked. The old fellow merely grunted, for he hasn't much use for the lazy mouse.

Hearing voices outside, the Cook popped his head through the kitchen window and glared at the mouse. "What are you looking for around here?" he demanded.

"I'm not looking for anything. I'm just sniffing," Ginky answered. But he grinned because he knew the Cook didn't believe him.

"Well, take a good sniff . . . that's all you'll get," the Cook warned. "We have no food to share with those who won't work."

"You shouldn't be so rude to Ginky," said the Lady of Fashion. "He spoke politely to you."

"That mouse is a pest around here," grumbled the Cook. "He can smell cooking a mile away and he makes tracks as fast as he can run, looking for something to eat."

The Lady of Fashion stepped out onto the porch and smiled at Ginky. "How are you today?" she asked.

"I'm starving," he answered. "I've had nothing to eat since last night but a dry crust of bread." He knew the Lady of Fashion would feel sorry for him and he hoped she would tell the Cook to give him some of that delicious frog ham.

"That mouse is fibbing," put in the Policeman. "Look at him. Why, he is stuffed with food."

The Lady of Fashion went into the kitchen and returned with four cookies. "Here, Ginky," she said. "These may keep you from starving."

The mouse took the cookies and went away without thanking her for them.

The Teenie Weenies

By Wm Donahey

A DOUBLE DEAL

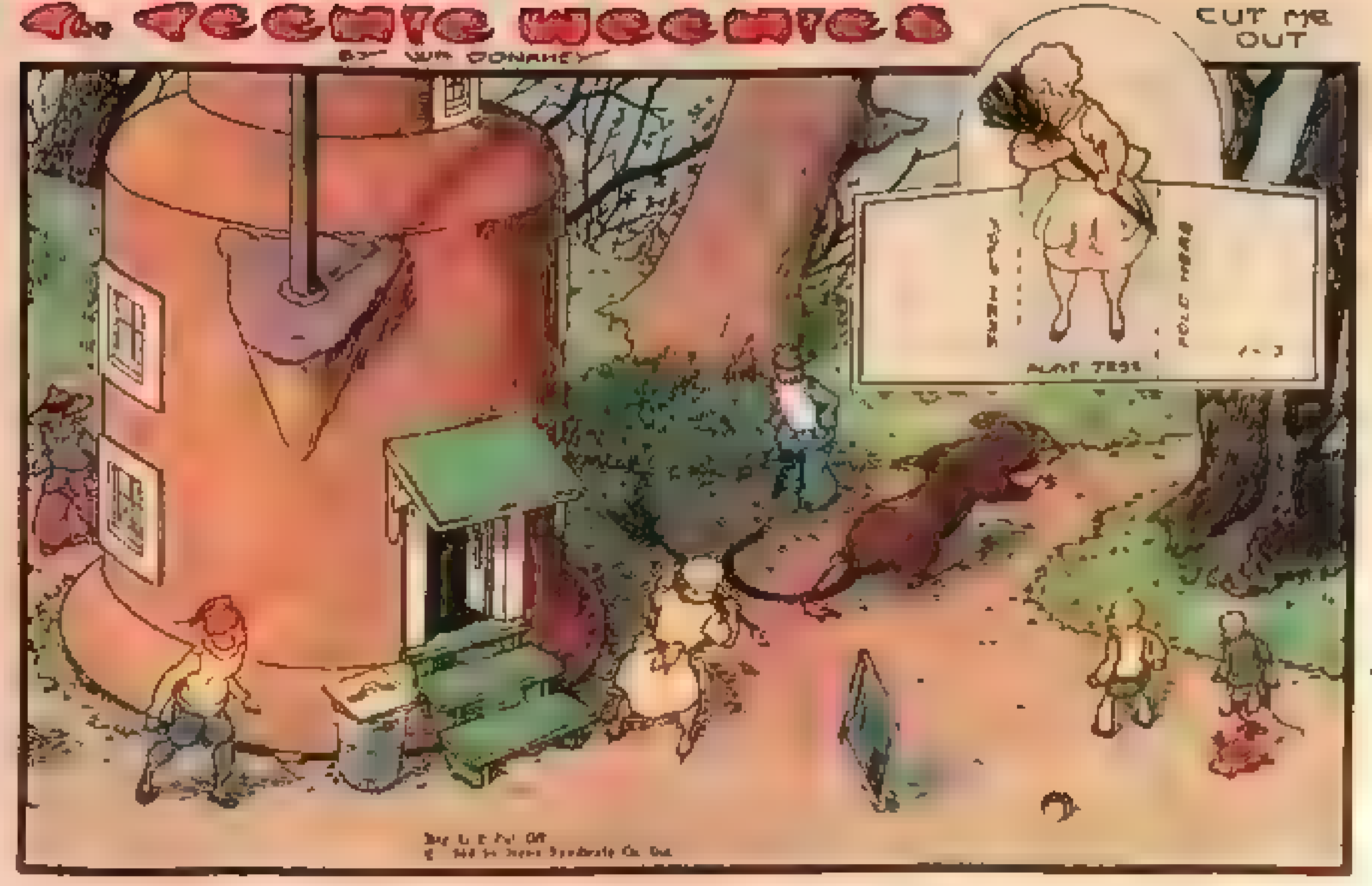
"I'D LIKE to borrow your big cookie pan," Aunt Tess said to the Teenie Weenie Cook. "I want to bake a pan of rolls for the Turk children. Honestly, I believe those kids could eat a thimbleful of rolls without stopping."

"Sorry," said the Cook, "I need it myself to bake a batch of gingerbread for supper. Ginky always turns up when I bake gingerbread, for he can smell it a mile away. I'll send him over with the pan as soon as he arrives."

"I thought Ginky wouldn't do any chores," put in Aunt Tess. "Has he given up his stand against work?"

"Ginky would hardly object to carrying a pan to you when he expects to get a couple of doughnuts for doing it," said the Cook. "But he'll probably ask you for something to eat even though I have given him the doughnuts."

"If you give him doughnuts for doing a little errand, you can bet he won't get anything from me," said Aunt Tess. With that, she went back to the coffee pot where she lives with the Turk family.



The Cook had just taken the gingerbread out of the oven when Ginky knocked at the kitchen door. "I smell something good," was his cheery greeting to the Cook.

"You are just in time to do me a favor, Ginky," said the Teenie Weenie, as he washed the cookie pan. "I'll give you a couple of doughnuts to take this pan over to the Turks' house."

The mouse argued that his time and effort would be worth at least four doughnuts. But when the Cook firmly refused to bargain with him, he settled for two doughnuts and set off with the cookie pan, about the size of a postage stamp, tucked under his paw. Aunt Tess happened to look out a window as the mouse was coming along nibbling at a doughnut. So she met him at the door before he had time to knock.

"Here's something the Cook sent over for you," he said, holding the pan tightly. "Now I think you'll agree that I deserve a generous piece of your famous cake for carrying it all the way from the shoe house for you."

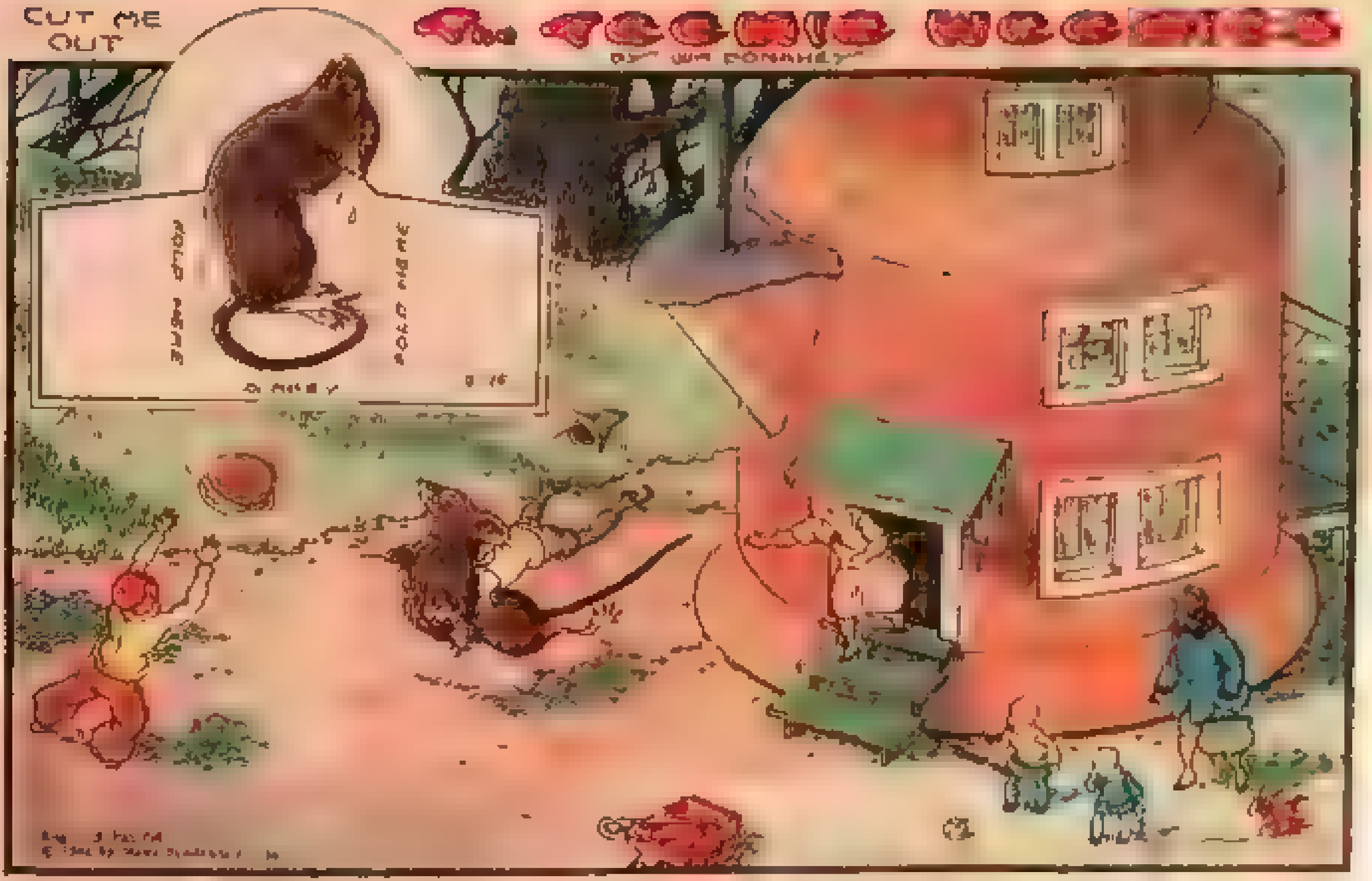
"The Cook paid you for bringing this pan to me," snapped Aunt Tess, "and you're not going to get anything more." She grabbed a Teenie Weenie broom and charged at the mouse. Ginky dropped the pan and galloped off at top speed.

Later, he wondered how Aunt Tess knew about the doughnuts he got from the Cook.

The Teenie Weenies

BY WM DONAHEY

CHOCOLATE CAKE



THE Teenie Weenie women get together once a week to sew and to gossip. They usually meet at the coffee pot home of the Turks in the afternoon, when the Teenie Weenie men are busy with their chores. The little ladies hem Teenie Weenie sheets and pillowslips and make their clothes.

The Lady of Fashion and Aunt Tess help Mrs. Turk with her mending, too, because her two boys, Nipper and Zero, are prone to accidents and hard on their clothes.

It is the custom to serve tea and cake or tiny sandwiches at these weekly meetings and some of the little men always happen to come around about the time refreshments are being served. Gogo, the Dunce, and the Policeman usually keep a sharp eye out when the ladies are sewing, and even Ginky takes an interest in the preparations for these cozy afternoon sessions.

One day Aunt Tess made a chocolate cake to serve at teatime. When she took it out of the stove, she set it on the kitchen table and then went upstairs to change her dress before the Lady of Fashion arrived. While she was dressing, she looked out a window and saw Gogo and the Dunce loitering near the coffee pot. Although she couldn't see Ginky in his hiding place, he was also watching for a chance to get a bite of the cake.

The mouse was bold enough to creep up to the coffee pot and peer through a kitchen window. When he saw the cake on the table, he softly opened the door and tiptoed in. Just as Aunt Tess came down the stairs, he grabbed the cake and dashed out.

She screamed and Gogo and the Dunce were near enough to see Ginky racing away with the cake. The Dunce made a flying tackle, bringing the mouse to the ground. The cake flew high into air, but Gogo dashed forward and caught it before it hit the ground. Ginky was so disappointed he began to cry.

Meantime, the Lady of Fashion, on her way from the shoe house to the coffee pot, came upon the exciting scene just in time to see Ginky's fall. After she gently scolded the mouse she told Aunt Tess he was sorry he tried to steal the cake.

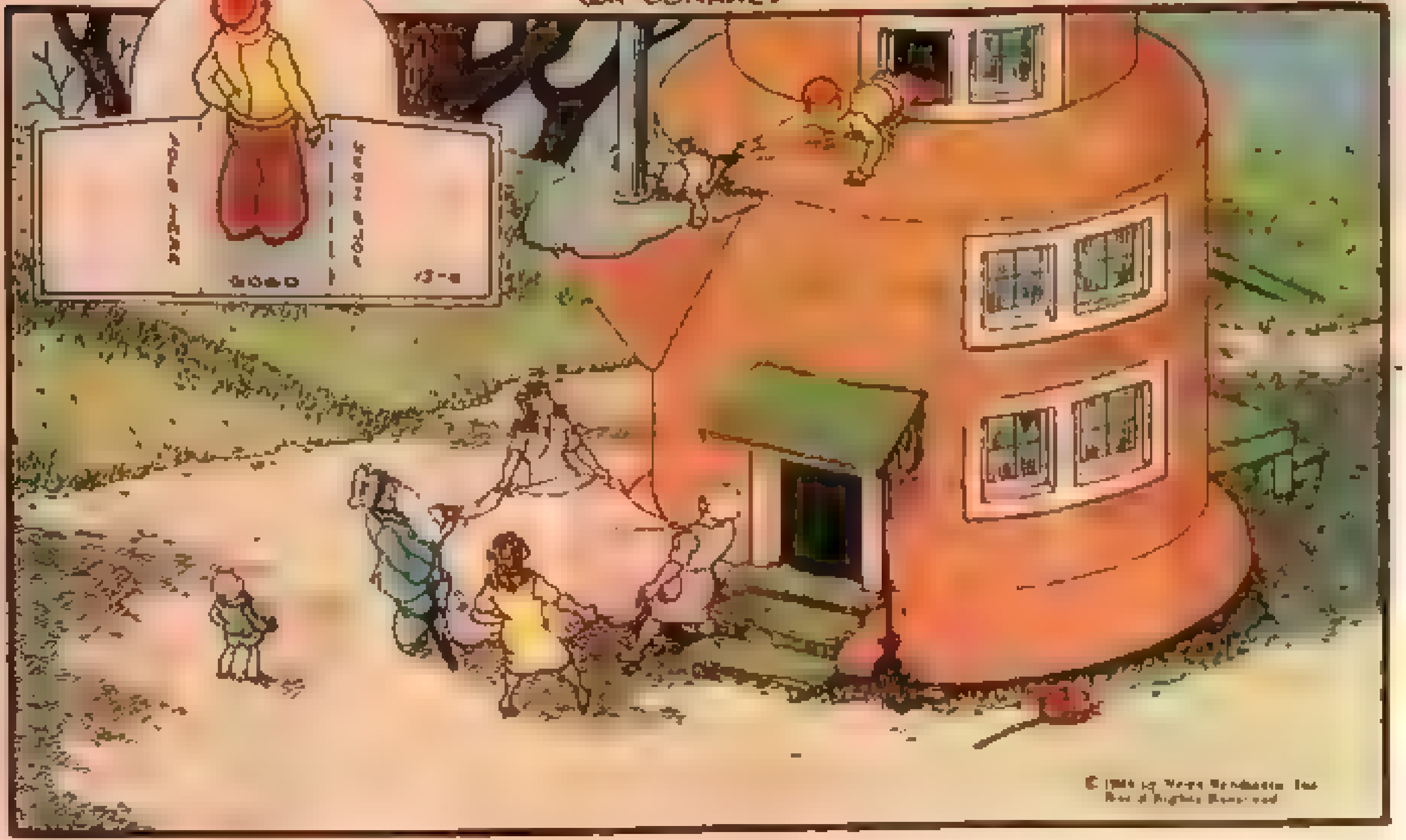
"Sorry that he didn't get away with it!" snapped that peppery lady.

Gogo and the Dunce were given big pieces of cake for their daring rescue.

CUT ME OUT

The Teenie Weenies®

WM DONAHEY



A SLIPPERY PERCH

ONE afternoon Aunt Tess, the Lady of Fashion and Mrs. Turk gathered in the Turks' coffee pot house for a quiet session of sewing. Aunt Tess was finishing a new dress to wear to the Christmas party, the Lady of Fashion was making silk ties to give the Doctor and the General as Christmas gifts and Mrs. Turk was sewing buttons on her children's clothes.

In order to keep the two Turk boys in a safe place and out of the way, their mother sent them up to their playroom on the third floor. They have lots of toys and they were busy with their make-believe for a while. But Nipper, the older of the two children, decided to look for adventure.

He managed to climb through one of the tiny windows in the playroom and onto the sloping bulge of the coffee pot. He slipped and would have fallen to the ground if he hadn't been lucky enough to land on the spout of the pot. There he clung to the chimney in a dangerous position. His little brother, Zero, shouted to him, but he could not help him.

Zero ran down the stairs and told his mother that Nipper was on the roof. The women were horrified when they saw the child. The Lady of Fashion ran for help and quickly returned with the Old Soldier with a wooden leg and Gogo, who happened to be nearby.

"Get a sheet . . . quick!" shouted the Old Soldier. "The boy is liable to slip and if we are holding a sheet for him, it will help break the fall."

Aunt Tess dashed into the coffee pot and brought out a Teenie Weenie sheet. Gogo ran upstairs into the playroom. While the women and the Old Soldier held the sheet, Gogo climbed out onto the roof, caught Nipper by one foot and hauled him safely into the playroom.

"That child ought to have a good spanking for getting himself into this mess," growled the Old Soldier. "He never listens to his mother."

"Don't you think a cup of tea would be more useful than a spanking right now," ventured the Lady of Fashion, as she set a pot of water on the stove to heat. "Everybody is upset enough and Nipper is promising to be a good boy now."

"He was scared," said Gogo.

Soon there was plenty of sassafras tea to quiet Teenie Weenie nerves, and Aunt Tess brought out some of the cookies she always has on hand.

IN A TREETOP

ONE DAY when the Sailor had nothing special to do, he walked up to Grandma Pettigob's house. As he reached grandma's back fence, he heard voices in her yard. So he kept well out of sight behind some grass and watched grandma and her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Wolf, trying to push a small handkerchief out of a tree with a long clothes pole. It was just beyond their reach.

"I'd hate to lose that handkerchief," grandma told Mrs. Wolf. "My mother made it for me when I graduated from high school. Several other things blew off the line, but that handkerchief had to be the one piece that got snagged in the tree."

Finally, the women decided it was useless for them to try to bring the handkerchief down. Mrs. Wolf said she must go home to address Christmas cards and grandma went into her kitchen. The Sailor saw her near a window ironing things she had taken in from the clothesline.

The Teenie Weenies hurried home to report what had happened, because all the little people want to help Grandma Pettigob whenever they can. "We can ask Tilly to fly up in that tree and bring the handkerchief down," the Cook told the Sailor and the Turk.

They soon found Tilly, the friendly sparrow, and she flew to the tree in grandma's backyard. But she returned in a few minutes to tell the Teenie Weenies that the handkerchief was tangled in a tree branch and she couldn't get it free without tearing it.

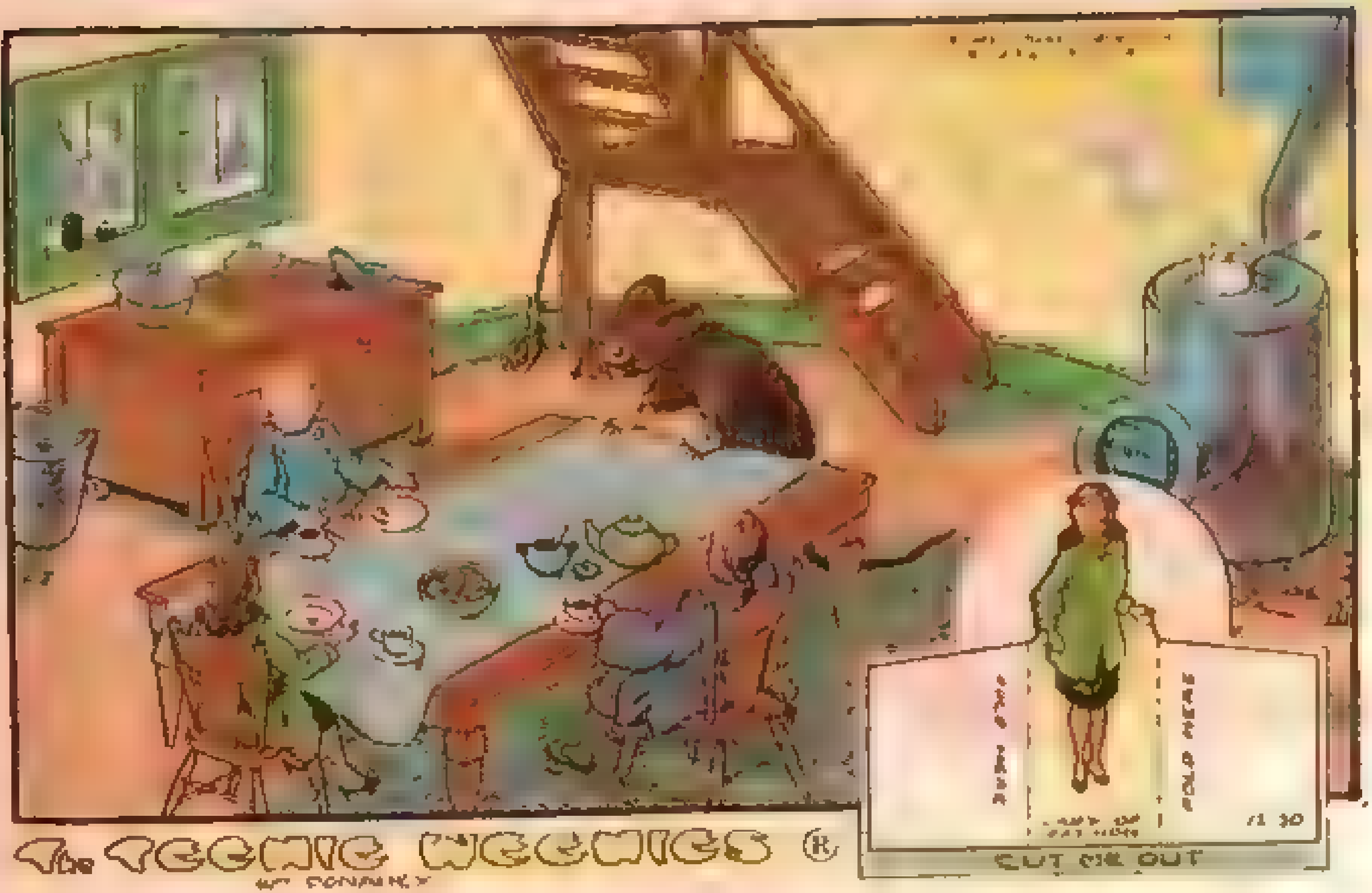
"I'll fly you men up," she offered. "Maybe you can break some twigs and save the handkerchief. I'll be there to bring it down."

The Cook, the Sailor and the Turk agreed to try Tilly's plan. But the crocheted lace edging on the handkerchief was held fast by the branch. Finally, the Sailor climbed up to the end of the limb and patiently worked the lace loose.

The sparrow flew the Teenie Weenies down with the handkerchief and the little men placed it on grandma's back porch. When she discovered it there, she noticed some small spots on the linen. Looking at them through a magnifying glass, she saw they were Teenie Weenie fingerprints.

"Bless their little hearts!" she exclaimed. "The little people found a way to get my handkerchief out of the tree."

AO CHRISTMAS



THE Chinese man put away the last of his ironing, swept he floor and put a pan of water on his wee stove so he would have a cup of sassafras tea. Just as he sat down to rest a moment the Lady of Fashion and the Policeman came into the teapot where the Chinese man lives.

"We have been over to see Mrs. Respectable Mouse and we thought we would stop in a moment to get warm," said the Lady of Fashion. "It is quite cold outside and I think we are likely to have snow tonight."

"We'll have a cup of tea while you are getting warm," said the Chinese man. He brought out a cloth and spread it on his big ironing table. Then he took cups and saucers, sugar bowl, a teapot and a dish of cookies out of a cupboard. When the tea was ready the Chinese man filled three cups with hot tea and the three Teenie Weenies sat around the table.

They had merely tasted their tea when Ginky came charging in without knocking. The mouse stared hard at the dish of cookies and then he said he had an important question. Would he be invited to the Teenie Weenies Christmas party this year?

"No!" snapped the Policeman. "You don't know how to behave yourself at a party."

"Well, couldn't you put me in jail over Christmas?" Ginky coaxed. "At least, I should be allowed all the doughnuts I could eat during the holidays."

"Ginky, I doubt whether there are enough doughnuts in the world to fill you up," said the Lady of Fashion soothingly.

"Shucks!" wailed the mouse. "Then I won't have any Christmas if I can't get into your jail."

"Christmas is a time for thinking of others," the Chinese man reminded him. "Why not be busy finding a gift for each little Respectable Mouse?"

"Let their father and mother worry about presents for them!" Ginky shouted. "I want to go to the Teenie Weenie Christmas party!"

"Ginky," said the Lady of Fashion, "I promise you I'll try to fix some sort of Christmas treat for you. Come around in a few days and I may have a surprise for you."

The Chinese man gave Ginky several cookies, which the greedy mouse gobbled up without saying thank you, and the frowning Policeman opened the door for him.

FROM GRANDMA

GRANDMA Pettigeb was planning to go into town to see her grandson, and had spent most of the morning making some candy that she was going to take along for him.

When she was done, she poured the hot candy into a pan. While she waited for it to cool, she went across the street to her neighbor Mrs. Wolf, to tell her that she would be gone for the rest of the day.

Several of the Teenie Weenies who were passing by saw Grandma going into the Wolf's house. Because it was very cold, they decided to go into her house for just a minute to warm their fingers in her cozy kitchen.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the Dunce as the little men reached the room. "It smells like Grandma has been making some candy."

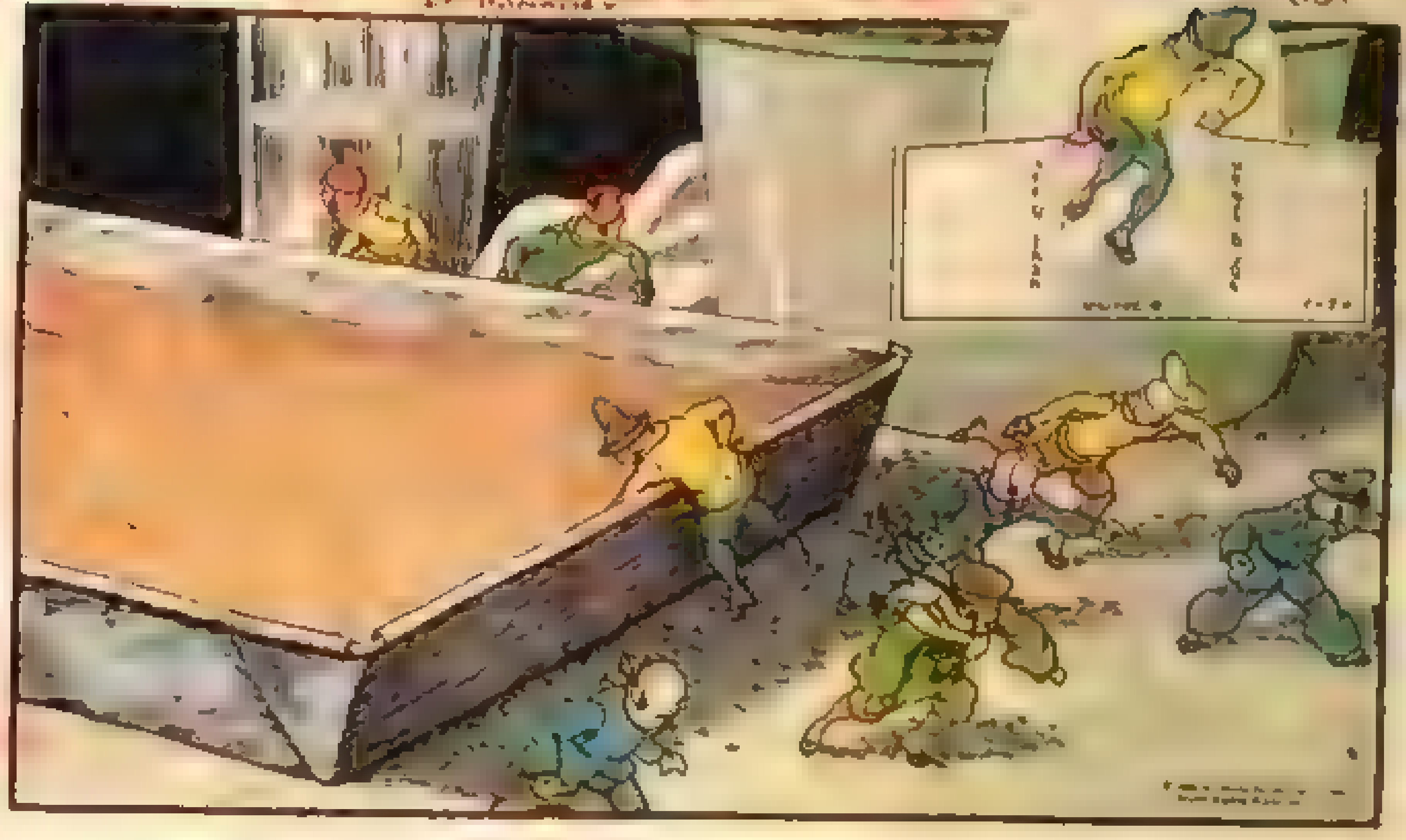
A wonderful smell seemed to come from the top of the big table which was so much taller than the Teenie Weenies that they couldn't tell for sure what it was that smelled so good.

To settle the question, which had caused much discussion, the little men decided to climb up on the kitchen table and see for themselves.

There they found the big pan of candy, but before they could do anything more than enjoy the smell of it, they heard Grandma's step on the porch.

In a flash, all the Teenie Weenies vanished all except for the Dunce.

The Teenie Weenies



CUT ME OUT

He put his hand into the candy for a bite but in his hurry he forgot to take off his mitten and it stuck tight in the candy.

There was nothing he could do but get out of sight too. He had to leave his mitten behind, stuck in the pan.

And that's where Grandma found it a little later when she decided that her candy had cooled enough and began to break it up and put it in a box for her grandson.

"The little people have been here," she said as she put several pieces of the candy in a saucer which she set on the table along with a note that said:

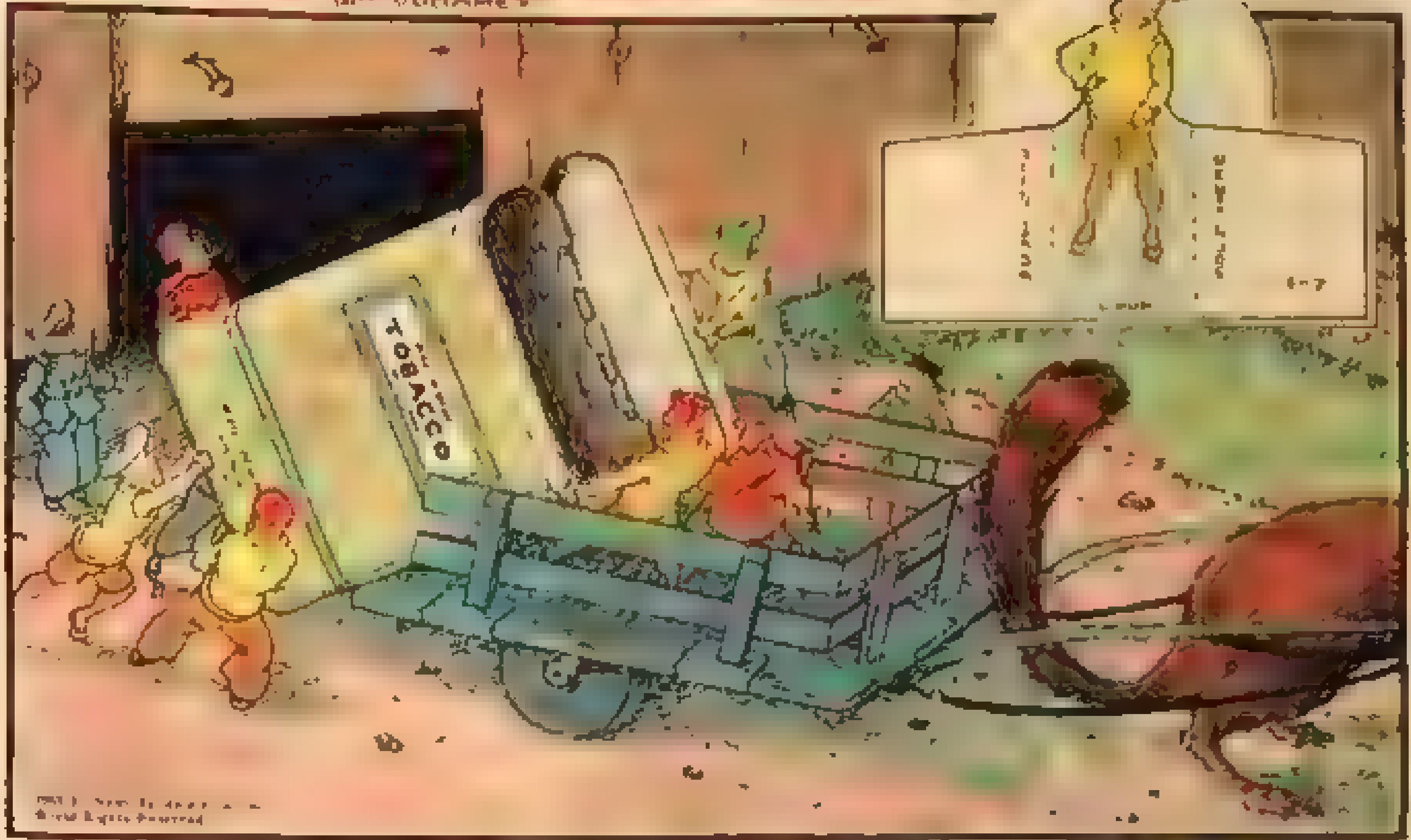
"Here is some candy for you little people."

The Dunce was anxious to get his mitten back. So when he saw Grandma leave for the bus he went in the house and found the saucer of candy.

He saw his mitten, freshly washed and lying beside the saucer. Wasn't that nice of Grandma?

The Teenie Weenies

CUT ME OUT



THE COOK'S PROBLEM

THE COOK had to bake four loaves of bread every day for the Teenie Weenies, and because the stove in the shoe house where he worked could hold only two loaves at a time, he had a problem.

He didn't mind all that baking every day in the winter when it was cold, but during the summer the tiny oven made the kitchen just too hot to be comfortable.

When he explained this to the Lady of Fashion, she suggested that he should find some way to build an outside oven that wouldn't heat up the kitchen so much.

"Remember the tobacco can we used years ago when we were camping?" she asked. "You were able to bake enough enough bread for a whole week all at one time."

"That's fine," said the Cook. "But where are we going to find a can like that?"

"Ask the Policeman," answered the Lady of Fashion. "He knows where everything is within a mile of the village."

The Cook did just that. The Policeman told him that he had seen exactly the tin can the Cook needed in a deserted shed not far from the Teenie Weenie village.

With the help of the Lady of Fashion, the Cook managed to talk the Teenie Weenie men into helping him get the can. They hitched up Nick the red squirrel to the cart, because Skippy, the chipmunk who usually pulled it, was still in his long winter sleep, and set out for the shed.

When they got there, they discovered that there was a board missing from the side of the shed and they managed to pull the can through it.

It took six Teenie Weenie men to load it on the cart, but after a lot of huffing and puffing they finally did it.

They tied the can to the cart and Nick pulled it to the village, where they unloaded it behind the syrup can school house.

"Now it will take a lot of nagging to get the men to help put the oven in place so I can begin to bake in it," said the Cook, who wasn't certain that he was going to get help easily.

"I'll help you with the men," smiled the Lady of Fashion.

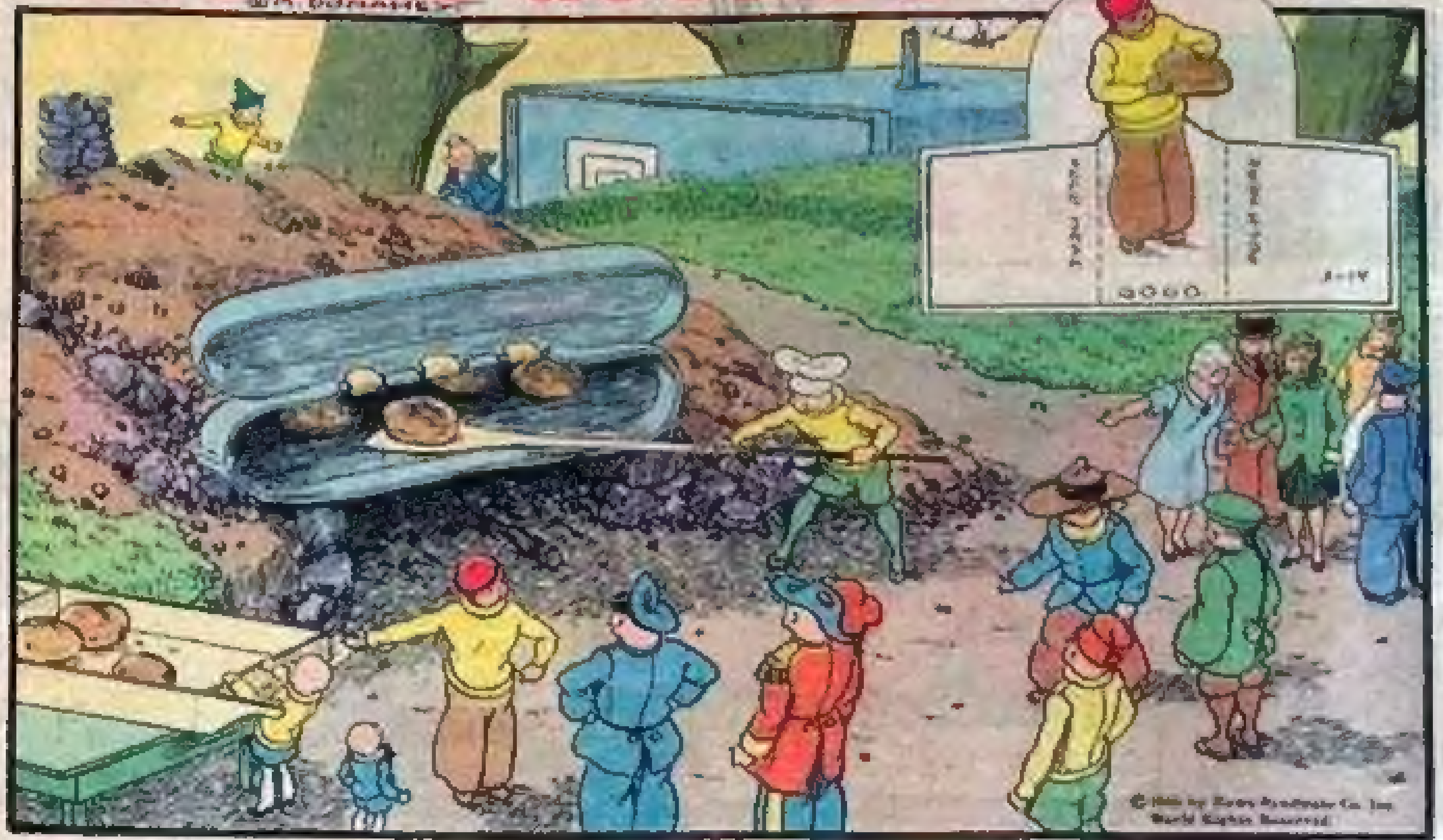
"All I ask is that they get it ready to bake in before the weather starts to get hotter," said the Cook, who didn't want to spend another summer baking indoors.

"I think they will," she answered confidently, "I won't have any trouble."

The Teenie Weenies ®

CUT ME OUT

AN OUTSIDE OVEN



FOR a long time, the Cook, who had to bake six loaves of bread a day to feed the Teenie Weenies, had been complaining about the size of his oven.

The trouble was that it only held two loaves at a time, which was all right in winter when it was cold, but was very uncomfortable in the summer when the stove was going all day and the kitchen got very hot.

So, with the help of the Lady of Fashion, the busy Cook induced the Teenie Weenie men to get him a tobacco can that would be big enough to hold a whole week's supply of bread. The Cook explained that he wanted an outside oven.

The Old Soldier, who is a very fine engineer, set the men to work building it. They dug a great hole in the side of the hill behind the school house for a fire pit and lined it with pebbles.

Then a chimney was built to let the smoke out. The tobacco can was scrubbed clean and the eager little people covered it with earth.

The Teenie Weenies made a fire with hard wood because its ashes stay warm a long time. By then, the dough had risen and was made into loaves, all ready to go into the oven.

The Teenie Weenies were very excited, and gathered around to watch the first loaf put into the oven. Even the school children were let out for the occasion.

The Cook baked the first lot of bread, even though Gogo is the best baker. The General said the Cook deserved this honor because he had worked so hard and so long to get the oven built.

He used a long-handled paddle to put the bread into the oven as well as to take it out after it was baked. A box had been made to carry the bread to the shoe house for storage and it was soon filled with loaves of delicious bread for the Teenie Weenies. Never before had their storehouse been so full.

The Cook was very pleased. He actually began to look forward to the summertime when he wouldn't have to stay cooped up in the hot kitchen any longer.

And the Teenie Weenies were pleased too, because building the oven had been a long, tiresome job for the little people and they were glad that it was finished.

All of them agreed that the Old Soldier had designed a fine oven.

Teenie Weenie Modesty

FOUR Teenie Weenie men went to the dump where the big people in the neighborhood of the Teenie Weenie village throw away their trash. The Cook wanted to find a metal catsup bottle top to replace a burned out one. After a long hunt, without success, the men made their way back to the Teenie Weenie village.

"Say!" exclaimed the Turk, mopping his head with a Teenie Weenie handkerchief about a quarter of an inch square as they drew near the sauce dish that the little people use for a swimming pool, "a dip in the pool would help cool us off. Let's go and get our bathing suits."

"Shucks!" growled the Dunce, "let's go in without our bathing suits. I'm too hot to go after bathing suits."

The rest of the men agreed, and stripping off their clothes, they began diving into the pool. While the men were enjoying the sport, Tom, the big bluejay, flew down and watched the men splashing about in the water. Presently the Policeman came up to the pool. Noticing a glint in teasing Tom's eyes, he warned the men to keep a watchful eye on the bird.

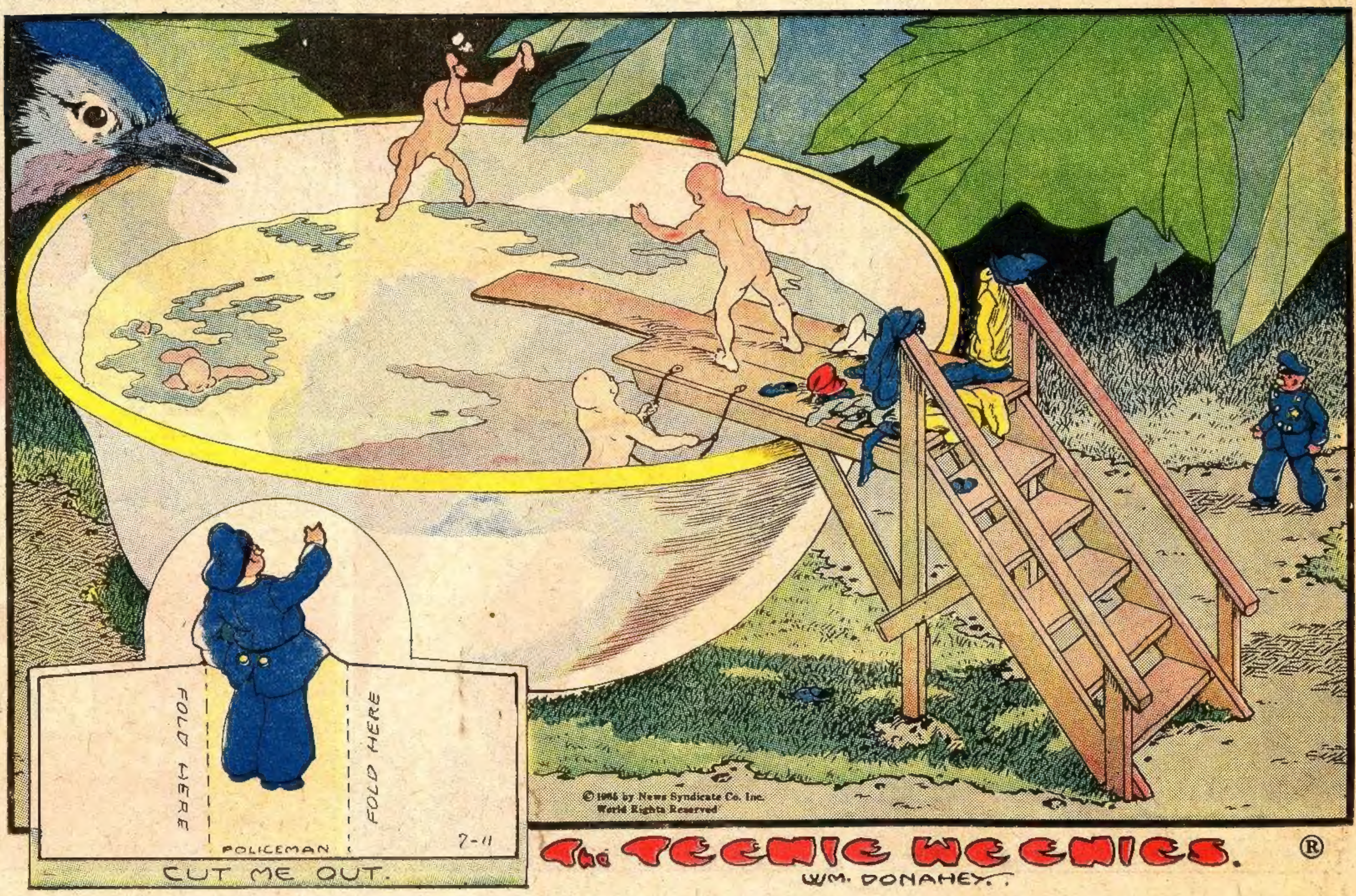
"Tom won't bother us," answered the Dunce, and, shrugging his tiny shoulders, the Policeman walked away.

Tom hopped around to the swimming-board platform where the men had left their clothes and before he could be stopped he caught up most of the garments in his big beak and flew away. The bird took everything but a few stockings, some shoes, and several hats.

"Now how are we going to get home without clothes?" wailed the Cook.

After talking the matter over, the Sailor wrapped a maple leaf around his body and brought back enough clothes for the other men to get to the village with a bit of Teenie Weenie modesty.

Some of the clothes were found later, but the Dunce's pants could not be found, and he now is wearing an old pair while the Lady of Fashion makes new ones for him.



THE TEENIE WEENIES.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST. BY WM. DONAHEY.

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